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combined with

Cosmopolitan

February

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When creative minds set to work—in engineering, designing or whatnot—they instinctively and inevitably establish for themselves a standard which they aspire to approach, or, if possible, to surpass . . . This is especially true in the industrial world where values are highly competitive . . . A simple and safe rule for the private citizen to follow, therefore, in making a choice of any particular commodity is to locate that commodity which all contenders endeavor to equal (or to improve upon) and to buy it without hesitation . . . There *can* be nothing higher than that which is truly the standard . . . There can be no value greater than that which is established as the greatest value in the minds of those creative competitors who are honestly endeavoring to do their very best . . . Perhaps the greatest single fact in the gigantic motor car industry—with all of its tremendous ramifications—is the interesting fact that Cadillac and La Salle are accepted by lay and professional minds alike as the outstanding source of incentive and inspiration . . . Consciously or unconsciously, willingly or otherwise, everyone concedes leadership to Cadillac and La Salle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
OSHAWA, CANADA

Cadillac La Salle

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 2

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Next Month

"Shattered Glass"

Louis Bromfield's

New Novel

is not only the finest novel he has written but it is one of the best serials it has ever been the pleasure of Cosmopolitan to publish.

"Shattered Glass"

by the author of "The Green Bay Tree" and "A Good Woman," begins

IN MARCH

Cosmopolitan

Published monthly by International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York City.

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Are YOU a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?

"You've *had* your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking . . .

"Two years ago I *warned* you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting. *I* knew what he was doing, and I told you then *to keep your eye on Merwin.*

"He's had three raises since. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"Last week I recommended him for Assistant Treasurer, and the Board elected him without a dissenting vote. We're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"But *you*, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a *business coward.* You *knew* what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about fifty men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been through the mill, and *this* time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"Jarvis, there's *no end* of opportunity in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who *trains*—because the business coward is through before he starts."

* * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job—always *wishing* for more money, never *acting?*

Are YOU a business coward?

Over 640,000 ambitious men have asked themselves this question during the past nineteen years—and replied with a ringing "NO!"

In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work, these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out the *actual problems* of business—under the direction of some of the ablest business men in their respective fields in America. Their record of achievement, under the "LaSalle Problem Method," is one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of business. During a single six months' period, for example, reports came in to LaSalle from more than 1100 men and women stating that through the application of this plan they had doubled their salaries.

These men were able to progress more rapidly by means of the "LaSalle Problem Method" than they could have done in any other way, because in their training they faced continually the very problems they must later face on the bigger job. *They learned by doing.*

Moreover, studying alone under the direct supervision of an expert instructor, they progressed as rapidly as their capacity allowed—and that progress was further speeded by the fact that every day they could see themselves developing. This fact took all the hardship out of study—changed it into a fascinating game, with always the goal ahead of increased opportunity and greater pay.

Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—resolve today to face the problem of your business future *squarely.*

Within reach of your hand is a LaSalle coupon—and a pen. If the pen isn't handy, a pencil will do just as well. The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you without obligation a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for hundreds of men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our *convenient payment plan;* also your free copy of the inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

It costs you nothing to get the facts—except the exercise of business courage. Will you put it off?—*or put it over?* Mail the coupon NOW.

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Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
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Law—LL. B. Degree.
Commercial Law.
Industrial Management.
Personnel Management.
Traffic Management: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
Railway Station Management.
Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.
Modern Foremanship.
Banking and Finance.
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Modern Business Correspondence.
Credit and Collection Correspondence.
Business English.
Stenography—Stenotypy: Training in the new machine shorthand.
Paper Salesman's Training.
Commercial Spanish.
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Railway Accounting.

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

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I would welcome full particulars regarding opportunities in

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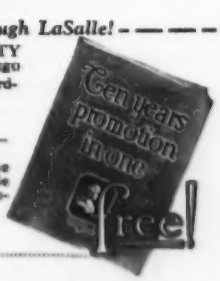
Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.



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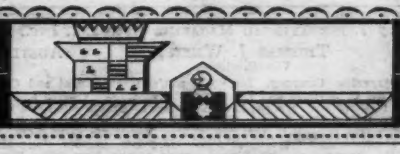

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RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

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RAY LONG Editor

We Tried It *on a* Dog

PROBABLY there aren't a dozen readers of this magazine who haven't at some time faced the problem of trying to house-break a dog.

We've gone through the experience at our house; and from our trials and tribulations we've learned something that may help you—as it helped us—not only in dealing with dogs but in dealing with human beings.

We've had all sorts of dogs around our place, but the dog we all love most is Pat, a wire-haired terrier pup, which we got for our son. From the minute the boy selected Pat as his dog, the pup walked right into the heart of every member of the family. Pat was the cutest, most affectionate little fellow you ever saw.

But he had one grave fault—one very grave fault. He was bright as a dollar in everything else, but all our efforts to house-break him seemed absolutely futile.

We tried all the old standard forms of punishment. No effect. We tried the new theory of reasoning with him. No effect. He'd be abject in his contrition, beg for forgiveness—and an hour later have the house in an uproar again.

We were in despair. Any suggestion of keeping him in the kennel brought an anguished protest from Ray Junior. Pat was *his* dog and he wanted *his* dog with him night and day.

The rest of us wanted him, too; but we got to the point where we were almost afraid we'd have to banish Pat altogether.

Then we had an inspiration. We decided to quit punishing the pup for his misdeeds and to play on his vanity by praising him effusively when he fulfilled the object of taking him for a walk. It worked! Worked like a charm! Today Pat is perfect. He is so greedy for that fulsome praise that he's almost humorous in his efforts to earn it. The household is happy again. I didn't realize until it was over what a very human situation we had gone through.

How often we try to get results from those with whom we work or live by raising Cain for their mistakes, and by being stingy with praise for their achievements.

One of my friends runs a business in Cleveland. His star salesman was one of the most likable men I ever met. He could sell more goods than any other two men on the staff. But he had one fault: he would go off on a bender every now and then. And when I say bender, I mean *bender!*

The boss threatened to fire him. His wife threatened to divorce him. But always he was so penitent that they never carried out the threats.

I told my friend about Pat.

He tried the scheme on his salesman. When this chap, sober, brought in an order, he made twice as much fuss over it as he would over an ordinary order. He told everyone on the staff about it. Once, for an exceptionally big order, he gave a dinner in honor of the salesman.

That man today can't be tempted to take a drink. In fact, he's become almost a pest to those who do.

There are a lot of Pats in the world—four-legged and two-legged. A cheer gets a lot farther with them than a call-down.

If you have one in your office—or your home—try this method on him. You may get results that will surprise you.

R. L.

Fables in the Slang of

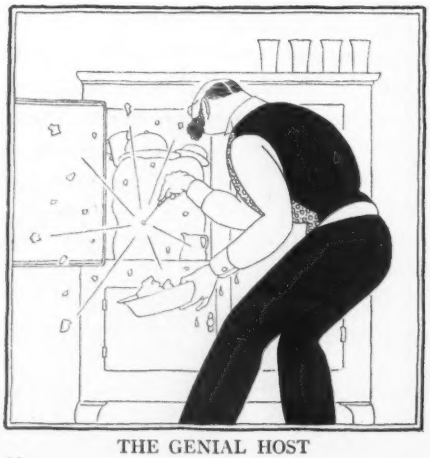
By George

FASTENING-UP IN THE ZENITH ERA

The Fable of Modern Life's Largest Boon

Once upon a Time four studious Observers of our present complex Civilization began to check up on various Changes that had come about since the Mauve Decade alias the Gay Nineties alias the Zenith Era of one hundred percent Yappishness. They admitted that the Radio was a Whip-Zizzer and the Zeppelin was a Wow and the 1930 models were Darbs, but here were Birds who looked below the Surface of Current Events.

"The greatest Blessing of our turgid Age," said Number One, "is the large and symmetrical Ice Cube. In the Dark Ages the genial Host had to be a Combination of Sculptor, Athlete, Stonemason and Expert Mathematician in order to extract from the sloppy Refrigerator a hugeand irregular mass of congealed River Water, dappled with Sawdust, Submarine Vegetation and Minnows, and subdivide it with a treacherous Pick so as to get a good-looking line of Set-Ups.



THE GENIAL HOST

"The Customer never knew whether he was going to draw a light Snowfall or a gigantic Unmanageable Iceberg.

"The Cubes have changed all that. Anybody can pick up Cubes and drop them into a Container at any Hour of the Day or Night without missing the Mark or mussing up the Pantry. By using the right size Glass and putting in two Cubes, so much of the available Space will be pre-empted that even the Boy who never touched it until after Prohibition came in will find it impossible to snitch more than a small Hooker."

THE TOUGH EGGS

"You are speaking by the Book," said Number Two, "but how about the secret Compartment in the Door of your Room at the Hotel, which permits you to pass out Garments to be pressed and Shoes to be rubbed up, and receive Newspapers, etc., without coming into Contact with that devastating Imp commonly known as a Bell-Hop. You can remember when a Dime was accepted as Coin of the Realm. Now I often wonder

1930 *from the* Original Recipe

ADE

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

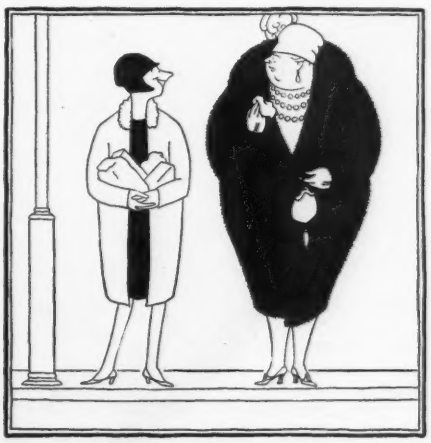
why the Mint keeps on making them, excepting possibly a few for the elder Rockefeller.

"Every Juvenile Menial of a Thousand-room Hotel remembers at least one Glorious Day when some Lumberman, Oil Baron or Movie Magnate, who was properly Oiled, slipped him a Two-dollar Bonus for bringing up a Sporting Extra. Since that High Spot in his career he believes that the only authentic Nature's Nobleman is a Fish-eyed Party with a Spicy Breath who cannot think in Terms of less than Two Bucks. All other Mortals are Nits."

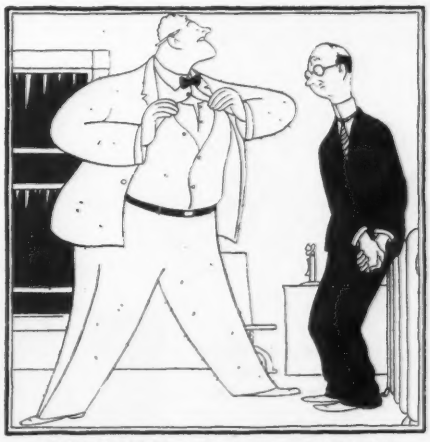
"To my notion," said Number Three, "the greatest Development in this Age of Wonders has been the Cafeteria. It reveals to you the supreme Bliss of being able to sit down in a quiet Place, once in a while, and having your Vittles brought to you, without any preliminary Mental Struggle in the Attempt to Choose between Veal Loaf and Macaroni au Gratin."

"Without looking for an Argument," said Number Four, "I venture to opine that the biggest Thing happening since Free Silver has been the Advent of the Slip-On. If the Hook-and-Eye Industry has gone on the Blink, here is one Married Gazook who is cold and unsympathetic. Before the Wimmen began to crawl into their Things and get all diked up without any Help from the Outside, the fastening-up I did, if put end to end, would reach from here to San Antonio."

MORAL: The Magazines never find out about our real Progress.



THE FRAU AND THE MISSUS



THE HUSKY AND THE WEAKLING

The Fable *of the* Softie who Never Learned How

Once upon a Time, and not so long ago, several Hard Citizens, once esteemed and held in Awe out in the boundless West, looked down from the Parapets of the Beyond and Hereafter at the Scenes of their former Operations.

They had been soaked with Sin while on Earth. They had been Tough Eggs, breaking all the known Commandments and then some. Now they were being punished Plenty. They had to sit on Clouds all day listening to Harp Music. Next to a Rumble Seat there is no Perch more torturous than a Nimbus Cloud without Arm Rests.

Harp Music is not so irritating for the first Century or so but anyone who has to hark to it throughout Eternity becomes a teeny bit Irked and Fed Up.

Furthermore, these Miscreants who were being punished for their Black Crimes had to wear Wings, which were always getting in the Way of Molting.

In the meantime the virtuous Minority who had gone to *(Continued on page 169)*

War

An American Woman *on the* Western Front

IT IS extraordinary to consider how the war has altered me and my life. Things are all different now. The world is changed; the war changed it. *I've* changed; the war changed me. You see, I was a war nurse.

Before that I was in the way of becoming just what my parents wished me to become, for I was a malleable girl with no outstanding traits, and the war picked me up and changed me into a woman of a type that puzzles them a lot when they don't understand, and would puzzle them a lot more if they did understand it.

Yet it isn't true that we're degenerates from the parent stock, that we're more pleasure-loving and frivolous than they were. Why, they occupied themselves with things we of the war-world would think terribly trivial.

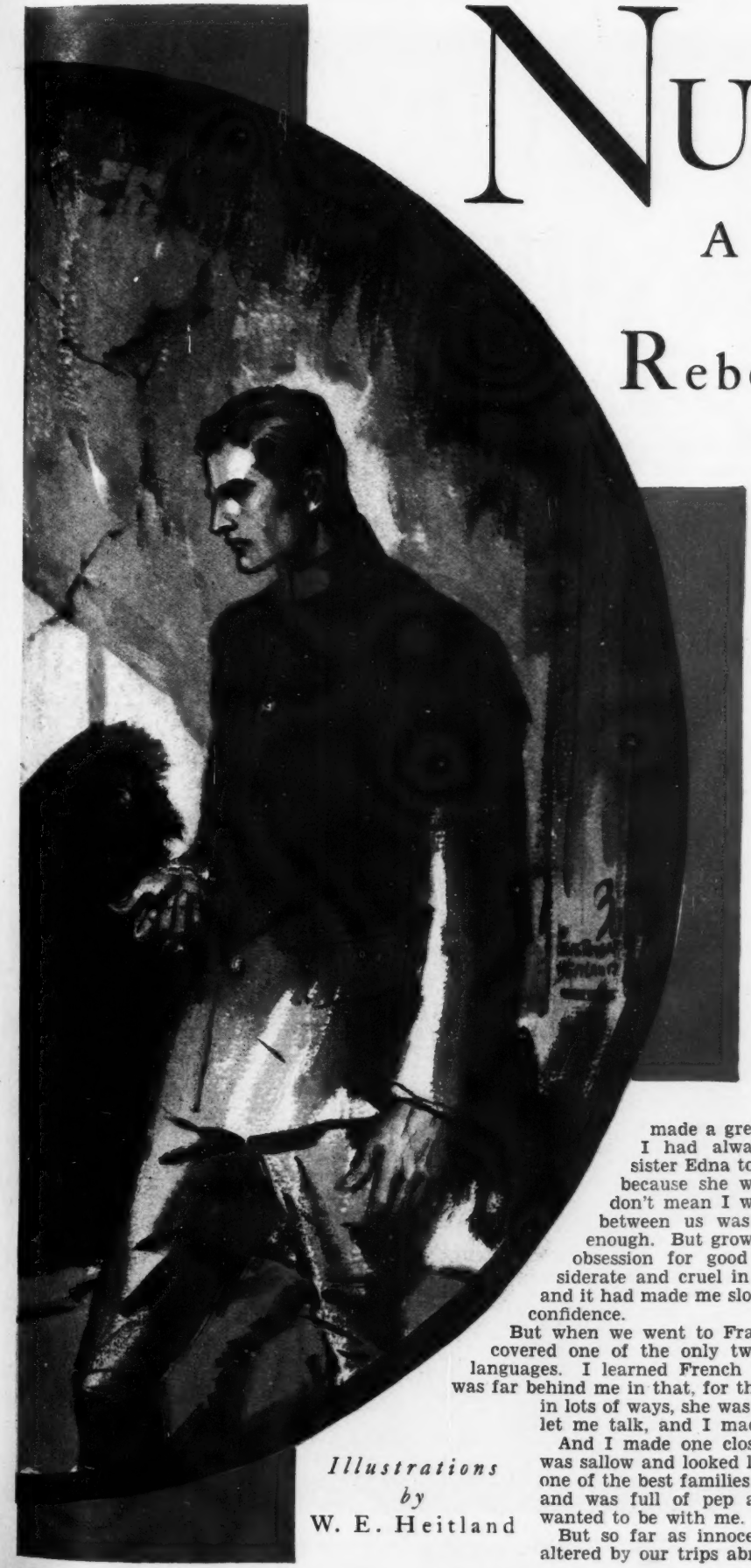
Mind you, I'm not talking of this lightly and exultantly. For the traditions they upheld and that the war has destroyed were pretty good. My family were nice, square, decent American people. Father is of Scotch descent—his name is Robert McCutcheon Andrews—and he belongs to one of those families that did the round trip out to the Middle West and back during the last hundred years.

My sister, Edna, and I were born in Chicago, but as she was five and I was three when Father brought us East, that means nothing to us. We are both complete New Yorkers. In those days that did not imply any great degree of sophistication, though we thought it did. I suppose the tone of my home was inclined toward strictness by my father's influence, for he had all the old ideas. He has them yet.

Mother is a typical New York matron. She is nearly sixty and as straight as a wand, and has beautifully waved silver hair, and carries her chin up. She wears jewelry magnificently and dresses in lovely silver-grays and soft wine colors. She's utterly exquisite, and one would say utterly artificial if it weren't for the way the thing works out.

It is literally true that I have never spoken intimately with her in my life. I don't think Edna ever has, either. I'd have difficulty in proving to you, by repeating anything I've ever heard her say, that she cares for a thing in life except luncheon at a smart hotel and a French

¶ Waldron Hilder was large and calm and indifferent. The war had —strengthened him. And so it had me.



NURSE

A Vivid Record

set down *by*

Rebecca West

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

gown and the best possible cabin on an ocean liner.

Edna and I were fairly typical of our age in the way our bodies and our minds were subjected to the strictest possible surveillance. Even when we were seventeen or eighteen we never went out alone. There was always Mother or a governess along.

But make no mistake, that system of upbringing was entirely successful in getting what it was out for. The world of that day prized innocence in its women, and this really did make them innocent. It is the fashion to talk now as if the worst Roman emperor had nothing on a modern schoolgirl, so far as sexual knowledge is concerned, but that certainly wasn't so in my youth. We really did not know about these things.

Contrary to popular imaginings, I don't think this state of innocence was in the least disturbed when Mother started taking us over to France every year and putting us in school for the summer. But France made a great special difference to me.

I had always been overshadowed by my sister Edna to an extent that was bad for me, because she was beautiful and I was not. I don't mean I was so homely that the contrast between us was pathetic, for I am attractive enough. But grown-up people, with the American obsession for good looks, were frequently inconsiderate and cruel in what they said in my hearing, and it had made me slow and quiet and lacking in self-confidence.

But when we went to France it was different, for I discovered one of the only two talents I possess: a gift for languages. I learned French like a blue streak. Now Edna was far behind me in that, for though she is cleverer than I am, in lots of ways, she was born lazy. So she sat back and let me talk, and I made all the running.

And I made one close friend, Germaine de T., who was sallow and looked like a horse, but who came from one of the best families in France and had terrific style and was full of pep and go. I felt lucky that she wanted to be with me.

But so far as innocence was concerned we weren't altered by our trips abroad. The French girls told me

¶ When I came back Oswald had fallen asleep. And suddenly my heart dropped dead in me.

For something told me that I was never going to marry him. Because he was going to be killed in the war.

that men kept mistresses, and married ladies had lovers—a state of affairs which I assured them was peculiar to their country and unknown in mine—but so far as knowing what it was all about, they were just the same as the American girls.

Then after I made my début at home Edna married Joe Addison in London. That is considered by many people to be a tragedy, and so it is today, for Edna is thirty-five and Joe is seventy. But they blame Father and Mother for allowing it, and that isn't fair. It didn't seem so bad at the time.

After all, Joe was fifty-six then, and young for his age. He had that silver-haired, hawk-faced handsomeness that you sometimes see in middle-aged men. And Father supported the marriage on the highest grounds; he thought that Joe must be a suitable husband for Edna in every way, because he had made several million dollars out of steelworks in upper New York State, flour mills in Kansas City, and real estate all over the Middle West. I am not being cynical. Father honestly thought that, turning over the question with his daughter's best interests uppermost in his mind.

Father went back to New York, pleased with the way things had gone. Mother and I went to Paris, where she installed herself in a suite at the Crillon, and I accepted an invitation from Germaine de T.'s mother to spend the spring and summer between their old-fashioned apartment in the Avenue Iéna and their country place down in Dauphigny. I think they hoped I would be interested in Germaine's brother, Paul, who was in the Foreign Office, and we certainly did get on well together.

I guess I might even have married Paul if I hadn't had a letter from Edna in April, telling me that she and Joe had rented a furnished house near Newmarket, and asking me to come and stay with her. I could see from her letter that she was nervous, so I got Mother to take me over within a couple of days.

Edna was going to have a baby and she felt low in her mind. But she was strong, and soon she was able to get about and we had a wonderful time.

THE most characteristic thing I can remember about London is the way the automobiles seemed always to get into a jam because the streets were so narrow. The cars would be halted on their way down to houses where awnings and carpets showed there was a party, while people stood on the sidewalks and stared at them kindly and unenviously. But perhaps that lingers especially in my mind because it was the way I first saw Oswald Fanshawe.

Edna and Joe and I were going to a dance given by an American hostess who had rented a house in Cleveland Row. We were stuck in a jam going down Arlington Street, and there was a group of these watchers. Something caught my eye, and I glanced at them, and saw that among them was this splendid young man, looking grand in his evening clothes, with his top hat and his white silk scarf, waiting to cross the road.

I said to Edna, "Oh, see! Isn't he handsome?" and then we saw he was staring straight at me. It happened that he was going to the same party that we were, so twenty minutes after that we had been introduced and were dancing together.

A month later Oswald and I were engaged to be married.

It is funny how I don't want to describe Oswald. I didn't marry him; he isn't here any more; what does it all matter? I can't be bothered; it worries me. He was six feet tall; he was gorgeously handsome; he was thirty years of age; he had done well at Oxford; he was a rising barrister. And I loved him. I am sure I loved him. But I have to bestir myself to remember it. It's as if someone who had an arm amputated years and years ago was saying to herself, "Yes, on the third finger of that hand I used to wear a ring . . ."

I DO remember that I used to take the absurdest pleasure in his voice, which was at once clipped and soft, as the voices of educated Englishmen are. And he was, in difficult circumstances, extraordinarily kind and considerate. For it unfortunately happened that the little time we had together was shadowed by all sorts of disagreeable things arising out of Father's unexpected opposition to my marriage.

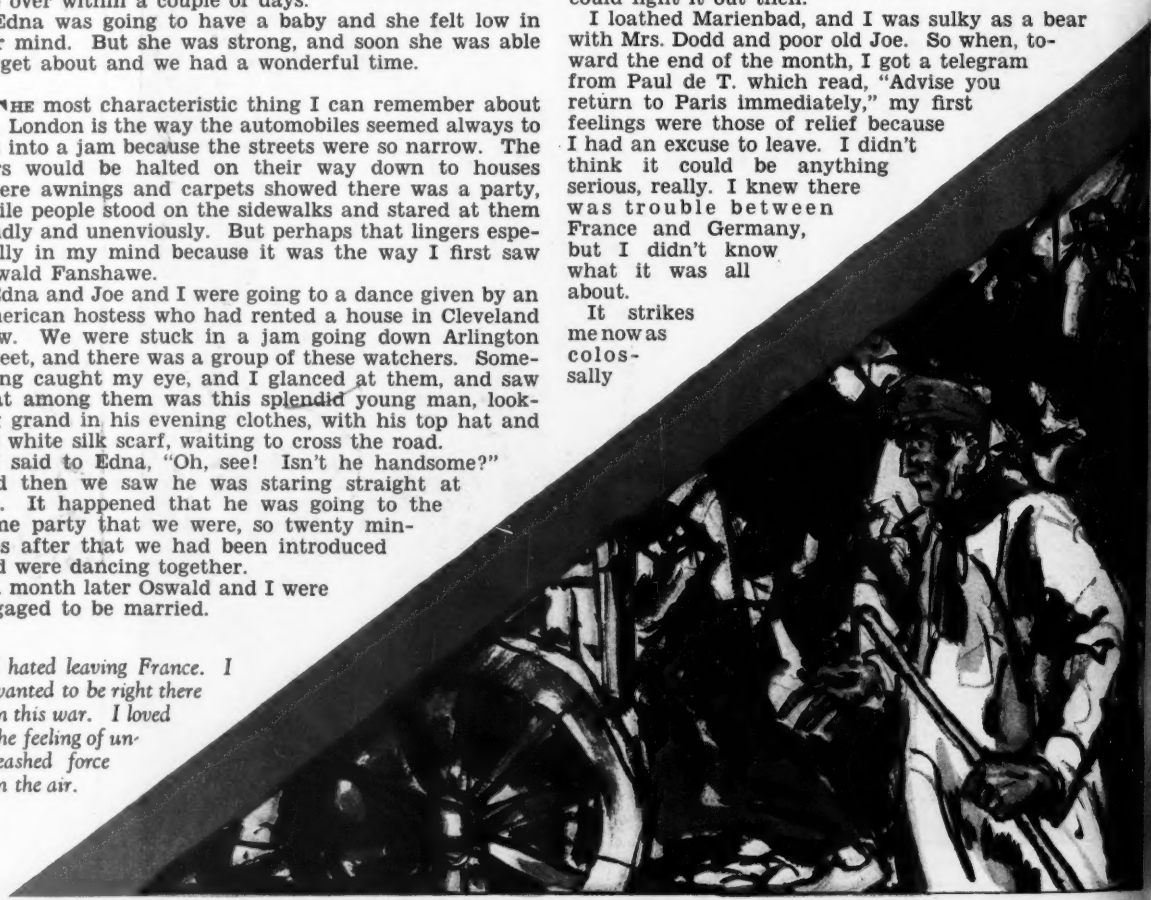
Oswald and his mother were perfectly sweet to me, but by the middle of July I was all ragged and hysterical. I had been engaged to Oswald since the middle of May, and the intervening two months had been filled with angry letters and telegrams. So it was decided all our family should leave England until Father came over in August to see what was what.

The pines on the heaths around Newmarket had set Edna thinking of Le Touquet, and she wanted to take a house there and be alone with Mother for a while. It was too near England for me, so it was arranged that I should go along with Mrs. Dodd, a friend of Mother's, who was going to do a cure at Marienbad, the famous place in Bohemia where you take mud baths. And since there wasn't any racing for Joe at that time of the year and he had put on weight, they thought he might as well do a cure and sent him along.

The idea was that we should all meet again at Le Touquet in the middle of August, and that Oswald and his mother should come and stay at the hotel, and we could fight it out then.

I loathed Marienbad, and I was sulky as a bear with Mrs. Dodd and poor old Joe. So when, toward the end of the month, I got a telegram from Paul de T. which read, "Advise you return to Paris immediately," my first feelings were those of relief because I had an excuse to leave. I didn't think it could be anything serious, really. I knew there was trouble between France and Germany, but I didn't know what it was all about.

It strikes me now as colossally



I hated leaving France. I wanted to be right there in this war. I loved the feeling of unleashed force in the air.

funny that I regarded his telegram rather coquettishly. I thought that maybe Paul, who had been much upset when he heard about Oswald and me, was using some little disturbance to get me back to Paris. I meant to have some fun telling Oswald and getting him jealous about it.

Well, Joe thought that maybe we had better go, so we made reservations on the train to Paris two days later. I thought I'd play Paul a bit, so I didn't answer his telegram. But the next morning another one came—"Wish I could receive some assurance that you are returning immediately. Situation grave"—and somehow that put sense into me. I saw there was something really wrong. Joe and I went down to the station and tried to alter our reservations to that afternoon, but it couldn't be done. People were frightened. The train would be crammed to the doors, they said.

But even after all this, I didn't believe that war could really happen. I remember standing at the door of the wagon-lit (which was the last coach to make the journey from Marienbad to Paris for a matter of four years) the next afternoon, looking down at the crowds in the station and wondering what they were so excited about.

Well, I found out. We stepped out of that coach right into the war. Every way we turned we saw a Frenchman with a knapsack on his back and his arms full of baggage, walking along to join his regiment; quietly and doggedly and steadily, not in line, just one by one—though maybe with his mother and his wife, and the children running alongside of her—but following certain definite routes and knowing all too well where he

(*Cont. on page 195*)

YOUTH

The Life *of a Playboy who wouldn't* Grow Old—*by the* Writer *who* introduced you to *Babbitt and Dodsworth*

Sinclair Lewis

"THE whole trouble with civilization," said Dicky Carringham, "is that society is run by old people. Look at this university! Two thousand kids that want to know how to love and live, and a lot of old profs that haven't loved or lived for twenty years, and can't explain anything except Greek particles and the binomial theorem. Everybody over thirty ought to be retired to a minor position or taken out and shot!

"Yessir, I mean it! *Say!* I've got a great idea! I'm going to take that two thousand bucks Aunt Emma left me and start a magazine called 'Youth Must Rule' and I'm going to prove to the world they ought to let us youngsters run it! Say, it'll be a sensation! We'll start the Youth Movement! Youth Theater Association and a Youth Political Party!"

"Why, that's wonderful!" admired Agnes Elliott.

"Not such a bad idea!" said Roy Orton.

So Carringham found his place in life; so he came on his nickname of "Youth."

They were together, Youth, and his roommate, Roy Orton, and Agnes Elliott, his Platonic sweetheart, all of them sophomores in the University of Winnemac, at the Corner Drug Store, luxuriously sucking down chocolate ice-cream sodas.

For this was in 1904, long before state universities had tea shops, cabarets, speak-easies and airports; in the naïve day when a sophomore who treated a girl to a ten-cent ice-cream soda was doing very well by her.

Carringham was smallish and trim—he was one of the undergraduates whose natural dapperness causes a twenty-dollar ready-made to look like Fifth Avenue tailoring. And he was so fair and pink-cheeked that he looked younger than his classmates, though actually he was a little older.

He had been a poet all through freshman year. He had yearned over everything that was adventurous and high-colored and strange, and poured verse into the office of the Winnemac "Lit," which was conducted by a set of cynical and infinitely aged seniors. He wrote all the proper freshman poems—the one about wayside flowers being ever so much nicer than hothouse roses; the one about his hankering for death every midnight; the one about his Lady being as cruel as the saltier portions of the sea or as the "moon aloof that sails her heedless way."

The crass editors printed one poem out of sixteen, and Youth wrote them a letter whose pages were fairly scorched. He explained that he was sorry for the World of Art, but if it couldn't behave better, he'd have to let it struggle on without him.

He went around the campus saying bitter things, and it is just as well for a freshman not to say bitter things publicly. He worked up a splendid reputation for being bumptious, and he was let alone with vigor.

But Roy Orton, his roommate, and Agnes Elliott perceived that Youth wasn't really bumptious. It was

The colony lived in a world where the only rule was, "I'll believe your bluff if you'll believe mine."

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

¶ *"You couldn't ever look foolish to me, Youth!" said Agnes. Suddenly he saw that she was beautiful.*

not strange that Roy Orton should admire Youth, for Roy was a humble, industrious, freckle-faced rustic who astounded the class by liking to study. But that Youth should also captivate Agnes was strange, for she was the class beauty, the one girl who had magic.

She looked like a steel engraving of the ringleted Rowena in an old copy of "Ivanhoe." She was quiet; she never reached out for the boys, but they came yearning to her. And it was she who out of her still watchfulness saw better than anyone else that when Youth Carringham was most vainglorious, then he was most balked and wistful.

IN THE University of Winnemac there had been no real sensation for a year—not since the venerable Professor of Sanskrit had been found on the chapel steps at three A. M., singing to a delighted gathering of undergraduates in nightshirts:

> Gin, gin, please give me gin,
> Though whisky and rum are enough to begin.

Life had come to seem a little fat and dull to this cloistered world, when on it burst a new magazine; a small, horribly printed pamphlet in a spotty gray-green cover, with the title of Youth Must Rule.

The first number contained an article signed by R. White Carringham, announcing that no one over forty ever had a new idea. It contained an article signed by one R. W. C., asserting that among the beasts (who, said the mysterious author, led a healthier and more delightful life than humans) the leaders of the pack had to fight for their leadership, and the moment they became old they were beautifully chewed to death. It was a profound zoölogical essay, and the facts were all cribbed out of Ernest Thompson Seton.

It also contained a department edited by Roy Orton, showing what Youth was doing throughout the world. (It would be Roy who would drudge over the newspapers in the university library to gather these items.) In Germany, Otto Knaubelschatz at sixteen had learned to speak twelve languages and to juggle. In Anatolia, a boy of fifteen had learned to say the Koran backward—there was no particular discussion as to the value of going around saying the Koran backward. And Willis F. Ipswitch, of Arkadelphia, Arkansas, at twelve was putting himself through school by raising eggplant—it was believed that in all the Arkadelphia district there was no greater eggplanter than Willis.

The first number of Youth Must Rule fell on the arid life of the university like a waterspout. Every undergrad who had been flunked had a sudden and ecstatic proof that he had been foully used by some unappreciative and senile instructor aged thirty-three.

Youth Carringham (as in a month he was to be nicknamed) had to reprint the number—they sold seven hundred copies, which nearly paid the printer's bill.

Instantly the magazine became a campus institution, like the good old football team, the good old Ole Clo' Man, and the good old custom whereby no freshman was ever known to smoke a good old pipe—except within his good old room, or outside of it. In a week the magazine was known not as the good old Youth Must Rule but as the good old "Must Drool."

In the Must Drool office there was an excitement which combined that of election eve, a wedding at St. Thomas', and the first night of a burlesque show with the leading lady's tights missing.

The office was professional. Very. Youth had rented a room over the Aphrodite Shoe-shining and Hat-cleaning Estab., and if there weren't any presses below them melodramatically thundering as they do in fiction, the odor of shoe-blacking wafted up in the mild spring evening was enough like printers' ink to satisfy even a less imaginative leader than Youth.

In this office, Youth, Roy Orton and Agnes shouted to one another that they had the entire world going. They suspected that after they had issued two more numbers the president of the university, the Czar of Russia, the local bishop, the pestilential editor of the "College Series in Higher Mathematics," and all the other aged tyrants would retire to turnip-growing.

"Honestly, they *will*. I *bet* they will—I *mean* it—you can't tell—they *might!*" exulted Youth Carringham. "Well, anyway, prexy might . . . With his whiskers! Telling *us* what we ought to do!"

HE WAS left alone with Agnes. They sat at a kitchen table, trying to write leaders and kept from it only by the minor fact that they hadn't anything to say.

"It's just wonderful how it's gone!" exulted Youth.

"Yes; simply marvelous."

"But it's a responsibility, influencing all these readers. Seven hundred of 'em! Say, say! Gee, what an idea! Lookit! Do you think maybe—a fellow has to be consistent and follow out his ideas, lead where they may, you know how it is and—— Shall I advocate that everybody ought to commit suicide at thirty-five?"

"Oh, no, Dicky; I'd be awfully afraid to do that! A

¶ *Youth and Agnes suspected that after two more numbers all the aged tyrants in the world would retire to turnip-growing.*

lot of people might take it seriously, and if we found we weren't right about it, we'd feel dreadfully if a lot of people went and killed themselves."

"Oh, it *is* a responsibility."

"Yes, and you're taking it so wonderfully."

"Listen! Ag! This is the first time you thought I amounted to anything. Isn't it? Before, you were just kind of sorry for me."

"Oh, no." She blushed, distressed, peeping at him for the first time as at a man, not a casual classmate. He sprang up, scattering the candid sheets of unscribbled paper, and he hotly kissed her; was kissed in answer. She marveled, "That is the first time I've ever been kissed except by my mother and father!"

"Honestly? As popular as you——"

"But I've never cared for any of the boys and—oh, Dicky, it frightens me!"

He seized her small paws, inky with assaults on literature, and said reverently, "Ag, *sweet*, we'll stick together. We'll carry the crusade for Youth round the world! We'll be famous—together!"

"But then, Dicky, I don't think *we* ought to commit suicide at thirty-five, maybe, if we're going to carry on."

"That's so. Look! Look! I've got it! There's a few people where their age doesn't have anything to do with whether they're really young or old. They can be young at sixty. And you and I are like that. *We* won't ever grow old, in our hearts; we won't have any idiotic homes or families or businesses or children; and we won't keep engagements or lay down the law to kids or any of those horrible mature things. We'll be young forever—together!"

"Yes! We will!" she rejoiced, and her hands, in his, were taut with resolute happiness.

THE second number of the Must Drool contained a leader, strangely enough also by that veiled pundit "R. W. C.," which asserted that all professors ought to be compelled to sit, once a week, at the lordly feet of their own students.

The young generation, said R. W. C., had a lot to teach them. It was the young who knew about such mysteries as these newfangled automobiles; who understood socialism and religious liberalism; who understood that the purpose of life was health and joy; and finally —R. W. C. spoke as one with considerable experience— the young alone felt the ecstasy of love and could teach it to the worthy professors who, said he, "have grown in ignorance and forgetfulness of life precisely as much as they have grown in the knowledge and memory of such idiotic trifles as Calculus and the Works of Dr. Johnson."

The entire edition of the second issue, a thousand copies, was sold out in seven hours.

Youth Carringham planned to reprint it next morning, and next morning, at ten-thirty, upon urgent invitation, he was in the office of the dean.

At three that afternoon, the faculty council decided not to expel Youth, Roy, Agnes, but only to suspend them for a week. "And I dare say," added the dean, in a bewhiskered manner which gave much credibility to Youth's theories, "I need not explain that your abominable magazine is stopped from publication, and forthwith, young man, *forthwith!*"

THUS did Youth Carringham, who had been a campus goat, become a campus martyr. He was elected to Theta Digamma Pi, the Twenty-six Dining Club, and the Corinthian Art, Literary and Dramatic Society. He was appointed to the floor committee of the Sophomore Prom. That elegant Van Wyck Sturgis, the class beau, who had most laughed at Youth's untutored dancing, now called to congratulate him and to give him lessons in the two-step.

At the Prom, there was no more shining and exalted figure than that of Youth—in a new dress suit chosen from the stock of Messrs. Rosenbein and Schnaut, Gents' Garments, under the cold and worldly supervision of Van Wyck Sturgis, and the pair of them seemed to the class as romantic as Galahad and Lancelot (for in 1904 they still read Tennyson).

And Youth's partner was Agnes Elliott.

His popularity did not lessen after the Sophomore Prom. Once the grandees of the class had adopted him as a "regular fellow" he could do no wrong. He was a peer of the realm.

Through junior and senior years he stuck to the crusade which had made him distinguished. He talked about it. A good deal. He said that any undergrad with D-minuses in a cinch course knew more than any

¶ *Youth danced like a kitten chasing its tail. He was a success.*

professor, and as there were numbers of students about the campus who got D-minuses, they thought highly of Youth Carringham.

But to continue as the champion of youthfulness, Youth had to do something about it. He had, against his nature, to become wild.

Now that the grandees of the class had taken the trouble really to look at him, his trim slightness and his childish pink-cheekedness made them believe that he was much younger than he was, and they protected him. Only, naturally, they had to have something from which to protect him, and to satisfy them, he, the mildest and least criminal of sophomores, stole the sign from the tailor shop and hung it in his room, let loose a snake in the chemical laboratory and shaved the president's tabby cat—he was fond of cats and didn't enjoy it at all.

The class magnificoes admired, "He's a crazy chump. But of course he's awful' young. I used to think he had the big head, but he's a good sport."

This spectacular wildness Agnes Elliott did not like.

She had been proud to be seen with him as the martyr-hero of the Must Drool, but when he became celebrated as a cut-up, she grieved; her fine and rather unhappy eyes followed him as he capered about a dance floor and won vast laughter by pinning a paper tail on Useless Bailey's coat.

"Oh, Youth," she mourned, as they walked across the campus, under elms bursting with May, "isn't your crusade for the young anything but playing like a puppy?"

"Oh, thunder! Be better for all these solemncholy profs if they played like puppies, instead of being so stuffy and dignified."

She shook her ringleted head. She might have been the vicar's daughter in an Oxfordshire village. He reached for the books she was hugging under her arm. "No, I'll carry them," she said briefly, and to himself, angry at the snub, he snarled that Agnes was not "eternally young at heart," as he was.

"Darn her, she's a regular fuss-budget. In ten years more, she'll be fussing over how the kitchen floor is scrubbed!"

In his first triumph, there had been a foggy understanding that they were engaged. Now, as vacation time came and they were magically transformed into princely juniors, there was no more hint of engagement, and Agnes angered him the more by not being angry, but merely treating him with sorrowful affection.

"She doesn't understand!" he raged. "She doesn't trust me to tear down this whole fool business of old guys' running things. I will! Just as soon as I graduate. I'll start the Must Drool again, when there's no darned old crab of a prexy to stop me! Anyway, the fellows at the frat house understand what I'm doing!"

But through his junior and senior years, the worthy fellows at the frat house seemed to understand with considerably less fervor. They grew slightly tired of hearing Youth Carringham announce that crabbed age and youth could not live together and therefore crabbed age must be kicked out. So Youth began to associate more and more with the new freshmen.

They had not heard his theories. They accepted him with enthusiasm; they were enchanted to hear that they were as much wiser than their professors as they had privately thought. They were pleased at being allowed in the room of an upper classman, and by the end of his senior year, while Agnes looked on sadly and Roy Orton worried, Youth was seen only in the company of the rawest freshmen. Indeed, outsiders took him for a freshman, too, with his fresh coloring and his neat smallness. He was Youth Carringham indeed.

Then he was in the World Outside, and he was no one at all.

He studied law, a little; he practiced it, somewhat less. He settled in the industrial city of Zenith. His widow mother was dead now, and had left him five thousand a year which, with his small legal fees, was enough for one who was so neatly built that his dress clothes looked good for five years. He was an elegant young bachelor about town, a safe social investment for ambitious hostesses, and he was altogether lonely and forlorn.

Roy Orton had also gone out for law, also settled in Zenith, but in his solemn way Roy was taking it seriously, and less and less did he look patient when Youth dropped in for an evening, to interrupt the study of large buckram-bound books and to explain that the Young Generation was scandalously kept down by the Old—which meant now not professors but district attorneys and growling judges.

The venerable professor of Sanskrit had been found singing on the chapel steps at three A. M.

There was, in Zenith, a large and choice supply of millionaires engaged in turning out motor cars, paint, machine tools and overalls, but there was a small group engaged in manufacturing poetry and revolution—and Youth regarded himself as both a poet and a rebel.

At last Roy Orton deserted him. When Youth burst in with the news that he had raised—well, pretty nearly raised—anyway, he almost had the promise of—ten thousand dollars to start the Must Drool again, Roy grumbled that he was so cursedly busy that he simply couldn't be an editor.

Youth, so young and gallant in his Norfolk suit, looked once at Roy, hunched in a chair beside a table horridly piled with gray law books; he looked once at the university banner and the old collegiate pipes on the mantelpiece, and walked out, a lone betrayed soul.

He fled to Agnes.

She had not married. She had stayed home in Zenith, keeping house for her querulous father. She received him in the old-fashioned (*Continued on page 122*)

Lincoln's Last

Mary Todd Lincoln

From the collections of F. H. Meserve

Day *described in* Letters *of* *his Wife*

Cosmopolitan now presents two of the most interesting letters it would be possible to find in the world today. They were written by Mary Todd Lincoln to F. B. Carpenter, an artist friend of the family, after the assassination. The letters come to us through the courtesy of Paul Coster, Jr., of New York, who inherited them from his late uncle, Robert Coster.

These letters are significant in their revelation of the last hours of companionship between the President and his wife; they throw new light on the duel between Lincoln and Editor Shields and they show a mother's grief over the death of a son.

Accompanying the letters is an understanding interpretation by that foremost student of Lincolniana,

Honoré Willsie Morrow

LETTERS from Mary Lincoln! And such letters! It is as if a voice from beyond the grave had spoken. It is as if that woman so long maligned, so long neglected, had at last found a medium for giving the lie to the slandering tongues of many years.

Astonishing letters from any point of view! First of all because direct material from Mary Lincoln's hand is heartbreakingly meager. Secondly because the background against which these letters were written and the state of mind they portray are of poignant significance to any Lincoln lover. And thirdly because Frank Carpenter, the man to whom they were written, is of deep importance to Lincoln historians. And firstly and lastly, and all the time, because they are living documents from a source rich in unique facts about Abraham Lincoln which heretofore has yielded nothing.

Fifty years too late historians are beginning to realize that Lincoln's wife could have given them more than any other human being about his psychology and his history; could have given them precious facts. Nothing I have read has shown me so clearly as these letters what history has lost by their inexcusable neglect.

At the time Mary Lincoln wrote them her mind was still brilliant. She should not have been left a prey to agony and anxiety. Today a doctor would have provided mental stamina for that excited, overwrought mind and would have turned it outward from itself.

She should have been set to writing her husband's memoirs. But no one then understood her needs. She was put down as cranky and left to herself. Her son Robert was too young to recognize her peculiar fitness for such a work. John Hay and John George Nicolay, Lincoln's secretaries, should have recognized her possession of a unique treasure when they wrote their ten-volume life of the President, but they did not.

For nearly fifty years the name of Mary Lincoln has been shrouded in contumely. She has been written into history as a coarse, ill-educated scold, a curse to her husband and her children. To the world at large she has been either a nonentity or a crazy fool.

And then through the discovery of letters such as these she suddenly, after a half-century, reveals herself to us. Not as Xanthippe, not as a clod, but as a lovable, cultured, suffering human soul. And the world's conception of Lincoln's wife is shattered.

How completely these letters accomplish this demolition can be appreciated only by reconstructing the moment at which she wrote them.

She still was suffering profoundly from the shock of the assassination. Waking and sleeping, she still saw that dead face in her arms, that velvet frock of hers drenched with her husband's blood. From Washington she had fled to Chicago and had buried herself in a hotel in Hyde Park with her two sons. Here, under the fearful stress of the return to normal of a brain which for seven months had been frozen by horror, she wrote to Carpenter.

Frank Carpenter was an artist of New York City. He was firmly convinced that the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln in 1863 was an act unparalleled for moral grandeur in the history of mankind, and he became obsessed with a desire to paint a picture of the President and his Cabinet at the moment of the issuing. He was poor but he had good friends, and after months of struggle and disappointment, he found someone who would pay his expenses, and someone else who would introduce him to Lincoln.

Early in 1864 he was installed in the White House and remained there for six months while he painted the picture now familiar to every school child. He was a gentle soul and he came to adore Lincoln. Mary he liked and admired and she returned his feeling.

IN THOSE long, lonely days and nights in Hyde Park when she checked over in her mind the few names of those on whose affection she might count, Frank Carpenter's was one. She was a human being of extraordinary warmth of feeling and she was starving for affection and for understanding sympathy.

Carpenter, early in the fall of 1865, wrote Mary telling her that a well-known firm of engravers had offered him five hundred dollars to make a black-and-white painting of the Lincoln family; not the pathetic remnant of the family but that happy group of 1861 when Willie too was still alive. Carpenter proposed to build the picture from individual photographs and asked Mary's advice and help.

The letter came at a moment when Mary needed it. Of course she would help. Her hungry heart went out to this man who was not only her husband's friend but hers and the children's. And she wrote him from the depths, giving him one of those glimpses of Lincoln that make us realize how rich a treasure of reminiscences she took with her into the silence.

Chicago Nov 15th

Mr Carpenter

My dear Sir:

Your last letter, has been received—It would be utterly impossible for me, in my present nervous state, to sit

for a photograph—Although, I should like to oblige you, very much. There is an excellent painted likeness of me, at Brady's in N. Y. taken in *1861*—have you, ever seen it? I am sure you will like it & I believe, it was taken, in a black velvet. I enclose you one of my precious, sainted Willie. You have doubtless heard, how *very* handsome a boy, he was considered—with a pure, gentle nature, always unearthy & an intellect, *far, far* beyond his years—When I reflect, as I am always doing, upon the overwhelming loss, of that, *most* idolized boy, and the crushing blow, that deprived me, of my *All in all*, in this life, I wonder that I retain my reason & live. There are hours of each day, that my mind, cannot be brought to realize, that *He*, who is considered, so great and good, a God, has *thus* seen fit to afflict us! How difficult it is to be reconciled to such a bereavement, how much sooner, each one, of our stricken family, if the choice had been left to us, would have preferred "passing away," ourselves—

It strikes me strangely, how such a rumor, should be circulated—that Robert is in Europe—The thought of leaving home, I am sure, has never *once*, entered his mind. He is diligently applying himself, to his law studies—a most devoted Son & brother—Every thing, is *so fabulously*, high *here*, that his third of the estate, an income of $1800 apiece—with taxes deducted—It requires the most rigid economy, with Robert & the rest, of us to clothe ourselves, plainly & weekly settle our board-bills. Is not this, a sad change for us!—As a matter of course living, every where, *now*, in the U. S. is high—Yet I cannot express to you, how painful to me, it is, to have *no* quiet home, where I can freely indulge my sorrows—*this*, is, yet another, of the crosses, appointed unto me—With my beloved husband, I should have had, a heart, for any fate, if "need be." Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no *T*—for a middle name—was *nicknamed*, *Taddie*, by his dear loving Father—Taddie—is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be *at play*, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W—As you are aware, *he* was always a *marked character*—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was *the most* correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, *if possible*, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved *him, so very dearly*, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

that the unnatural rebellion, was near its close, & being most of the time, *away* from W. where he had endured such conflicts of mind, within the last four years, feeling *so encouraged,* he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness. Down the Potomac, he was almost boyish, in his mirth & reminded me, of his original nature, what I had always remembered of him, in our own home—free from care, surrounded by those he loved so well & by *whom,* he was so idolized. *The Friday,* I never saw him so supremely cheerful—his manner was even playful—At three o'clock, in the afternoon, he drove out with me in the open carriage, in starting, I asked him, if any one, should accompany us, he immediately replied—"No—I prefer to ride by ourselves to day." During the drive, he was so gay, that I said to him, laughingly, "Dear Husband, you almost startle me, by your great cheerfulness, he replied, "And well I may feel so, Mary, I consider *this day,* the war, has come to a close—and then added, "We must *both,* be more cheerful in the future—between the war & the loss of our darling Willie—we have both, been very miserable." Every word, then uttered, is deeply engraven, on my poor broken heart—In the evening, his mind, was fixed upon having some relaxation & bent on the theatre—Yet I firmly believe, that if he had remained, at the W. H. on that night of darkness, when the fiends prevailed he would have been horribly *cut to pieces*—Those fiends, had too long contemplated, this inhuman murder, to have allowed, *him* to escape. Robert informs me, that the best likeness of himself, is at Goldin's, in Washington, taken last spring. We have none, unframed. The attitude in the one, you sent me, of myself, is very good, my hands, are always *made* in *them,* very large and I look too stern. The drapery of the dress, was *not,* sufficiently flowing—and my hair, should not be so low down, on the forehead & so much dressed—I am sending you a long & most hastily written letter, which I pray you excuse—My sons desire to be remembered to you. Whilst I remain

Very Sincerely

Mary Lincoln.

Robert approved of Carpenter's purpose, but he came home from the law office in Chicago where he was working one evening in December much disgruntled. Frank Carpenter, it seemed, was running a series in the New York Independent on his White House experiences and he had used parts of Mary Lincoln's letter.

They had hoped, he and his mother, that the days of public exposé of their lives were over. But although Carpenter was handling them gently, it was all distasteful and poor Tad had come in for one or two hard bumps. Carpenter wrote:

> I was sitting in Mr. Nicolay's room about ten o'clock, when Robert Lincoln came in with flushed face. "Well," said he, "I have just had a great row with the President of the United States!"
>
> "What?" said I.
>
> "Yes," he replied, "and very good cause there is for it, too. Do you know, Tad went over to the War Department today and Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him lieutenant. On the strength of that what does Tad do but go off and order a quantity of muskets sent to the house!
>
> "Tonight he had the audacity to discharge (*Continued on page 219*)

On the preceding pages you read Mary Lincoln's own account
Emil Ludwig's *dramatic account* of those stirring days *in the*

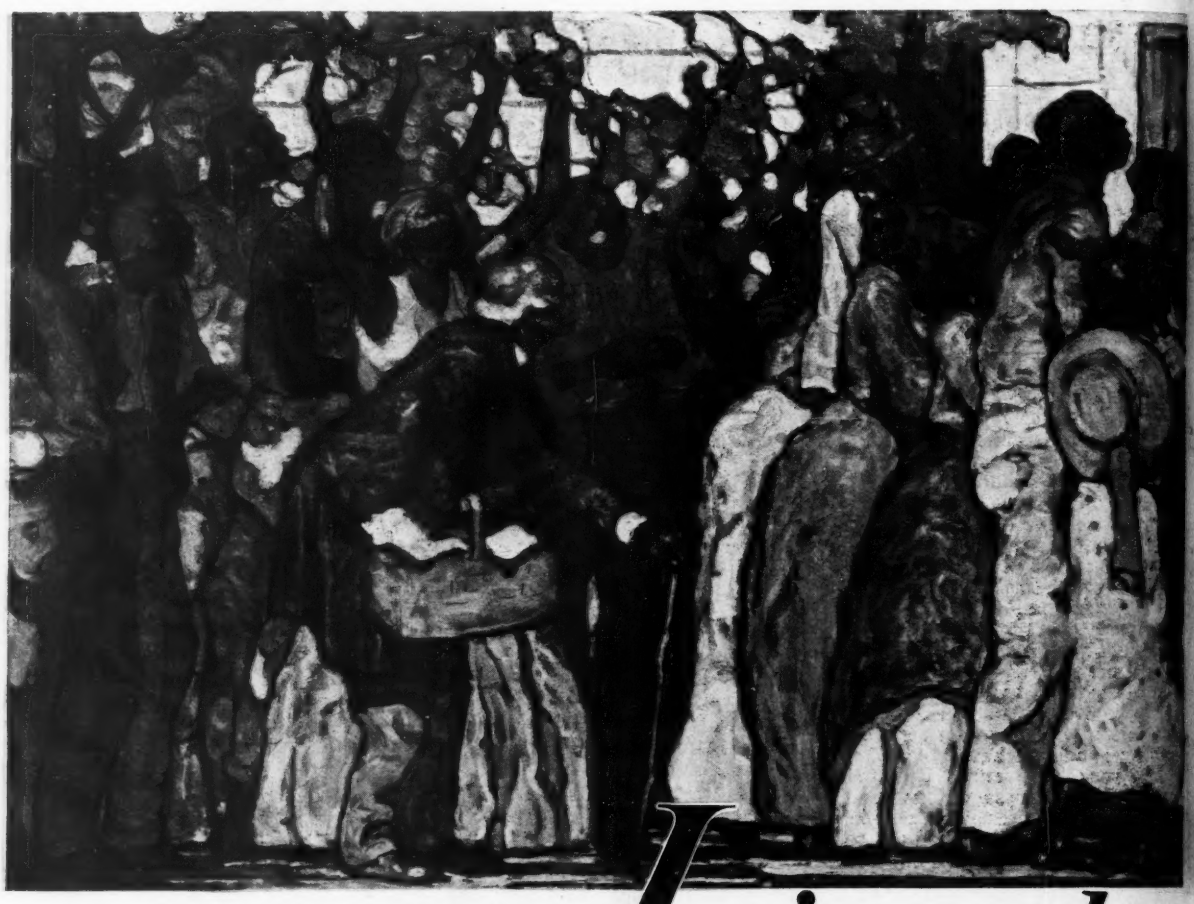


Illustration by
Harvey Dunn

Lincoln t

By Emil

THE White House is brilliantly illuminated, and Washington is thronged with strangers, for Grant is coming today to take over the supreme command of all the armies, with the rank of Lieutenant General, which before him none but Washington and (in brevet) Scott have held.

Grant was, for Lincoln, the only one among his army leaders worthy of complete confidence. At first the President had asked for confidential reports about the General, and after a while had said: "I can't spare this man; he fights." When people complained that Grant drank, Lincoln (to whom topers were uncongenial) made a reply recalling that which George II is said to have made when a similar charge was brought against General Wolfe: "Can you tell me the kind of whisky? I should like to send a barrel to some of my other generals."

Today the streets are filled with carriages and riders, the rooms with officers, diplomatists and smartly dressed women, for it is March, 1864. Grant has captured Vicksburg; Meade has defeated Lee at Gettysburg; everything is taking a favorable turn. The multitude has received an answer to the refrain which has been voiced all over the country: "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man."

But, like Lincoln three years earlier, Grant has made an unobtrusive entry into the capital, turning up that evening accompanied by his little boy, whom he always has with him in the field, and now, quitting his hotel unnoticed, one officer among many, he makes his way to the White House, which he enters for the first time. A vague dread of intrigues and scandals, and, above all, a fear that the politicians would try to influence him, had kept this soldier away from Washington.

Not even now does he have himself announced; he will find tall Father Abraham for himself; it is only half past nine, and there is plenty of time. One comfort is that his wife need not thrust her way into this turmoil! In a few moments, however, Lincoln's sharp eyes pick him out; soon they are both ringed round and no longer can move, the rather small, bronzed officer beside the long-armed giant in a swallowtail, the two men united by their intrinsic seriousness and by a diffidence they never have been able to shake off, though both have long been accustomed to command.

At length they are able to get away from the press of people and take refuge behind a sofa. Grant is introduced to Mrs. Lincoln and to the ministers of state, but the crowd wants to see him, and with internal trepidation the fearless General allows himself to be applauded—saying afterward: "This has been the warmest campaign I have witnessed during the war."

of the Most Tragic Day in American History. NOW *read* concluding chapters *of his* human story *of a* Great Human

the Martyr

Ludwig

To prepare Grant for the ceremony of conferring the new commission, the President gives him a copy of the speech he himself propcses to make on that occasion, saying: "You are, perhaps, less accustomed to public speaking," and asking him to stress two points in an answer of equal brevity—a word or two which might tend to minimize the jealousy of the other generals, and something about kindly feelings towards the Army of the Potomac.

But when, next day, the ceremony takes place in the presence of the Cabinet, Grant, reading aloud the address he has penciled on half a sheet of note paper, has to contend with difficulties similar to those General Washington had encountered when delivering his first official speech, but the three well-formed sentences do not contain a single word about the two matters for which Lincoln had stipulated. Nothing but the General's determination to remain independent of the politicians can account for this difference with the President.

It remains the only one. For though Stanton and Halleck warned Grant not to tell Lincoln too much about his plans, the General finds that Lincoln does not even ask about them. After their short, matter-of-fact conversation, they take to each other, but Grant feels ill at ease in Washington and refuses Mary's invitation to a banquet.

"I must be in Tennessee at a given time."

"Mrs. Lincoln's dinner without you would be 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

"I appreciate the honor, but time is very important now. I ought to be at the front, and a dinner to me means a million dollars a day lost to the country."

When he departs, Lincoln says: "I hardly know what to think of him. He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man I ever knew. I believe on several occasions he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have that he's in any particular place is that he makes things move . . .

"As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with the plan of a campaign, and as much as say: 'Now I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted *me* to be the general.

"Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me. When any of the rest set (*Continued on page 205*)

Says He: "*Do* you

How Silly, but so Human has tapped *Your*

By Denis

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

THE affair has probably been mentioned before, for you hardly can help noticing it as you struggle through this vale of tears; but it is an entertaining affair, sometimes, for all that. At or after a certain age some strange instinct causes men and women—or boys and girls, as they are all called nowadays—to select some member of the opposite sex, and to insist on regarding him or her as a complete exception to the rest of the human race.

The practice is often described as falling in love, and when the illusion is reciprocal frequently leads to something called marriage, which in turn—— But this is a very short story, and we'll have to tell you all about that some other time.

The point which we wish to bring out is the curious incredulity displayed by so many members even when overwhelming evidence indicates that their passion is returned. Taking, for instance, quite an ordinary and representative case, you'd have thought—wouldn't you?—when Charles Wimbish (who had been simmering for months) suddenly went on the boil, and informed Miss Padbury that life was insupportable without her, and when she acknowledged this intelligence by melting gracefully into his arms and allowing him to cover her face with kisses which she instantly restored to him with great violence, that almost anyone might have guessed that she was rather keen on him. But not, apparently, the ordinary and representative Charles.

"Do you love me?" he asked, though her cheek was still jammed against his nose.

And though Miss Padbury was kind enough to reply with an emphatic and superfluous affirmative, he not only reiterated the question five times before they got out of the taxi, but twice on the pavement, once on the threshold of her apartment, as well as ringing up and repeating it as soon as he got back to his own.

"Do you love me?" he asked the mouthpiece of his telephone.

"I adore you, darling," said the receiver; and Mr. Wimbish replaced it with a fond sigh, and sat down and wrote a long letter to Miss Padbury in which, by this time, you will scarcely be surprised to hear that he put the same inquiry on every page, as well as adding it in the form of a postscript. "P.S.," wrote the insatiable Charles. "Do you love me?"

And Miss Padbury was just answering this query on her own note paper, when he rang up again to say that he was coming around to see her, at the same time—— But there; you know well enough by now what this ordinary and representative young gentleman did at the same time. Miss Padbury, according to her own statement, did love him.

"Really?" asked Mr. Wimbish.

"Terribly," said Miss Padbury.

"Honestly?" asked Mr. Wimbish.

Here, we are rather glad to say, the line became disconnected, and Charles Wimbish had to reassure himself as best he could until he could take the matter up again in Miss Padbury's actual presence. Nothing, however, more serious than the eccentricities of the so-called Telephone Service came between this devoted couple on the rest of that auspicious day.

A short interview with Miss Padbury's parents put the engagement on an official footing—for wasn't Mr. Wimbish rich, as well as young and clean? Mrs. Padbury snuffled slightly, it is true, and Mr. Padbury cleared his throat a good deal, but these tributes to sentiment or convention hardly disguised the satisfaction which they both felt at their daughter's choice.

"Hrrm," said Mr. Padbury, slapping his future son-in-law on the back. "And now I expect you'd like a word with Polly. Eh? What? Ha, ha!"

And Charles burst from the room, and fled in search of Miss Padbury, and found her, and she hurled herself into his outstretched arms.

"Is it all right?" she asked eagerly.

"Rather!" said Charles. "No trouble at all with the old birds. In fact, your mother suggested the end of next month."

"Oh, darling! How marvelous!"

love me?" *asks She*

that You may think someone *Telephone Wire*

Mackail

Mr. Wimbish beamed and chuckled. Then, suddenly, a look of intense anxiety swept over his features.

Yes, even though Miss Padbury was twisting the lapel of his coat and rumpling his hair, the old doubt seemed to have seized upon him again.

"Polly, I say."

"Yes, my angel?"

"Do you—do you love me?"

As the days, and then the weeks, of this smooth-running engagement sped past, Mr. Wimbish's eternal query accompanied it with all the dogged persistence of a theme-song. Was it modesty or madness? We don't know. We can no more theorize about such a widespread weakness than we can explain why people dance or smoke, or why, if it comes to that, they fall victims to the delusion which we mentioned at the beginning.

The point is that Charles Wimbish behaved in a manner which appears preposterous in print but perfectly normal in real life, and the only exceptional part of the business was that Miss Padbury never retaliated by demanding if he loved her. She seemed, in some extraordinary way, either to assume it from his conduct or to content herself with the frequent assurances which reached her unasked.

"I adore you!" cried Charles, when he wasn't inquiring whether she adored him; and Miss Padbury snuggled closer, or lifted her chin to receive another kiss, or merely fiddled with one of his waistcoat buttons.

A fascinating creature, in our opinion, and well worthy of all the bliss that lay in store for her; for the marriage which followed that brief and burning engagement was, and is, one of the happiest on record.

MR. WIMBISH is still rich, though he has three children, and Mrs. Wimbish is still beautiful. And still, whenever they get a moment together, he asks the familiar, unchanging question and receives the familiar, unchanging response.

"Do you love me, Polly?"

"I adore you, Charles."

Once, and once only, has Polly Wimbish taken the initiative in this endless game, and somehow—though we're not going to say whether this was a little sad, or merely natural in the circumstances which had now crystallized—we don't fancy that she will do it again. Perhaps there must always be the one who asks and the one who answers. Or perhaps——

It doesn't matter. They were on their holiday, last summer. They had escaped together. The children had been parked with old Mrs. Padbury at the seaside. Charles was driving the big car himself. Polly had no maid to fuss and flutter and flirt.

So they came, near sunset, to the little inn by the trout stream where they had once spent the first week of their honeymoon. There had been a vague plan for years to do this, but always something had prevented and then—well, ought one to go back to such places? Isn't it asking for disillusionment?

But everything, this time, was the same. The stream made the same sound, the place had the same smell, the host remembered them perfectly; once more Charles Wimbish helped him carry the suitcases up to the same bedroom.

Once more, also, after that appetizing supper, a big yellow moon rose over the pine trees. Once more it summoned Charles and Polly his wife up the hillside to the View.

So they stood there, in silence, gazing at the panorama spread beneath them in that magic light. And Charles' arm slipped round Polly's waist, and her head dropped against his shoulder. He drew in his breath to speak.

"Do you——" he began.

But, just for this first and last time, Polly had cut him short.

"Oh, Charles!" she cried. "Do you love me?"

Mr. Wimbish's arm stiffened, and fell to his side.

"Really!" he protested, turning his back on the big yellow moon and marching away from the View. "What a ridiculous question to ask!"

The Public

Otoya's only thought was to help her parents, as her mother had helped hers. With Ariki she signed the customary contract.

IN THE shade of a tamarind tree beside the dirt road leading to the little mosque old Ahmat Sebam, guide and friend of the village youth, sat cross-legged. At his back was the kampong's drab cluster of huts; facing him, three youths squatted, tracing designs in the dust with their brown fingers.

The boys were just growing into manhood and they listened eagerly to what he said. The residents of Saparua, both young and old, treated Ahmat with respect, for there was a benevolent dignity about him and he had traveled far—to Java, to Borneo, to certain of the Moluccas—and to simple folks like these he was a superior person.

A portrait painter would have looked twice at Ahmat sitting there beneath the tamarind tree, for he had the tranquil air of a man at peace with his soul. Time and trouble had plowed deep furrows in his face but there was no tired droop to the corners of his mouth; his grizzled hair was plentiful; his eyes—humorous and friendly—were as clear as a boy's. His broadcloth *baju* and plaid sarong were, as always, freshly laundered, and his feet were encased in clean white *spatus,* for he was a man of means.

Occasionally a huge-wheeled dray, loaded with sacks of rice or copra and drawn by a team of coolies—the people of Saparua were too poor to buy oxen or water buffalo—lumbered along the road, its rusted, greaseless wheels squealing like pigs being leisurely dragged to the slaughterhouse. Old women passed, bearing on their heads flat baskets of fish or sago cakes. One and all called a salutation to Ahmat and he responded in his deep singsong voice without losing the thread of what he was saying to the three youngsters.

A man so ancient and decrepit that he was obliged to walk with the support of two sticks shuffled past and Ahmat sent one of the boys after him with a couple of copper coins. The ancient snatched at them with a clawlike hand, exhorting Allah, in a high cackle, to send the blessings of peace and plenty to his benefactor; then he proceeded on his uncertain way, looking more like a bent skeleton than a human being.

"As I have said," Ahmat continued his discourse, "Saparua is a poor place for anyone who is ambitious to make provision for his old age. Observe Haidar!" With outthrust chin he indicated the wretched figure retreating down the road.

"All the days of his early life he toiled honorably with his fishing *prahu* and in the rice fields, but he made barely enough to supply his immediate needs. When his joints stiffened and his muscles turned traitor he was as poor as though he had squandered his years in idleness. So it is likely to be with all who remain here. *Ya Allah!* It is sad.

"No doubt," he proceeded after a ruminative pause, "our all-wise Creator put us here for some purpose of His own but He did not decree that we stay rooted to

Wife

By Rex Beach

Illustrations by James E. Allen

this very soil. The time has come for you to put idleness behind you and to shoulder the work of men.

"I counsel you to journey without delay to richer countries, where honorable effort is more justly rewarded. Having made yourselves secure against old age you may decide, as I did, to return to the place of your birth, which will be pleasing to your parents and a recognition of Allah's beneficence."

ANOTHER pause followed during which the three young men continued, without speaking, to make designs in the dust. Silence in the presence of elders is demanded of the Malay youth; he may not chatter or ask questions unless he is invited to do so.

Ahmat's deep voice sounded again. "Many callings there are to choose from. The bazaars, ships, rubber plantations, the trades of shoemaking and tailoring, and a multitude of others, but none of them affords so pleasant an existence or offers the same rewards as that of serving a white *tuan* in his house.

"It is a position of honor, for a faithful servant becomes his master's friend and if the master is good the servant acquires merit from him. He eats plentifully and sleeps always in quarters secure from the night mists—both food and lodging being provided by the *tuan*. He may, therefore, lay by the greater part of his earnings against that day when he is no longer able to earn.

"But much is expected of a house servant. He must be clean in his person; he must be honest, truthful, willing and diligent. He must see all, hear all—and say nothing. At all times he is ignorant—except when questioned by his master. Then he knows everything.

"My advice to you is to seek employment such as I followed. Be sure that you enter the service of a *tuan* who is upright in habit, for he will be generous of heart and his virtues will bring profit to you and ease to your declining years.

"It was my excellent fortune to serve such a *tuan*—Allah protect him in health and in sickness—and when he had finished here and returned to England he gave

¶ *When the muttering monsoon breaks, and Satan comes to Dobo. There is*

me a thousand guilders. That, added to what I had saved, made me a man of substance and enabled me to spend the evening of my life in honor among my own people.

"It is said here in the village that I squander my money upon the decrepit and the unworthy and that misfortune will overtake me, but the white people have a saying that bread cast upon the waters will draw fish, and my master was forever repeating it. It is a fact that Providence rewarded him and I remember once——"

Ahmat broke into a quiet chuckle; the boys looked up at him expectantly.

"Listen earnestly," he said, "and you shall hear how great good fortune came in a strange manner to Tuan Ross Hewlett in repayment for an unselfish act. There can be no harm in telling of it now, for he has been long gone from this country and it may profit you as it profited him and me."

ROSS HEWLETT was in his thirtieth year and he measured over six feet, so Ahmat described him; his features were well shaped, his skin deeply and permanently bronzed by the tropical sun. One would have been hard put to it to size the man up at a glance, for a bulldog English jaw was contradicted by gray eyes which might have belonged to a gentle priest.

Hewlett was the owner of several pearl-fishing luggers that worked the waters surrounding the Arus, a small group of islands at no great distance from the west coast of Papua, and at the time of Ahmat's story he had experienced a most disastrous season. To begin with, the catch of both shell and pearls had been extremely poor; then, careless divers had grounded two of his boats upon reefs, where they had broken to pieces, and in addition he had suffered from several attacks of malaria which had rendered him incapable of watching operations with the necessary alertness.

No matter which side of the islands his boats had gone to fish, there the wind had blown, making it difficult for the divers to work. Misfortune had followed

the Japanese and Malays are paid off music and merriment, delirium and woe.

misfortune, so it seemed. Ill luck had made sport of Ahmat and his master.

By the end of the season Hewlett was deeply in debt and completely stumped for ready cash; had it not been for a substantial loan made to him by another pearler he would have had to sell some of his boats to meet his men's wages at the "lay-up." Things indeed were bad . . . Ahmat shook his head at the memory.

On top of all this Hewlett had received a letter from his wife in England stating that she had sold their house in Surrey and had bought a larger one; she asked him to send her a check for twelve hundred pounds as soon as possible. The white *tuan,* who adored his wife, realized that this request could not have come at a more unfortunate time, and the Malay, who read the letter, after the fashion of all good eastern servants, agreed with him.

Dobo, where Hewlett lived when ashore, is the one and only town in the Aru Islands. As described to the three youthful listeners, it was hardly a town at all but a shabby settlement which had grown up on a flat point jutting out from the jungle, and it consisted of three rows of wood and galvanized-iron buildings divided by two sandy streets.

The stores belonged to Arabs, Chinese, Japanese and Malays—the dwellings were for the most part Japanese yoshiwaras and Malay houses of equal ill repute. Near the beach were a few bungalows where lived the white men who owned the pearl-fishing boats.

During nine months of the year Dobo is deserted, for the pearling craft are all at sea and they do not return until the monsoon comes to churn the water and make it too cloudy for the divers to work.

As this season approaches the town awakens; it yawns and stretches and the blood begins to course through it. The Dutch steamer brings a hundred or more Japanese girls, most of whom have been sent by old Ariki, owner of innumerable yoshiwaras scattered like chain stores through every town of importance from Yokohama down.

They come with a happy care-free spirit, these girls, each carrying a bundle of (*Continued on page 104*)

A Sad Tale of a Tenderfoot *in the* Frozen North

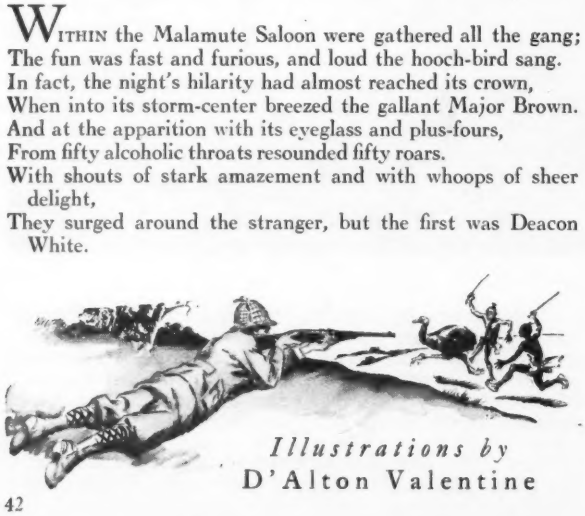
By Robert W. Service

The Ice-worm Cocktail

To Dawson town came Percy Brown from London on the Thames.
A pane of glass was in his eye and stockings on his stems.
Upon the shoulder of his coat a leather pad he wore,
To rest his deadly rifle when it wasn't seeking gore;
The which it often must have been, for Major Percy Brown,
According to his story, was a hunter of renown,
Who in the Murrumbidgee wilds had stalked the kangaroo
And killed the cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo.
And now the arctic fox he meant to follow to its lair,
And it was also his intent to beard the arctic hare . . .
Which fact concerning Major Brown I merely tell because
I fain would have you know him for the Nimrod that he was.

Now Skipper Grey and Deacon White were sitting in the shack,
And sampling of the whisky that pertained to Sheriff Black.
Said Skipper Grey: "I want to say a word about this Brown:
The piker's sticking out his chest as if he owned the town."
Said Sheriff Black: "He has no lack of frigerated cheek:
He called himself a sourdough when he'd just been here a week."
Said Deacon White: "Methinks you're right, and so I have a plan
By which I hope to prove tonight the mettle of the man.
Just meet me where the hooch-bird sings, and though our ways be rude,
We'll make a *proper* sourdough of this Piccadilly dude."

Within the Malamute Saloon were gathered all the gang;
The fun was fast and furious, and loud the hooch-bird sang.
In fact, the night's hilarity had almost reached its crown,
When into its storm-center breezed the gallant Major Brown.
And at the apparition with its eyeglass and plus-fours,
From fifty alcoholic throats resounded fifty roars.
With shouts of stark amazement and with whoops of sheer delight,
They surged around the stranger, but the first was Deacon White.



Illustrations by
D'Alton Valentine

"We welcome you," he cried aloud, "to this, the Great White Land.
The Arctic Brotherhood is proud to grip you by the hand.
Yea, sportsman of the bulldog breed from trails of far away,
To Yukoners this is indeed a memorable day.
Our jubilation to express, vocabularies fail . . .
Boys, hail the Great Chechahco!" And the boys responded: "Hail!"

"And now," continued Deacon White to blushing Major Brown,
"Behold assembled the *eelight* and cream of Dawson town.
And one ambition fills their hearts and makes their bosoms glow—
They want to make you, honored sir, a *bony-feed* sourdough.
The same, some say, is one who's seen the Yukon ice go out,
But most profound authorities the definition doubt;
And to the genial notion of this meeting, Major Brown,
A sourdough is a guy who drinks . . . an ice-worm cocktail down."

"By gad!" responded Major Brown, "that's ripping, don't you know.
I've always felt I'd like to be a *certified* sourdough;
And though I haven't any doubt your winter's awf'ly nice,
Mayfair, I fear, may miss me ere the break-up of your ice.
Yet (pray excuse my ignorance of matters such as these)
A cocktail I can understand—but what's an ice-worm, please?"

Said Deacon White: "It is not strange that you should fail to know,
Since ice-worms are peculiar to the Mountain of Blue Snow.
Within the polar rim it rears, a solitary peak,
And in the smoke of early spring a spectacle unique.
Like flame it leaps upon the sight and thrills you through and through,
For though its cone is piercing white, its base is blazing blue.
Yet all is clear as you draw near, for coyly peering out
Are hosts and hosts of tiny worms, each indigo of snout.
And as no nourishment they find, to keep themselves alive,
They masticate each other's tails till just the Tough survive.
Yet on this stern and Spartan fare so rapidly they grow,
That some attain six inches by the melting of the snow.
Then when the tundra glows to green and niggerheads appear,
They burrow down and are not seen until another year."

as Set Forth in a Rollicking Ballad *of the* Yukon

"A TOUGHISH yarn," laughed Major Brown, "as well you may admit.
I'd like to see this little beast, before I swallow it."
"'Tis easy done," said Deacon White. "Ho! Barman, haste and bring
Us forth some pickled ice-worms of the vintage of last spring."
But sadly still was Barman Bill, then sighed as one bereft:
"There's been a run on cocktails, boss; there ain't an ice-worm left.
Yet wait. By gosh! It seems to me that some of extra size
Were picked and put away to show the scientific guys."

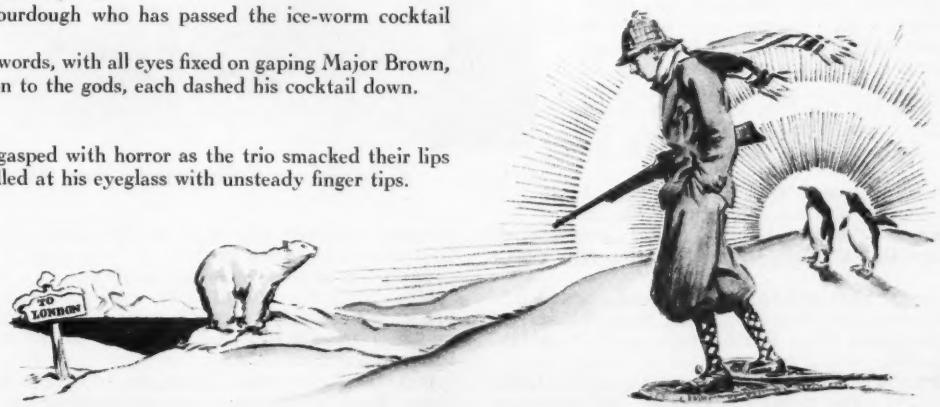
THEN deeply in a drawer he sought, and there he found a jar,
The which with due and proper pride he put upon the bar.
And in it, wreathed in queasy rings, or rolled into a ball,
A score of gray and greasy things were drowned in alcohol.
Their bellies were a bilious blue, their eyes a bulbous red;
Their backs were gray, and gross were they, and hideous of head.
And when with gusto and a fork the barman speared one out,
It must have gone four inches from its tail-tip to its snout.
Cried Deacon White with deep delight: "Say, isn't that a 'beaut'?"
"I think it is," sniffed Major Brown, "a most disgusting brute.
The very sight gives me the pip. I'll bet my bally hat
You're only spoofing me, old chap. You'll never swallow that."
"The hell I won't!" said Deacon White. "Hey, Bill, that fellow's fine.
Fix up four ice-worm cocktails, and just put that wop in mine."

SO BARMAN BILL got busy and with sacerdotal air
His art's supreme achievement he proceeded to prepare.
His silver cups, like sickle moons, went weaving to and fro,
And four celestial cocktails soon were blinking in a row.
And in the starry depths of each, artistically piled,
A fat and juicy ice-worm raised its mottled mug and smiled.
Then closer pressed the peering crowd; suspended was the fun,
As Skipper Grey in courteous way said: "Stranger, please take one."
But with a gesture of disgust the major shook his head.
"You can't bluff me. You'll never drink that ghastly thing," he said.
"You'll see, all right," said Deacon White, and held his cocktail high,
Till its ice-worm seemed to wiggle and to wink a wicked eye.
Then Skipper Grey and Sheriff Black each lifted up a glass,
While through the tense and quiet crowd a tremor seemed to pass.
"Drink, stranger, drink!" boomed Deacon White. "Proclaim you're of the best,
A doughty sourdough who has passed the ice-worm cocktail test."
And at these words, with all eyes fixed on gaping Major Brown,
Like a libation to the gods, each dashed his cocktail down.

THE major gasped with horror as the trio smacked their lips
And he twiddled at his eyeglass with unsteady finger tips.
Into his jeweled cocktail with a look of woe he peered,
And its ice-worm, to his thinking, most incontinently leered.
Yet on him were a hundred eyes, though no one spoke aloud.
For hushed with expectation was the waiting, watching crowd.
The major's fumbling hand went forth—the gang prepared to cheer;
The major's falt'ring hand went back—the mob prepared to jeer.
The major gripped his gleaming glass and laid it to his lips.
And as despairfully he took some nauseated sips,
From out its coil of crapulence the ice-worm raised its head;
Its muzzle was a murky blue, its eyes a ruby-red.
And then a roughneck bellowed forth: "This stiff comes here and struts
As if he'd bought the blasted North—jest let him show his guts."
And with a roar the mob proclaimed: "Chechahco Major Brown,
Reveal that you're of sourdough stuff, and drink your cocktail down."

THE major took another look, then quickly closed his eyes,
For even as he raised his glass, he felt his gorge arise.
Aye, even though his sight was sealed, in fancy he could see
That gray and greasy thing that reared and sneered in mockery.
Yet round him ringed the callous crowd—and how they seemed to gloat!
It must be done . . . He swallowed hard . . . The brute was at his throat.
He choked . . . he gulped . . . Thank God! At last, he'd got the horror down . . .
Then from the crowd went up a roar: "Hurrah for Sourdough Brown!"
With shouts they raised him shoulder high and gave a rousing cheer,
But though they praised him to the sky the major did not hear.
Amid their demonstrative glee, delight he seemed to lack;
Indeed, it almost seemed that he—was keeping something back.
A clammy sweat was on his brow, and pallid as a sheet:
"I fear I must be going now," he'd plaintively repeat.
Aye, though with drinks and smokes galore they tempted him to stay,
With sudden bolt he gained the door and made his get-away.

AND ere next night his story was the talk of Dawson town,
But gone and reft of glory was the wrathful Major Brown;
For that ice-worm (so they told him) of such formidable size
Was . . . *a stick of stained spaghetti with two red ink spots for eyes.*



When a Man bites a

THE city hall clock said five-nineteen, which left just three minutes for Richard Stott to catch his train. There was one person even more anxious than Richard himself that he should not miss it. She sat at the wheel of her father's car, an impatient frown upon her face as she tried to force the pace of the traffic.

The machine cut around a leisurely truck and bore down on the intersection of Market and Washington streets. Lois, her eyes fixed fervently on the green signal lamp, remembered Helen Rand's rejected invitation with a feeling of keen regret.

Helen had invited her, last summer, to spend a week at the Rand cabin in the Santa Cruz mountains. Instead she had gone to the shore and met the young man who now sat so dejectedly at her side.

In his bathing suit Richard Stott was a fellow to look at twice. Lois had looked more than that. The suit itself was worth an extra glance, with its short blue trunks, its neat white belt, its orange shirt on which had been sewed a little blue diving girl. He had a handsome tan and his build was athletic. He could walk on his hands and turn somersaults in the air. He was even a good swimmer.

So she enjoyed a pleasant seaside flirtation, pouted when he had to leave "on account of business," and was excited at his first letter. Other letters followed, nor was their fervor lessened as autumn succeeded summer. Lois was gratified to find she had made a conquest. She became more than casually interested.

Once he wrote that business had been unusually brisk. She replied rather sulkily that he seemed awfully secretive about his business. Perhaps he was a bootlegger! Richard answered: "Well, we do handle boots. We've got one of the biggest athletic goods stores in the state, and pretty soon we figure on opening branches in Stockton, San Jose and Oakland."

That had a pleasantly prosperous sound. Lois' interest doubled.

At last he had come on this week-end trip to see her. She greeted him eagerly. Encouraged by the reception, he did not hesitate to tell her what he had been rehearsing so anxiously on the train. Only he did not say it as he had rehearsed it; in his excitement he forgot the lines and struck out extemporaneously.

But Lois was still canny enough to ask some questions about the business. Thus she learned he was only a salesman, with no more financial share in it than could be found in a monthly pay check.

Lois' "No" was final. She felt angry, both with herself and with him, for having fostered tender feelings for an impecunious salesman.

No wonder he looked so natty on the beach! Lois pictured him sorting out the stock of bathing suits, taking the likeliest home, perhaps, to try on before the mirror. Of course he had got a discount.

Lois' one desire now was to get her guest aboard that train and start to forget him. Then, she told herself, she would telephone Allen Barlow and ask him to take her dancing. She would be very nice to Allen.

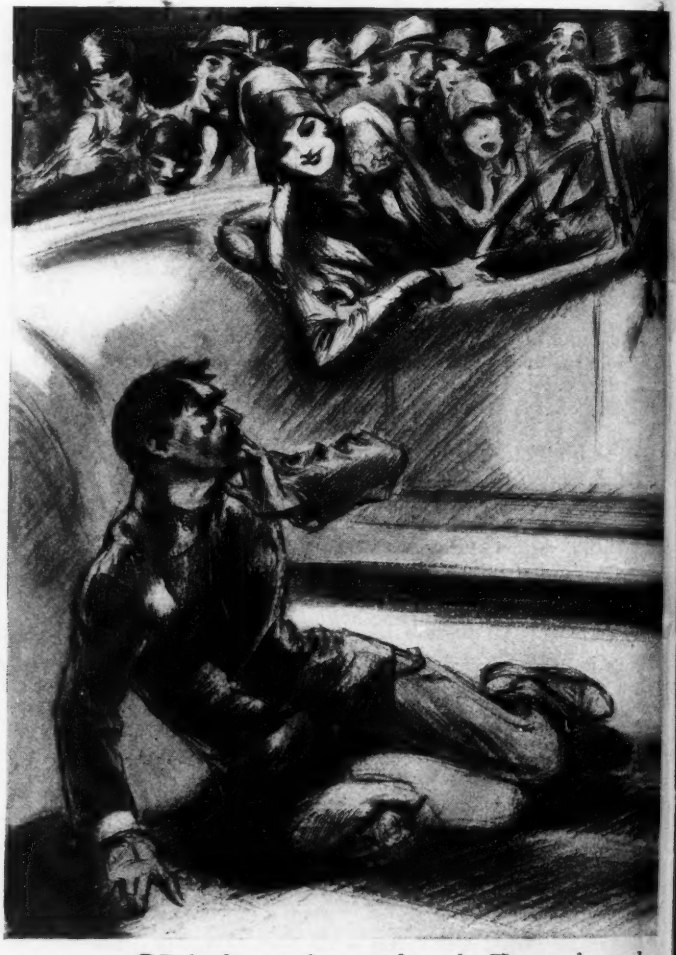
For a flickering instant she glanced from the traffic light to Richard. His shoulders sagged; the corner of his mouth was down, and he stared glumly straight before him. Lois did not feel sorry. His sulks only made her angry.

One machine was between her car and the intersection. A bell rang; the light flashed red, but the car ahead was already over the traffic line.

"Of course!" groaned Lois.

"Too bad," muttered Richard.

But Lois did not stop. On an impulse she pressed the accelerator and shot across the street-car tracks. A whistle shrilled but she paid no heed. They had almost reached the opposite side when a woman, well past middle age, stepped directly into their path. She became confused and tried to turn back. Just in time Lois jammed on the brakes.



Richard saw nothing now but red. The crowd gasped.

Then the traffic cop was upon her.

Measuring his victim with eyes which glowered, he proceeded swiftly, forcefully and with growing momentum to the business, peculiar to his office, called bawling out a motorist.

But this was more than an ordinary bawling-out. More than professional scorn wagged his tongue so

Dog

By *Paul Deresco Augsburg*

Elaine

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

viciously. More than outraged authority gave his eyes their glare.

"What if you'd hit her, huh? What if you'd hit her! Drivers like you ought to be taken out and hung!" He seemed to regard what she had done as a personal affront.

Richard Stott stirred; the stunned stupor left him, and a raging anger boiled in his blood. He saw nothing now but red. A crowd of grinning people had clustered about the machine. They fell back, wondering, as he opened the door and dashed around the car.

"Hey, where *you* going?" thundered the traffic cop.

Richard did not answer. The crowd gasped. A shout

Here before their eyes the impossible was happening.

arose. Here before their eyes the impossible was happening. This silent youth, this sullen young escort of the pretty motorist, was laying fists on the sacred person of a traffic cop!

In his present mood it was the one job that Richard was able to do well. Time and circumstance were with him. Born in this century, Alexander would have been a restaurateur, Shakespeare a scenario writer and Solomon a bigamist. Time and circumstance! Yesterday or tomorrow Richard would have sat there, angry but futile, while the traffic cop exercised his prerogative of bawling out Lois Storey. Today he was spoiling for battle.

The battle lasted less than a minute. The policeman seemed too astounded to be effective. Richard was young and athletic and he knew what to do with his fists. Again and again his knuckles crashed against the officer's nose. A last savage lunge, and his victim actually fell to the pavement.

But the law was not yet beaten. "You're under arrest!" said the policeman, reaching for his gun.

"You shut up!" grunted Richard—the first words he had spoken since leaving the car. "Here, quit that! No you don't!"

HE KNOCKED the cop's hand away and took the weapon himself. Bearing it carefully, he returned to the car amid cheers and commendations from the onlookers. History had been written here before them, a representative worm had turned, and the crowd was not unappreciative.

Richard straightened his tie and looked at Lois. "If it's not too much trouble, would you mind driving me to police headquarters?"

"Dick! What are you going to do?"

"Turn in this gun," he answered.

He said nothing more, but sat scowling at the windshield. An embarrassed restraint kept her silent as well. She was more vexed with him than ever—and by this time the train had gone! Now, she supposed, she would have to be grateful.

The thought was distasteful to Lois. "Thank you," she managed to mumble, "for taking my part like that."

"A man can stand just about so much," Richard observed darkly.

At headquarters he entered, still bearing the captured revolver, and demanded to see the chief. At once three police reporters stopped their card game to investigate this phenomenon. A disheveled young man with a gun in his hand might be the bearer of a page-one story.

"What you got to see the chief about?" the desk sergeant wanted to know.

"None of your business!"

"What! *Say*——"

"I just finished licking one cop," glowered Richard. "He was bigger than you."

"Come with me," spoke up the Herald's bright young man. "I'll take you to see the chief myself. So you beat up a bull, hey? That's swell. Took away his rod, too! What was——? Hey there, chief, just a minute. Friend of mine here. Mr.——?"

"Stott," said Richard.

"Stott, of course! You spell it with two *t's*, hey?"

"Yes: s-t-o-double-t."

THE chief blinked at the revolver in Richard's hand, stared inquiringly at the faces of the three reporters, and reentered his office. What, he asked, could he do for Mr. Stott?

"I just want to give you this gun," said Richard. "I found it on one of your traffic policemen."

"Found it!"

"As a matter of fact, he was trying to pull it on me. So I took it away from him."

The chief was speechless.

"Go on," murmured the Herald's bright young man. "Tell it from the beginning, old top. You were——?"

"I was riding to the station. To catch a train, you know."

"Oh, yes; to catch a train."

"And Lois—Miss Storey, you see, was driving."

"Miss Storey, hey? Young lady, hey?" The newspapermen were eager.

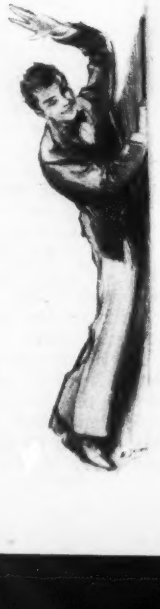
"Yes, she was driving me to the station. We barely had time to catch the train. Then this traffic cop—well, he went too far. Number 652—that was his number."

"Six-five-two," repeated the Herald scribe, writing rapidly. "Go on, old man. He went too far. How far did he go?"

"Farther than I could stand. Lois—Miss Storey—went against a traffic light. She didn't mean to. It was a mistake anybody could make. She was trying to get me to the train, and the light turned red just when she reached the corner."

"Sure; they're always doing that. If they ain't red they're green. They're always changing color."

"That's a fact. This one changed to red. Then Number 652 came running up, and the way he talked was a crime. Instead of giving Lois a ticket he started to razz her. Everybody on the street could hear him. He talked to her as if she was a tramp. I couldn't stand it. I——"



Again Richard saw red. Shaking an indignant finger in the police chief's face, he cried: "What I want to know, is such a way of talking to ladies allowed in this city? Are your men allowed to insult whoever they please? That's what I want to know."

"Yes, that's a good question," murmured the Herald youth. "Give him a hot reply, chief. *Women must be respected at all hazards.* How's that?"

The head of the police department seemed to take on extra bulk. His shoulders squared; his chest developed an added frontage; his expression was such as to bid one pause and look and listen. A fist banged upon the desk.

"So long as I'm chief of police here, women must be respected at all hazards. That's a rule I'm going to enforce *personally*. There's your answer, Mr. Stott."

He glared from face to face to impress them with his earnestness. Even he himself was impressed with it. Never, he felt sure, had he been more determined in his chiefly duties.

The Herald man, glancing at his watch, measured the time to the next edition. He took Richard's arm.

"So you couldn't stand his bawling-out and beat him up—is that it?"

"Yes, I beat him up. I'd probably have killed him if——"

"If?"

"——if he hadn't sat down so soon."

"Right on the old sitter, hey? But say, what did you do with Lois?"

"She's waiting in her car. She didn't want to come in."

"Seen enough cops for today, hey? We'll have to go out and talk with the lady."

They followed Richard to the sidewalk, but Lois and the car were gone. A newsboy was waiting, however, to deliver an oral message. She had been obliged to hurry away because of a dental appointment!

¶ *Jimmie Berens was brisk and You and Elaine shaking*

It has long been hackneyed journalistic dogma that, whereas there is little news in the fact that a dog has just bitten a man, a reversal of this process, with the man biting the dog, calls at once for headlines. This being so, consider the story of an ordinary citizen, a humble salesman, trampling a traffic cop. Certain deep truths are manifest:

(*a*) That man's biting of a dog being admittedly rare, it is likewise true that few, if any, men ever feel an impulse to clamp their teeth in a canine hide.

eager. "Just one more picture, Dick. hands. Right on good old page one."

(*b*) That millions of reputable citizens have, at some period of their lives, yearned to scratch, clout, maul, trounce, maim, slug or even shoot a traffic cop.

(*c*) That, despite this almost universal urge, no one ever has been known to leap from a machine at a downtown corner in the height of the rush hour, and beat an abusive traffic cop, completing his ignominy by taking away his gun.

(*d*) That next to the satisfaction of slaying a wicked dragon oneself, thereby rendering poetic justice and serving a comely lady, is the pleasure of reading how someone else has done it.

IT WILL thus be perceived that Richard's fame was inevitable. He leaped overnight from obscurity to nation-wide notoriety. Millions read, chuckled and passed merry comment. At thousands of clubs and restaurants his deed was the luncheon topic of conversation. Congratulatory telegrams arrived by the score. At least one-half of the nation's press took editorial notice.

His photograph and Lois' and hapless Number 652's sped by air mail over the land. The news reels showed him in action.

There were, of course, other by-products of the battle. The usual enterprising impresario wanted to sign Richard and Lois for a week's engagement at the local vaudeville house.

"Simple, see? You won't have to do nothin'—see? —but ride out in a swell new Samson 'Eight'—see? and sing a couple songs. Voice? What's a voice got to do with it? The audience don't know nothin' about a voice. But you ain't heard the idea yet. The cop, see? We'll have a cop in it, see? He'll come out and give the young lady a mean line—see?—and then you do your stuff. Say, it'll be a riot! And your name and the young lady's in the electrics, see?"

A cigaret manufacturer wanted to buy his testimonial, and a suspenders-maker had a similar notion. He wished to advertise that his brand of suspenders, because of the grim tenacity with which they stuck to their appointed task, had contributed in no small measure to the dignity of Richard's triumph. How? Well, the fray was fierce and the fray was rough—see?—and a mixed crowd was looking on, and a less sturdy suspending might have resulted in severe embarrassment!

THEN there was the crusade angle. Spurred on by newspapers and civic organizations, the chief went his first pronouncement several better. Not only must the women be respected at all hazards, but his police department would be the politest, best-mannered police department in the world. Classes in etiquette were promptly established at precinct stations, and society women volunteered as teachers.

Photographs of society women instructing awkward but earnest coppers how to hold their forks, take their seats, tender their arms. Photographs of chief visiting class and, with cap fixed symmetrically on head, congratulating society woman upon progress shown by her pupils.

Richard was bewildered by all his fists had started. In his high-school days he had been an athlete, with his name in the home-town papers. But the years that followed had swallowed up his glory and he had grown accustomed to being a drudge. He sold sporting goods to fresh young heroes who knew him not from Adam. The treasured clippings which told of his touchdowns against Center High were now yellowed and lifeless.

Suddenly all was changed. His name was known. He was famous. A telegram came from the store manager:

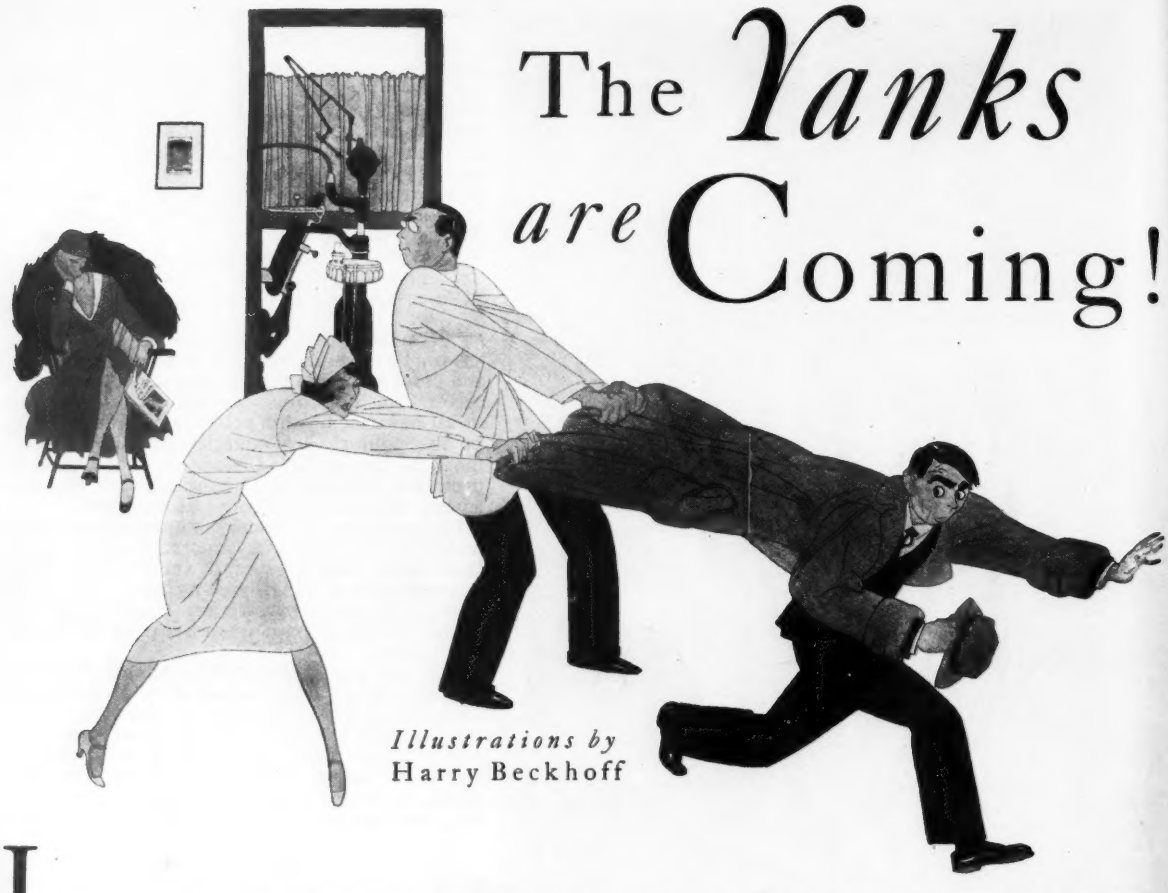
THREE ROUSING CHEERS STOP STAY TILL AFTER THE HEARING

The hearing was the civil service trial at which Number 652 would be officially discharged from the force. At first Richard did not recognize the officer: he looked different in his civilian clothes, with his air of haunting worry. There he sat, a humble, dejected figure of a man, among all those care-free people. The room was filled with officials and newspapermen and spectators. It seemed a sort of Roman holiday, and the traffic cop was the victim.

From the witness chair Richard looked at him and knew a pang of pity. Perhaps he has a family, he thought. It would be pretty hard for him to find a job after all this notoriety as a lout who bullied women. If he had a family . . .

Richard glanced from Number 652 to the girl who sat beside him. For a moment they looked at each other, while Richard froze in the witness chair. He had never seen such hate before, such scorn, contempt and loathing. He turned away, embarrassed. Now who in the world was she? he (*Continued on page 98*)

The *Yanks* *are* Coming!



Illustrations by
Harry Beckhoff

IN THE early days I was known as the boy with the Pullman teeth—one upper and one lower. In those days I thought teeth were something to keep in candy; now I know they're something to keep in a glass.

Still, as a child, I lost all my teeth naturally—three from a baseball bat, two from falling downstairs and the rest from caramels.

I had never heard of dentists. Yanking, I thought, was a Chinese capital. It was only later, during the World War when we sent two hundred dentists to France, that I realized what the Frenchmen meant by the song, "The Yanks Are Coming."

I had childish ideas about teeth. In the days when a barber would pull a tooth with a string tied to the door, I thought he jabbed his patient with a needle in the thigh because the root was so far down.

I remember a big, buxom lady who lived opposite us, a Mrs. Hill, and she had a lovely golden smile of twelve polished caps for everyone.

All the Hills were proud of their gold teeth. That's how I learned the expression, "Thar's gold in them thar hills!"

But the modern dentists have changed a lot of my ideas.

For instance, I always believed pain was when you hollered. The dentist says that's only sensation. "Pain," he says, "is when you pay." In the last case, I had to take gas for the extraction—he drew twelve hundred dollars.

Now whenever I walk into a dentist's, my heart is in my mouth and my teeth are in my pocket.

I remember the first time a dentist put his fingers in my mouth I wanted to whistle. Then when he sprayed my throat I wanted to gargle and when he put in the drilling machine I wanted to choke, and I did.

That's one thing I must say for a dentist—he'll never interfere when you're choking. He just goes about his own business.

He starts to fit up your mouth as if he's going to live there. He puts in a mirror and a rubber mat and some odd pieces of furniture, then he paints your roof a nice iodine shade and pads the walls with cotton like a mad cell.

Then he walks in with his bag of tools and spreads out his screw drivers, chisels, monkey wrenches, hammers, bores, nails and wires like a plumber who's going to make a holiday over a leak and work by the hour. After he's got the jaws parted with an automobile jack and has put everything into your mouth but the piano, he says, "Keep open, please," and goes into the next room to call up his wife.

Even if I tried to close my mouth, which I couldn't, I'd swallow a pair of pliers and a pack of needles, so I open it still wider until I feel my lower jaw will never come back. Just then the nurse comes to the rescue.

She smiles sweetly into my tonsils and hangs an iron pipe on the lower lip to pull my mouth down a little farther. In the meantime, the dentist is arguing with his wife and a half-hour later he returns and is very angry with me because of what his wife said.

"Why did you keep your mouth open all this time?" he shouts at me. "Do you know you can dislocate your jaw? Haven't you got any brains? You think I'm a bonesetter? Close your mouth!" he hollers, and puts in a plateful of plaster.

I TRY to speak but only manage to make a sound through my nose. I want to answer him by talking with my hands, so he thinks I'm looking for a fight and calls the nurse to hold me.

"Keep perfectly quiet," he says, "and let me know when I hurt you."

"A-a-a-h!" I begin.

"I didn't do a thing yet!" he cries, jabbing into the plaster with a knife. I gag, wriggle, kick the tray on which he keeps his equipment and it all falls down with a smash.

"Well, it's out!" he cries triumphantly.

"What's out?" I groan.

"The plaster!"

"From the ceiling?"

by who is so much a *Comedian* that he can find Humor *in a* Dentist's Chair

"No, from your roof!" he says. "Well, was it worth making such a fuss over?" he asks jovially, while I am still strangling with the chunks of chalk in my throat. He starts putting together the pieces of plaster and suddenly frowns.

"Where's the other half?" he inquires, looking suspiciously at me. I try to appear innocent. I'm afraid to tell him I swallowed it because he may go after it. "Confound it, we'll have to take another impression," he mutters.

The fear of losing all my teeth prompted me to go to a higher-class dentist.

This expert was shocked at the fixed appliance in my mouth. It seemed there were styles in teeth as in clothing.

As a youth, I remember I loved caps, and when white gold was the rage, I got my front teeth capped to match the white chain on my vest, so that when I opened my coat or my mouth I shone like platinum. But the latest craze was a movable-removable.

IT DIDN'T shine, but the expert said it cost more than all the caps and it would put the cap-makers out of business.

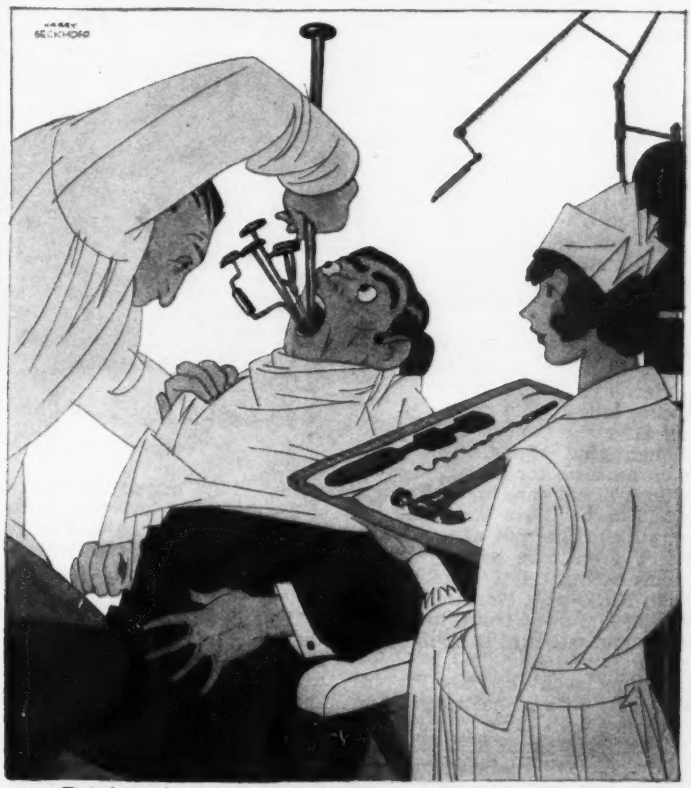
One thing he said encouraged me.

"We don't pull teeth any more. That's old-fashioned. To show you how painlessly I can pull a nerve," he said, "let me pull one."

"I haven't got one handy," I explained apologetically. "But if you'll bore a hole in one of the good teeth I have left, you may find it."

"Why, gladly," he said with the utmost politeness. He took the drill and began to grind like a blasting engine through rock.

"Hey!" I screamed. "That's fierce!"



¶ *A dentist's idea of a nice, cozy home. According to Eddie Cantor he starts to fix up your mouth as if he's going to live there.*

"That's not the nerve," he replied. "That's the dentine."

"What do I care what it is?" I shouted. "It hurts!"

"I don't know what's wrong with that dentine," he said, "but it always hurts. Still, just wait till we get to the nerve; that'll be a pleasure." He finally broke through the dentine and it felt as if he broke through my head. "Well, so far, we had no pain," he commented soothingly.

"By 'we' you mean you and the nurse, don't you?" He disregarded the question.

"From now on it's pure joy," he said and looked fiendishly at me.

"Say, that's enough for today," I told him. "It feels as if you've been blasting for marble in my head."

"LISTEN, Mr. Cantor," he urged persuasively. "I have a new method that is absolutely painless. Now just calm down and imagine you're asleep and I'm tickling you with a straw and it'll all be over in a minute." Suddenly his hand slipped behind him and he held something there.

I closed my eyes and let out a scream of agony that made all the buildings double up together. I opened my eyes and he smiled at me. "Well, did you feel anything?"

"Why, you pulled out the nerve!" I groaned with pain.

"Not at all," he said; "I only touched it."

It was when he finally pulled the nerve that I realized why it was painless. The patient is never conscious by that time and can feel nothing.

From all these dental experiences you have probably concluded that I have no teeth left. Well, you're wrong. While at the dentist's one day, getting a beautifully inlaid tooth extracted, a national advertising agency located me there on the phone.

They had seen my dazzling set of white, flashing teeth on the stage and wondered whether I would pose for a dental paste.

It was an urgent request and demanded a quick decision. The photos would have to be taken right away.

"O.K.," I said. "I'm sending you my teeth in the meantime and I'll arrive an hour later."

Everywoman's Novel *by*

Party Dress

The Story So Far:

DRESSING for the Memorial Day dance at the country club, Nina Henry looks into the mirror and, after more than forty years, finds there a stranger. Can it be the new Ishtarre dress that gives her this sense of power, of renewed vitality? Nina turns slowly before the glass, her body swaying like a slender column of water in the air. If that's what a dress does to you, she tells herself, it is all wrong. It's immoral . . .

Her husband, Wilson Henry, shared her thoughts, it appeared. The dress, according to Wilson, made her look like a French cocotte. Nina saw what he meant but she merely replied flippantly that that was how women wanted to look.

Wilson, she mused, was forty-eight, and he had grown fat. Suddenly he began to seem stupid to Nina. Especially after she heard Mary Gow's brother Chalke Ewing talk on the night —or, rather, the morning after the dance. He was wonderful, Nina thought, but apparently Wilson didn't share her enthusiasm for Ewing.

As a matter of fact, Wilson didn't care about Francis Ambler, either. Francis had been in love with Nina for some time and Nina really liked him, but after Chalke Ewing's advent she didn't even care greatly about being with Ambler. Francis was distinctly eligible and several years younger than Nina, who, womanlike, enjoyed her triumph in keeping him away from the young women of Eastlake, to the perturbation of their mothers —Nina's contemporaries.

Nina was particularly happy about keeping Francis away from Anna Louise Lisher, Cora Lisher's daughter. Wilson was having an "affair" with Cora, Nina knew. While she felt strangely indifferent about it, there were times when, unaccountably, she felt malicious toward Cora. Besides, Cora bored her talking about Anna Louise.

The Henrys had two children: Acton, nineteen, and Cordelia, seventeen. They were good and sensible, but Nina didn't talk about them, bore people with singing their praises as Cora did with her daughter. Perhaps that was because Cora's husband was dead and she had only Anna Louise.

¶ *"I had to leave you or ask you to*
thing yet but her love for Chalke,

Nina didn't intend to reveal to Wilson her knowledge of his entanglement with Cora, but one night after she had driven with Chalke Ewing to the quarry swimming pool and had returned home very late, Wilson ordered her not to see or talk with Ewing again. She couldn't help flaring back at him.

"You'll have to be reasonable about Chalke Ewing," she cried. "I will see him again, of course. You can't think for me. If I ruin myself that will be all right. I won't complain or bother you. At least I'll do it." And then she added: "I hope you are managing your affairs as well as I am attending to mine."

Wilson was silent, dejected. She no longer loved him, Nina recognized; the ties that bound her to him were wholly broken. He would have to accept this new state of affairs. Go to Cora Lisher. She would help him with Cora as much as possible.

It was after this quarrel with Wilson that Mary Gow spoke to Nina about her attitude toward her husband, warned her that she might lose him. She knew Wilson, Nina informed her friend. He was conventional and moral. He couldn't ever be courageous—in public. If

Joseph Hergesheimer

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

marry me," Chalke Ewing said. Nina didn't want to think of any Chalke's love for her. "You mustn't worry about it," she told him.

Cora expected more from him than she had at present, she was sunk.

Nina wasn't interested in what Mary had to say about Wilson but Mary's remarks about Chalke she found amusing.

"I'll tell you a secret about him," Mary said. "Never let him know I told you—he is an idealist." Nina only laughed.

Later that same evening, in the soft darkness of the Gows' lawn, with Chalke walking silently beside her, Nina felt an oppression in her heart, a slight sensation of choking. One of them must say something, she told herself. She felt that an indefinable but tangible danger surrounded her which could be brought to nothing by words.

She stopped walking, intending to speak, to save herself, when Chalke put an arm around her and kissed her on the mouth. It was strange. She had never realized that a kiss was apparently without end. It was like the night that enveloped her and stole her away from the day. She breathed in little strangled gasps.

Afterwards Nina waited for Chalke to say something about what had just occurred. She knew that, whatever it had meant to Chalke, their physical closeness had filled her with a high consuming flame. He really ought to speak, she felt, explain to her what had happened to them . . .

JUSTIN GOW came down the steps from the porch. "It will be here in a minute," he said, finding a chair. What would be there? Chalke demanded. "The pitcher," Justin told him; "I can't think where your mind is. It's the first time since you got here that you've been half an hour without rum of some sort."

Nina sat withdrawn into the darkness, supremely, miraculously happy. The feeling that possessed her, she realized, was dearer really than happiness. She felt as though every doubt that had ever entered her life was answered. Stilled. She felt like an empty pitcher that had been suddenly and completely filled. A magic infinitely greater and more potent than rum swizzle.

The sensation of Chalke's mouth against hers, hurting her, was almost as strong as the actuality. Nina realized that she had kissed him passionately. She had instantly given herself to him. The edge of the fear that had touched her earlier in the evening returned—she had given herself to Chalke Ewing, who was hardly better than a stranger.

She repeated what she knew about him—he was Mary's brother, he had lived for years in Cuba, he had never been married, and he knew very nearly everything. That was all. There was something else, however—she, Nina Henry, loved him. She had loved him that first instant when she met him in Justin's sitting room.

She sighed deeply, remembering that a sigh was supposed to squeeze a drop of blood from the heart. She would willingly lose blood thinking about Chalke. Yes, she loved him.

She didn't know what, in general, that meant, but already she realized its particular significance. She wanted Chalke to kiss her again. Then again. She was sitting on Justin Gow's lawn; Adam was arranging the ingredients and objects of a rum swizzle on a convenient table; Mary Gow was slowly coming down the porch steps toward them, and that was the way she felt.

"I can't see you or anything else, but I can hear glasses and ice and spoons. I can smell Angostura bitters," Mary proclaimed.

Chalke rose and put her into a chair. "You didn't come until they were ready," he told her.

"Nina," Mary went on, "I can just see your dress now, but if I couldn't I'd never think you were here."

"I am," Nina told her; "I am much too comfortable to talk or even to smoke. But then Chalke and Justin will always do both of those for you." That was the first time she had ever said Chalke publicly, and she wondered if Mary noticed it. She desperately wanted to hear Chalke say Nina. He didn't. He stood over the table, at once visible and dim in white linen, and mixed the rum swizzle.

IT SEEMED to Nina that she had known him always like that—thin and indistinct, and yet close to her heart, making a drink with rum in a pitcher. Everything he did with his hands moved with a precise finish. He brought her a full glass.

"Like everything that is good," Chalke told her, "this is good for you." She drank the cold stinging fragrant liquid in a hurried and indifferent way. She did not want to do anything, she did not want to say anything, that distracted her thoughts from what had occurred in the garden.

She hoped no one would speak to her or remember she was there. Some things would have to be decided. She loved Chalke, and what, actually, did that mean? What could it mean? But she could not begin to decide what it meant until she knew exactly what Chalke thought about it. What did it mean to him? A great deal, she hoped.

She must make it possible for them to be alone together. Alone together! That was a ridiculous and darling phrase. It would be the most natural thing in the world for Chalke to walk home with her and she wondered where Wilson had gone and when he would return. Probably he was with Cora, and if he were he would not be late. He made a point of that.

The dial of her jeweled wrist watch was not illuminated and so she had no idea what time it was. Obviously, she couldn't ask. Dinner had been shortly after seven; if they left the table at eight it was now—now it must be half past nine at least. She would wait until she thought it was ten o'clock and then say she had to go.

It was possible that Chalke would insist on going with her. He had never been in her house. She could expect Wilson shortly before eleven. Wilson would, of course, be civil to Chalke Ewing. In his own house. Anyway, Chalke would see to that. She couldn't imagine Wilson Henry, or anyone else, successfully rude to him.

It was all extraordinarily familiar to her—the lawn enveloped in night, the chairs about the bottom of the steps, the drink and cigars. Mary's dress was a pale blue in the gloom; Chalke's whiteness of linen defined itself more sharply; there was hardly more to Justin than a voice and an occasional cigaret. It was wholly familiar and piercingly sweet.

Nothing much, Nina realized, happened in life, and yet it was an overwhelming lot. When more did occur, it seemed to her, it meant less. Things happened either outside of you or inside; and the first were never so important as the second. Things, terrible or beautiful, could happen in the most commonplace surroundings or at apparently the most trivial moments. You simply could never tell when the lightning was going to strike you.

Well, it had struck her! On Justin Gow's lawn. When Chalke Ewing kissed her. A kiss didn't have to be like that. As a matter of fact it almost never was.

She had kissed Roderick Wade a short while ago and it had not been a tremendous happening. It had been no more than mildly pleasant, faintly exciting. But when Chalke kissed her her whole world rocked and went out like a candle.

"The Garden Club is having a meeting at Ocha Ambler's Friday," Mary observed; "when I think of the tea Ocha will have I wish it wouldn't. I'm sick of the Garden Club anyhow. I don't think you ought to call flowers obscene names and speak of their private habits. It's too indecent. I've lost all sense of the innocence of a daisy. I'll never again think lilies a symbol of purity. Not when I know so much about them.

"You needn't keep on with it, Justin; I've said enough now. If Chalke starts I'll go to bed." Neither Justin Gow nor Chalke said a word. "It's unnatural," Mary continued, addressing Nina; "I have never known them to be like this. Both at once."

Nina replied: "Probably they are both furious at us." She hardly knew what she had said. A wave of physical delight, of completed memory, swept over her. She felt Chalke's thin rigid arm holding her against him. It must, Nina decided, be ten o'clock. She rose. "It's too bad, I have to go," she announced.

Only Mary answered her. "What nonsense! Wilson won't be home. It's too hot to think of going to bed."

"I must," she insisted; "I haven't been home since early in the afternoon. You never know how Rhoda and Harriet leave things unless you explain exactly what there is to do. A refrigerator door will be open or lights on and the kitchen screens up and mosquitoes everywhere." She paused.

Justin Gow stirred. "It does sound necessary," he agreed; "in the face of so many horrors."

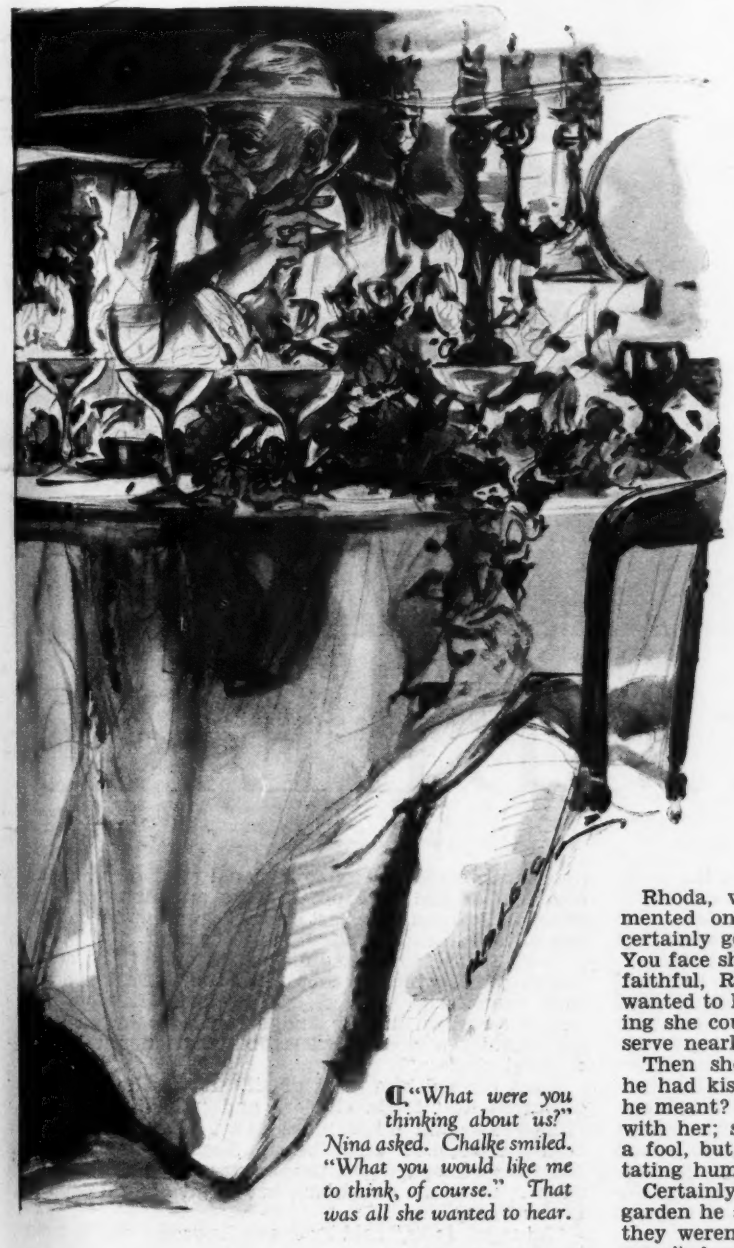
Chalke stood beside him. "If you had my Cubans," he added, "none of that could ever happen. You wouldn't have to give your refrigerator or screens a thought."

Well, she hadn't, Nina told herself. She had to get along with Rhoda and Harriet. Her face was hot with disappointment and annoyance. She couldn't, she found, in spite of her contrary impulse, tell Chalke to go with her.

"You'll be safe?" Justin inquired. "I always have been," she reminded him almost sharply. "After all, it's only across the street," he added. Chalke Ewing said: "Good night."

She forced her voice, her manner, to show an utmost cheerfulness. "Good night," Nina replied. "The rum swizzle was a miracle."

Mary walked to the edge of the lawn with her. "I hate both of them," Mary declared. It was apparent that she had absorbed a trace of Nina's feeling.



¶ *"What were you thinking about us?" Nina asked. Chalke smiled. "What you would like me to think, of course." That was all she wanted to hear.*

THE following morning Nina's being was filled by an extravagant battle of contrary emotions. The strongest, however, was a persistent glowing happiness and warmth. Everything around her seemed bathed in the golden radiance that filled her spirit—the kindness that burned in her heart for the whole world seemed like to burst it.

She wanted Wilson to have everything he wished for—now that he no longer wished for her—and she hoped that Cora Lisher understood how attractive he could be. She wanted Cora to have a happy life. Nina wanted to do something at once for her children, sacrifice herself for Cordelia, support Acton in his preference for æsthetic things.

Rhoda, who brought her breakfast upstairs, commented on Nina's evident pleasure with life. "You certainly got high spirits, Miss Nina. Just like a girl. You face shine!" Nina thought how good-hearted, how faithful, Rhoda was and tears filled her eyes. She wanted to hug her. Everyone about her was so charming she couldn't, she thought, bear it. She didn't deserve nearly so much.

Then she wondered about Chalke's conduct—after he had kissed her. What did it mean and what had he meant? She had given him a chance to walk home with her; she stood waiting for him until she felt like a fool, but, except for his familiar attitude of devastating humor, he had actually ignored her.

Certainly after what had happened in the Gows' garden he at least owed her an explanation. After all, they weren't children; he wasn't Acton's age and she wasn't Annabel. He hadn't kissed her as though they were, either. A kiss, as she had told herself last night, could mean a great deal or nothing at all; but—she had often been kissed—she recognized that Chalke had been shaken as well as she.

His act, his emotion, had not been casual or merely adventurous; she could not (*Continued on page 170*)

The
HOME LIFE *of a* MAN *who* PLAYED *the* MARKET

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrations by George Howe

GAMBLERS

STANDING upon the bright new stage of the Little Playhouse for rehearsal of Act I, Janet Bailey knew she wasn't going to like this play. The Choice of Play Committee of the Thespians had tried to mollify her by giving her the leading rôle.

Well, she wasn't mollified. Not one bit. She had her artistic ideals and she knew what her talents were. No pique or temperament or anything like that about it. The whole thing was merely that she knew this decrepit old piece called "The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved" was not the sort the Thespians' subscribers would expect for the première of the Little Playhouse.

Janet told herself with the certainty beautiful women have that the shining armor of Saint Joan would have set in lovely fashion upon her slim white body. She had wished, in much the same way she wished for stunning hats, to have the spotlight about her brown hair in a coronation scene.

She had wanted to make Mrs. Alving's tragedy live in her own deep husky voice, or utter the turmoil she kept beneath her small round breasts as a tempestuous Nora. She believed she could go out and slam a door in a manner that would stir old Ibsen in his grave. Janet had gone out and slammed doors many times.

Instead, here she was, cast as Mary Wilson, an early nineteenth-century heroine, a banal stick of a woman who had existed in a pre-Ibsenite and Shawless age. She had learned her part from beginning to end; it was all sentimental, stilted, nauseous stuff.

Down in the small auditorium, in one of the costly lounge chairs which distinguished the Little Playhouse from commercial theaters, sat Professor Lawson. He held a script on his lap and his eyes, protected from life by thick-lensed spectacles, blandly ignored Janet's scornful glances.

Janet blamed him most of all. It was he who had demurred at "Hedda Gabler" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and other plays Janet offered to accept as a compromise. Little beast. About Professor Lawson were an odd dozen patronesses assembled, not to chaperon modern daughters, but to give moral support to the Thespians.

"All right, folks," said Professor Lawson. "Let's begin the first scene."

Conversation got ragged around the edges and there was a drumming of feet as Thespians "not on" for the opening scenes backed into the wings. Janet sighed and took what comfort she could from the thought that the high-bodiced, flouncy gowns of that benighted period (1844) would become her. Yes, she would look

¶"*You deserve to go to the penitentiary for this,*" *said McCourt. Hal nodded.* "*I am expecting to,*" *he said.*

very well. She must get some extra money from Hal for her costumes.

"Ready, Mrs. Wilson? All set, Mary?"—the director's voice again.

Janet looked at Mrs. Wilson, her mother in the play, who in the Social Register was Mrs. Nancy Robbins McKee. A stout, sweet-faced woman, Mrs. McKee during dull moments at bridge parties still mourned not having run away from home at sixteen to go on the professional stage.

"Well, let's go, Mrs. Mac," said Janet, "and get it over with." Then, to noisy Thespians in the wings: "The first one of you who snickers buys the drinks."

"Let's get started, please," said Professor Lawson.

Scene 1. Interior of a pretty rural cottage. Everything exhibits refined taste and elegant simplicity. Table with Bible and armchair, R. Table and chair with embroidery frame, L. MRS. WILSON *discovered in armchair, R.* MARY *seated by table, L.*

MRS. WILSON: It was in that corner, Mary, where your poor father breathed his last—this chair is indeed dear to me, for it was in this he sat the very day before he died. Oh, how he loved this calm retreat, and often in his last illness he rejoiced that the companion of his youth would close his eyes in these rural shades, and be laid in yon little nook beside him; but now——

MARY: Dear Mother. It is true this sweet cottage is most dear to us. But we are not the proprietors. Old Mr. Middleton never troubled us much. But as our late worthy landlord is no more it is generally believed that our dear cottage will be sold. We cannot censure his son for that.

Janet spoke the last sentence of her speech with heavily defined smugness, rolling her eyes toward the ceiling. Giggling and chuckles broke from the wings. In the auditorium there were titters from the patronesses. Old Mrs. Trendley dropped a cigaret stub to the floor and tapped Mrs. Willis with her lorgnette.

"Priceless," she said; "simply priceless! It's one of these revivals, you know."

Professor Lawson remarked gently: "Please do not burlesque, Mrs. Bailey. Let the humor arise in the audience spontaneously. We must take it seriously on the stage. Let us have that speech again."

But the Thespians continued to burlesque just a little and the patronesses continued to titter and say, "Isn't it priceless? Did you ever hear anything so naïve? And just think, our grandmothers took this play seriously!"

WHEN noble young Edward Middleton, who, alas, all too soon was to begin his descent to the gutter, came on for his first clash with the villain, Lawyer Cribbs, in Scene 2, Mary Wilson had words for him not in the script.

"You look like young Lochinvar, Jack. If you don't stop looking so noble I'll lead you astray before Lawyer Cribbs gets around to it."

Jack frowned. He was Hal Bailey's best friend and he took for granted this fact made him Janet's big brother. Lydia Johnson had dragged Jack into the Thespians. Lydia had said: "If only you took some interest in the worth-while things of life, Jack." So Jack had allowed himself to be cast as the Drunkard, a part which, all his friends admitted, he could play authentically.

"Quit clowning, Janet," Jack said. "Old Lawson isn't

getting paid for directing us, you know. It isn't square to horse the play, is it? And another thing. I see Crosby Linn out front. Is he going to take you home?"

"Why?" innocently.

"Well, he's not," Jack said out of the corner of his mouth. "Hal doesn't like him and you've got no business running around with him. I'll take you home. Just wait—— All right, Doctor Lawson. I'm on. Shall we begin?"

As soon as the rehearsal was over, Janet gave Jack the slip and met Crosby Linn on the steps. She was in a fury. At Jack. At the play. At everything.

"Let's get away from here quick, Cros," she gasped.

Crosby Linn said cheerfully, "All right, my girl; in a jiffy." He had been saying "All right, my girl" to Janet for years and years. He was red-headed and fat and a bit beyond forty. Five years before, when Janet said to him, "I'm going to marry Hal. I hope you won't mind so awfully, Cros," he had replied, "All right, my girl, if that's the way you feel."

Crosby Linn played his cards close to his paunch. Something about Janet's imperious restlessness gave him hope. He would wait with porcine patience for one fine day when Janet felt like kicking over the traces.

Not many months ago she had said, "I've got to *do* something, Cros, or go crazy. If I had ten thousand to start on I could get enough to build a theater. That's the career I should have had." His equable reply came: "All right, my girl; to whom shall I make out the check?" She had not felt the cord his words slipped about her throat, but he considered his investment in the Little Playhouse a good thing.

"Where to?" he asked, when they were in his car.

"Oh, anywhere."

"All right, my girl."

She spoke as they were scudding past the university campus. "Lawson's an old ninny. Imagine picking such a play for our première."

Linn had a steel company across the river. He took his drama from a side box invariably, if there were girls and music, or let it alone, usually, if the piece showed signs, as he expressed it, "of too much philosophy stuff."

"Can't we hire somebody else to be manager?"

"Too late, now," she said irritably. "The rest of them laid down on me and voted Lawson's way."

"I'd leave them flat, then. They'll have to call it off. You were the whole show up there tonight."

"And what a show I was! There's nothing in that part, Cros. There's not an honest line. I'm just a stick. The banality of it sickens me."

"You got a lot of laughs, my girl. A lot of laughs."

"Oh, they'll laugh. But that isn't what I want. It's awful, Cros," she wailed. "It gets worse and worse. My poor dear Edward takes to drink. He leaves our virtuous home and goes to New York, that dreadful city. He sinks to the gutter. I follow him with our little Julia. Such a sweet, sweet child, Cros.

"Lawyer Cribbs—hiss him—still pursues us. He finds me in my garret and makes an improper proposal. Honest Will Dowton, stout fella, arrives in the nick of time and knocks Lawyer Cribbs down the stairs. Then he apologizes for striking him in my chaste presence. Meanwhile—oh, Cros, I weep to tell it—my poor dear Edward has got himself into some dreadful mess over a forged check. Shudder, Cros, shudder."

"How does it end?" inquired Linn matter-of-factly, turning the car toward open country.

It was she who shuddered.

"Oh, in sunshine," she said, losing animation. "Arden Rencelaw, a banker with a heart of gold, saves poor dear Edward from himself and brings him back to me, a man reborn."

"Well, now," said Linn, "that's not so bad, my girl. Some of the old-fashioned crowd will like it."

"Did you ever know a banker with a heart of gold, Cros? Hal says they're turning out bankers nowadays with hearts made of electric-arc-resisting steel."

Something became uncomfortable in her chest all of a sudden. Commonplace, banal thoughts disturbed her. She wondered if Hal was sitting up working himself to death in the den over those stupid stock quotations. She wondered if Tommy had kicked his covers off.

Linn's slow, heavy voice said: "What do you say to something to eat at Joe's Place up the road?"

"No. Let's go back. I'm not good company tonight."

"You're always good company, my girl."

He gave her a side glance and she knew by the hunch of his fat shoulders in her direction that he was going to begin the old story. It was always the same.

He would start by warning her that Hal was going broke one of these days if he didn't quit playing the market. He would say next that life must be torture for her with Hal flush one month and flat the next. Then he would——

"Turn around, Cros!" she said sharply.

He sighed and said, "All right, my girl."

At the front door of the rambling English house Hal had built for Janet, she said good night. Linn said: "I'll be by the theater tomorrow night to take you home."

"Cros, you're a dear."

He caught her hand. "Listen, my girl," he said. "When are you going to make up your mind to quit this proposition here?"

"Now, Cros, don't start another argument. It's too late. Nightie night."

At the head of the stairs Hal greeted her. "I thought you were going to rehearse all night, dear."

"It did go rather late," she said. "You shouldn't have stayed up."

"There was something I had to see you about."

He dropped his eyes before her questioning stare. She saw that he was worried.

He was taller than she, nervous and thin, almost gaunt, and seeing him now with deep shadows on his lean face she was startled to realize how he had aged in the last few years. His frizzly black hair was shot with gray tips. His feverish intensity had passed from love-making into business; he had lost a great deal in the transition, and fretted about it at intervals. But Janet seemed not to notice and he tried to forget his wistful moments.

"Well, Hal," she said, "what is it? Are you caught short again?"

He grinned at her, grateful (*Continued on page 201*)

Captain Blood

the most gallant rover of the seas that ever swaggered through the pages of a novel, is coming back to you. Read the first of his new adventures,

The Blank Shot

by Rafael Sabatini

with gorgeous illustrations

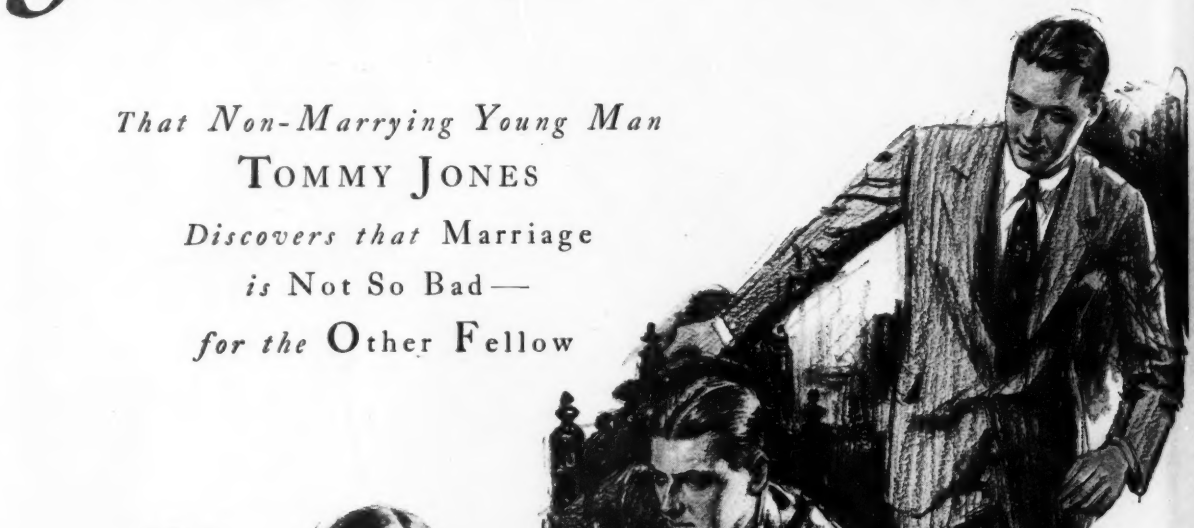
by Dean Cornwell

in March COSMOPOLITAN

¶ *"Didn't it ever occur to you, Janet," said Jack, "that two can play at this little game of polite cheating? You knew, of course, that Drusilla Sharpe has been after Hal for years!"*

Flowers for the Bride

That Non-Marrying Young Man
TOMMY JONES
Discovers that Marriage
is Not So Bad—
for the Other Fellow



¶ *"Tommy and I are going for a walk after breakfast," said Nancy. "But it's raining out!" protested Bill. "But you don't know how entertaining Tommy can be."*

ONCE upon a time a poet gave his opinion of what marriage did to a man. It was only thirty years ago, although it seems like thirty æons. For the world was still young and innocent. Carriages were yet to become horseless; the fair sex were supposedly helpless and obviously anything but hipless; and matrimony was not only the oldest but also the only honorable profession to which a nice girl could aspire.

According to Kipling, this had a devastating effect on promising young males. They were the heaven-ordained answer to every maiden's prayers. They were beguiled into matrimony.

And, said Mr. Kipling:

> You may carve it on his tombstone, you may cut it on his card
> That a young man married is a young man marred.

To which, that there might be no doubt of what he had in mind, Mr. Kipling added:

> Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
> He travels the fastest who travels alone.

It sounded logical and probably was. Today, however, there is another phase to marriage of which Kipling never dreamed. For England's almost poet laureate had no premonition of the like of Nancy Williams.

In June last, Nancy was twenty-eight although she sometimes looked no more than twenty. She had a small, charmingly modeled head, vivid dark eyes, exquisitely white teeth and—a determined chin. Also she was in business with her own name on the door:

> Nancy Williams, Inc.
> Direct Mail Specialist

"She's terribly smart and awfully successful," her feminine competitors in society—but not in commerce—would admit reluctantly. And add, with a mixture of envy, admiration and not inexplicable irritation: "They say she makes fifteen or twenty thousand a year."

This was stretching the fact but Nancy did not dispute it. She expected to make more before she was much older, anyway. Like Cæsar, Nancy was ambitious.

Nancy knew her Kipling and had revised him. To read:

> You may carve it on her tombstone, you may cut it on her card
> That a young maid married is a young maid marred.

And that was the sort of girl Gerry Norton, with his present seventy-five hundred a year and his hopes of a lot more *some* time, fell so hard and fast for.

"Oh, well, it just happened to be me," was the cool

Illustrations by
George Brehm

By Royal Brown

comfort Nancy gave him of a warm morning in August. "You were bound to fall for somebody."

A great deal that Gerry might have said in answer to that was choked off. They were on the links at Southampton with a foursome just behind. Not precisely the seclusion he would have preferred but the best he could achieve with the elusive Nancy.

"It doesn't just *happen* to be you," he protested. "It's—oh, what's the use? You know I've got to sail Saturday and——"

"And I'm sorry," she assured him. Only to add hastily, "And glad, too—in another way."

"Glad!" he echoed, outraged. "What do you mean, glad?"

Everything considered, she was thankful that the foursome was behind. She had found Gerry—well, altogether too upsetting. And she hated to hurt him.

"Glad because it makes a clean break," she explained. "You have your work and I have mine. And I think it's just as well, everything considered, that *yours* is in Brazil and mine is in New York. This has been a pleasant interlude. Please don't spoil it, Gerry."

THEY were in the rough, ostensibly searching for a lost ball. It was she who noted that the foursome wished to play through. She beckoned them on. Gerry was oblivious of all save her last remark.

Even the presence in the foursome of Tommy Jones, who was sharing his quarters with Gerry, passed unnoted.

"A pleasant interlude!" Gerry exploded.

Tommy, about to address his ball, lifted his head at that. "Hearts and flowers, but kindly omit flowers," was his swift summing-up of the situation as he saw it. "He's asked her to be the world to him and she's giving him the atmosphere. I might have warned him, but what would have been the use?"

Tommy knew the answer to that. None, of course. He'd get the details later. No chance to escape. Meantime he was playing golf—for a dollar a hole.

"A pleasant interlude," repeated Gerry. "Is that all it has been to you? I suppose, then, that last night——"

But Nancy preferred to ignore last night. As somebody has said, it is a mistake for a woman to believe she can ever be completely independent of men. She remains essentially feminine and must have emotional outlets. Especially when a full moon rides high and the Long Island coast line is touched with enchantment.

Nevertheless, she suspected that *he* was not going to ignore last night.

"Oh, my dear child," she protested, although he was thirty and considered himself a man of the world, "what is love but a pleasant interlude? A psychosis that seldom lasts more than two years at the most."

He brushed that aside. "You let me kiss you. I thought you meant it," he said.

"Gracious!" she countered. "If all the men who kissed me——"

"You mean that—that other men——" he began.

"Have *you* never kissed another girl?" she asked.

SHE had him there. He was no Sir Galahad in a tin suit but a normal young man in golf kit.

"Last night was different," was the best he could manage.

"It always *is* different—at the moment," she reminded him.

"And I thought," he commented, "that you were one girl in a million!"

"Your mistake," she retorted flippantly. Yet his remark stung and she added, "And you thought I'd drop everything, sail with you Saturday——"

"My mistake again," he assured her, foreseeing a flank attack.

"And leave my work," she pressed on. "Suppose I said to you, 'Don't sail, Gerry. Stay in New York. I've plenty for two. We'll get a nice little apartment somewhere. We'll live there and every night when I come home from business you'll greet me with a kiss and tell me all the news of the day."

"You know very well that's ridiculous," he protested. "I couldn't possibly stay in New York now. Perhaps later——"

"You're evading the real point. You wouldn't *ever* give up your career. And"—her dark eyes met his challengingly—"neither will I give up mine. It means just as much to me as yours does to you. I can't see myself giving it up for any man I've ever met. Not even you. That's flat—and final."

Nor could even the most optimistic young lover doubt that she meant it. Gerry swallowed and surrendered to the inevitable. He even managed to smile.

"I shan't bother you again," he promised, almost lightly.

Nevertheless, she knew the effort that cost him.

"I do appreciate the compliment," she said impulsively.

She placed her slim, competent hand over his bronzed fingers. He looked so absurdly boyish with his thick hair rumpled. She wanted, almost desperately, to run her fingers through it. But she disciplined the desire. It would, she knew, be most unwise. Instead:

"Let's not bother to play out the last hole," she said.

Noon, accordingly, found them back at the Southampton home of Samuel Sears, where they were staying as house guests. There Tommy Jones, returning later, found Gerry standing at a window in his room.

"Oh, hello," said Tommy. "Waiting for me? Don't bother. I'm going to have a shower before lunch."

"I'm in no hurry," replied Gerry listlessly.

He remained at the window, his back to Tommy while the latter stripped and took his shower. The needle-like drops stung him but he prolonged the ordeal. He hoped Gerry might decide to lunch before he emerged.

THIS was not because he didn't like Gerry. He did, enormously. They had known each other only a bit more than two days but they had clicked at once.

Gerry was one of the innumerable young men Samuel Sears employed in various capacities on diverse projects the world over. Back from two years in Brazil, he had brought his chief first-hand information about a two-million-acre rubber plantation the latter was experimenting with down there.

Sears was flying West that same night; the interview had been in his office in New York. At its finish he had said: "If you've nothing on hand, why not run down to my place at Southampton? Tell Tommy Jones I sent you. He'll see that you are taken care of."

It was, as Gerry had realized, the sort of invitation

a feudal duke might issue to some fledgling knight who had brought him a message from afar. Nevertheless, he had been at loose ends and Southampton had suggested possibilities.

Tommy had welcomed him. "The house is full at the moment. You'll have to bunk with me," he had explained with an informality that matched his name.

This had proved no hardship. Tommy was obviously a permanent fixture in the house, with a study, bedroom and bath. A not unnatural wonder as to what Tommy's job was had been in Gerry's mind as he surveyed the layout. Tommy, guessing that, had grinned.

"I'm just sort of combination chore boy, messenger and court jester," he had explained.

"And I," Gerry had retorted, "was sent to Brazil to stretch the leaves of the rubber plants every morning so as to be sure they are nice and elastic."

Tommy's grin had widened. But all he had said was: "If you're ready, come down and I'll introduce you to everybody."

So had Gerry got his first glimpse of Nancy. After that he could see nobody but Nancy. It was as quick as that. Nancy was the guest of Samuel Sears' older daughter.

"And it's all over but the groaning," Tommy had diagnosed. "That will come before he sails Saturday."

Now, as he emerged from the shower, Tommy knew the hour was at hand. A man in love, happily or otherwise, must tell somebody about it. Tommy knew that he was elected. "My only hope is that he waits until I've eaten," ran his thoughts. "A broken heart isn't exactly the sort of *hors d'œuvre* I prefer."

At that instant Gerry turned from the window. He was striving to smile but not succeeding notably. "Well," he said, "I took the plunge—and discovered that I'm all wet behind the ears."

"Good night! The dam is breaking," soliloquized Tommy. To Gerry he said: "I'm sorry. My fault, perhaps. I might have warned you that the girl is married and wouldn't consider a divorce."

"Married?" echoed Gerry, open-mouthed. "I'm talking about Nancy."

"So am I," Tommy informed him, slipping into his shirt.

"But she's not married."

"Not to a man—only to her work, which is much worse," explained Tommy. "If it were a man you might have a chance. But against a career, not a ghost. Not with Nancy. She is man's competitor, not his companion. At least that's *her* idea of it."

"I'll say it is," admitted Gerry miserably. "Well," he added hollowly, "I suppose there's nothing left but to check out. I don't want to see her again. It would be torture."

Nor did Tommy, for all that he preserved a healthy cynicism about love, consider that Gerry exaggerated. He hesitated. Then:

"I'm really as sorry as the devil, Gerry, that it's hit you so hard. If there were anything I could do I'd do it. But there's nothing anybody can do. Nancy's got a complex on the subject of matrimony, you see. She's so darned modern she's forgotten that she's feminine too," elaborated Tommy, knotting his tie. "She isn't taking marriage, thank you, because she feels she can wangle along nicely without a man in her life. Biologically, she's cockeyed—but try and prove it."

"Will you do something for me, Tommy?" Gerry asked abruptly.

"If it is anything I can do," promised Tommy warily.

"Talk to her," explained Gerry hectically. "I mean—well, just make her see that she's cockeyed. That's all."

"All!" echoed Tommy, eying him amazedly.

He knew that love addled the best of brains. He did not know that Gerry and Nancy had discussed him.

"They say he's awfully clever," Nancy had told Gerry. "He'll be around here for days with apparently nothing to do, and then he'll be gone for days. I think Mr. Sears sends him on special missions that require diplomacy and resourcefulness. Marcia says her father speaks highly of him."

This happened to be so. But Tommy did not know that Gerry knew it and even if he had he would have seen no reason why he should serve as a field agent in Gerry's love affair.

"Say," he demanded, "what good would it do for me to talk to her? If *you* can't convince her——"

"She won't give *me* the chance. But I know that it's not me she's against. It's just marriage. Tell her what you've just told me. That she's 'way off."

"Oh, my sainted great-aunt Gertrude's bustle!" expostulated Tommy.

"You promised," Gerry reminded him. "I'd do it for you—and it means a lot to me. Life will be awful without her."

"And perhaps with her," soliloquized Tommy. This he censored out, however. He was torn between a desire to end this, a normal appetite for luncheon and a real concern for Gerry's pitiable state. He hesitated briefly. Then:

"I'll talk to her—in my own inimitable way," he announced. And added firmly: "But not until after lunch. Let's go."

"I can't," protested Gerry. "Nancy will be there."

"And so will lots of other girls," Tommy reminded him. "You can look at one of them for a change. It might not be such a bad idea at that, if those who write love stories know anything about it."

"I can't even see any other girl," confessed Gerry. "Go ahead down. I'll wait here."

"I'll have a tray sent up to you," compromised Tommy.

He did so. But the tray had not been touched when he returned. And there again you had (*Continued on page 112*)

¶ "*What is love but a pleasant interlude?*" *Nancy asked. "You let me kiss you. I thought you meant it," said Gerry.*

Bad Men *and* Good

A Romance of the Old West

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

¶ "*We'll be married tonight, sweetheart, and then nobody kin come between us,*" *said Bob.*

IT WAS a land of savage beauty. The mirage wavered through the long days on the valley flats and the arid mountain ranges stood forth in brittle outline against the hot sky. For two decades the old-timers had battled here to hold their herds of long-horned cattle against the forays of Apaches and white renegades. Now, when the Indians were gone and the outlaws were no longer riding boldly in the open, the spirit of the bygone days still hung on among the elder generation. For the most part they were a masterful breed, intolerant as warriors always have been since the world began.

Jack Flood was sheriff then, and word had come to him that a pair of train robbers, who had been playing a long game of hide and seek with the authorities, were holed up among the summits of the Chiricahuas. So he was riding out to Lum Grey's ranch to arrange the details of a quiet man hunt with the cattleman, who had shared the grim joys of more than one such expedition with him.

A taciturn man, straight-lipped and deadly when the lead was flying, he had a wealth of sentiment concealed within him for all that. So when he came down Middle Pass and saw Bob West's bleak little shack of unpainted boards in a draw among the lower foothills, he thought of the high hopes which had lured this young rowdy of the saddle away from the post-round-up jollifications at the county seat to back-bending labor on a lonely homestead. The idea awakened his sympathetic interest; he reined his pony off the road and left it in the scanty shade of a hackberry tree, while he sat within the open doorway beside the newly fledged landholder, who descanted on his prospects after the manner of nesters since the building of the first wire fence.

"'Pears to me," the sheriff interrupted, in the midst of an enthusiastic dissertation on the prospects for next season's calves, "yo' done built a bigger cabin than yo' need."

"I reckon"—Bob's broad smile was naïvely confidential—"it is jest right fer two."

"Yo've fixed it up with Nancy, then?" his guest asked.

"So far as her and me's concerned." Bob nodded and his young face was grave now. "Yes. We have fixed it up. But not with her dad."

"I'm stoppin' off at Lum's place tonight," the sheriff remarked quietly.

"I wisht yo'd put in a good word with him fer me." There was a wistfulness in Bob's lips which made the older man remember a certain romance of his own and the pain of broken hopes in days gone by. "Some way or other he don't seem to cotton to me."

"Ef Lum is down on yo'," the other drawled gently, "it won't be easy to talk him around."

"Yo' could jest sort of let it drop," Bob went on soberly, "that I am shet of whisky and monte. It might help some."

"Well, pervidin' that I get the chanct, I'll tell him yo' ain't a hopeless sot." Jack Flood rose and started for his horse.

LUM GREY'S living room was as uncompromising in its masculinity as its owner: a long bare room, without any of those small comforts which make toward bodily ease or those adornments which satisfy the eye. Jack Flood was talking things over with the cattleman here after supper, when his promise to Bob West was brought to his mind by the sound of a girl's voice. It came through the open window from the wide veranda which ran the length of the adobe ranch house, soft music dying like a vagrant breeze. The sheriff's grim lips relaxed, but Lum Grey's blunt features remained as heavy as before and he went on speaking.

"Yo' say that one of 'em is an old hand?" He was striding his chair, after a habit that he had, as if it were a saddle, with its back before him and his large hands folded upon it. There was assertion in the set

of his square shoulders and he put the question in the manner of one who is making a statement of his own. Jack Flood brought back his mind to business.

"Reckon he's some outlaw drifted in from Texas or New Mexico," said he.

The murmur of two voices came in through the window now. There was a rich low note in the girl's, a vibrant cadence which awakened wistful stirring in the sheriff's heart. He heard Bob West's drawl and then the cattleman began to speak again.

"Tell yo' what I'll do——" He paused. Up to this time he had remained oblivious of the sounds on the veranda. But there was a tenderness in the cowboy's voice which roused him. "Jest a second," he bade his guest, "an' I'll be with yo'."

THE habit of minding his own business, which he had practiced through the long years as assiduously as he had the drawing of his six-shooter, came near to getting the better of Jack Flood just then. But the memory of that weather-stained young face grown suddenly tender at the mention of a girl's name in the little board cabin, a few hours before, won out.

"I reckon that's Bob West on the porch," he remarked. "I stopped off at his place when I was ridin' over this afternoon. He's put in a heap of work there."

"He's goin' to put in a heap of work a-keepin' off my place from now on," the other answered quietly, on his way to the door.

The stilted beat of his high boot heels receded down the long hallway. The voices on the veranda ceased. The cattleman's harsh bass broke the silence.

"Come inside the house, Nancy."

There was a little interval during which the listener in the living room shook his head, and then Lum spoke once more.

"Young feller, yo' clear out of this. An' don't show yo'r face here ag'in."

The sheriff's eyes softened, for he thought that he heard a sob out in the hallway; the tenderness remained in them when Nancy entered the bare living room. What tears she had shed, she had managed to efface now; her head was back and there was pride in the smile which she flashed at him in passing, the fine pride of rebellious youth; it shone in her eyes like a smoldering flame.

"Good night, Nancy," he bade her, and as she answered he noticed how the lamplight glorified the mass of her auburn hair. He let his glance linger upon her face; it seemed as if the first promise of the woman's graver sweetness had come all of a sudden. She passed into the inner room and he saw her mother come to meet her in the doorway. Mrs. Grey's arm went out; he had a glimpse of her worn hand patting the slender shoulder. Her patient eyes had taken on a brooding expression, and in the light which leaped from them he read the tiger love which comes to a woman when her child is hurt.

Jack Flood's knowledge of womenfolk was not extensive, but he had a conviction that the mastery which Lum had held over his household for all these years was not so secure as it had been an hour before.

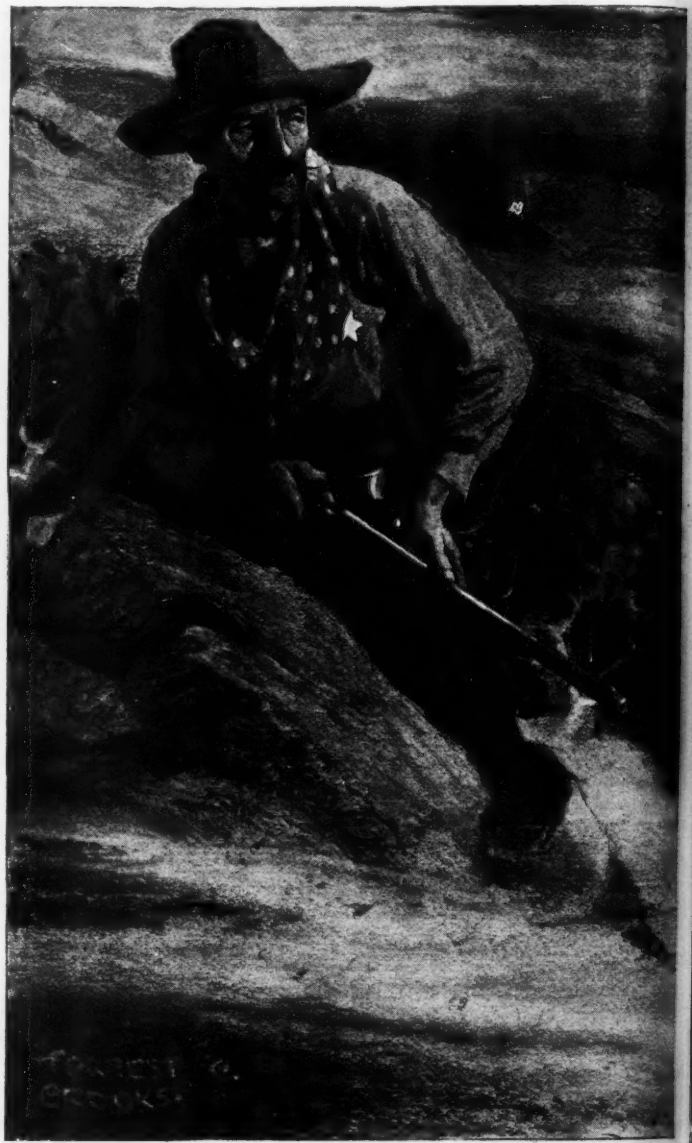
Then the door closed and the cattleman's footfall sounded in the hallway.

"What I was goin' to say"—Lum picked up the thread of the previous discussion as calmly as if there had been no interruption at all—"tomorrow mo'nin' we'll ride out an' see if we cain't cut their trail. Chances is, they're over Dos Cabezos way some'rs."

"Jest what I was thinkin'," the sheriff said, and spoke no more of Bob West that evening.

It was late the next afternoon when the subject came up again. The two old-timers had been riding all day, winding in and out along the base of the mountains, scanning the dry earth at the mouth of every arroyo. Now their horses stood with the reins hanging, and the riders were on their hands and knees examining faint hoof-marks in the stony soil.

"It's them, all right." The sheriff rose to his feet.



¶ "*We gotta run fer it,*" *the sheriff*

"The trail leads fer one of them canyons no'th of Apache Pass."

"We kin take our time 'bout it an' locate their camp. Tomorrow mo'nin' at the crack of day we kin ambush 'em when they roll out of their blankets." The cowman smiled grimly at the prospect. But Jack Flood shook his head.

"I was thinkin'," said he, "s'posin' I get another man or two. These fellers won't move out of here right away. We might as well make sure of 'em."

"Who yo' goin' to git?" his friend demanded.

"Well, there's Bob West."

"Bob West!" Lum swore. The other interrupted him in the midstream of his profanity.

"It ain't none of my business, Lum, but whut have yo' got ag'in' Bob West?"

"The same as I have got ag'in' all these here young fellers today." Lum's voice was cold and his face was set. "An idle, wuthless bunch; all they think about is whisky an' monte."

"'Pears to me," the sheriff reminded him, "it's the same now as it always was. Bob ain't the first one that's been drunk or straddle of a monte bank. And he has stiddied down. Yo' was young yo'self once, Lum."

"An' when I was," the cowman retorted, "a young feller had to have some sand. These cowboys today ain't got sand nor sense, neither one. I don't want no Bob West along with me when the lead's a-flyin'."

"Well, suit yo'self," the sheriff acquiesced. "I'm willin' to go on. Two ag'in' two is fair enough."

announced. "Keep to the smoke, Lum, or they'll have yo' sky-lined."

Where the canyon headed on the eastern slope of the Chiricahuas there was a little amphitheater. Pine timber occupied the base of the bowl, and slender gullies streaked its sides, extending fanwise toward its lip. Between these crevices the living rock was bare, but a thick growth of dwarf oaks and black brush gave cover in their depths.

During the major portion of the last two hours the sheriff and Lum Grey had been devoting all their energies toward keeping silence while they descended the largest arroyo on their hands and knees. Now they were lying in a cluster of granite boulders which overlooked the outlaws' camp among the trees less than one hundred yards below.

Their plans for ambush had worked out—save in one small particular. Just as they gained their hiding place a dislodged rock had rolled away from under the cattleman's high boot heel; and the silence on which success depended had been shattered. So, when the dawn came leaking over the summits of the Steins Pass range, giving them light to see their rifle sights, the blankets down there beneath them no longer held the pair whom they had hoped to capture. All the targets they had were the flashes of two Winchesters in the grove. The ambush had been turned into an even battle.

If anything, the odds were against the sheriff and the cattleman, for where they lay the light was strongest and there was less of cover than in the timber. Now and again a slug droned overhead; occasionally one of the boulders which gave them shelter spat a little shower of fine fragments, accompanied by the sharp snarl of a ricocheting bullet. The shooting on both sides was slow.

"Them fellers know their business," Lum Grey muttered.

"Whut I was thinkin'." Jack Flood paused to fire, and when he had pumped in the next cartridge: "I've an idea I winged that one. Why do yo' reckon he was crawlin' out there?"

The cattleman made no reply, for the answer was already coming from the bottom of the gulch. A thin thread of blue smoke rose toward the cloudless sky; a brown cloud followed and tongues of red flame showed in the dry brush. Five minutes later the fire was roaring up the arroyo at race-horse speed straight toward the two besiegers.

"We gotta run fer it," the sheriff announced quietly. "Keep to the smoke, Lum, or they'll have yo' sky-lined."

THE sun rose above the range across the valley to the eastward and bathed the slope which they were climbing. Occasionally the brown cloud lifted and the leaden slugs pattered on the rocks about them. Then it enwrapped them once more and they gasped for breath among the swirling cinders. When they gained the shelter of the ridge the firing had ceased; there was no sound but the crackling of the flames in the bed of the arroyo.

Two hours later, after they had crept around the rim and down into the pine trees where the amphitheater narrowed to the canyon, they discovered the tracks of saddle horses leading downward toward the valley of the San Simon. It took them another hour to get to their own ponies.

"Well, they have a good start," the cowman said.

"And our hosses ain't none too fresh," the sheriff growled.

The sun was swinging high in the heavens and the mirage was playing weird tricks with the plain's wide reaches, when Jack Flood leaned low from the saddle and picked up a bit of rock.

"Fresh blood." He tossed the stone to his companion. "I knew I'd winged that feller when he set the fire."

The day wore on. The wide (*Continued on page 120*)

That Perfect Gentleman's Gentleman, JEEVES

By P. G.

IN THE autumn of the year in which Yorkshire Pudding won the Manchester November Handicap, the fortunes of my old pal Richard ("Bingo") Little seemed to have reached their—what's the word I want? He was, to all appearances, absolutely on plush.

He ate well, slept well, was happily married; and, his uncle Wilberforce having at last handed in his dinner pail, respected by all, had come into possession of a large income and a fine old place in the country about thirty miles from Norwich. Buzzing down there for a brief visit, I came away convinced that if ever a bird was sitting on top of the world that bird was Bingo.

I had to come away because the family were shooting me off to Harrogate to chaperon my uncle George, whose liver had been giving him the elbow again. But as we sat pushing down the morning meal on the day of my departure, I readily agreed to play a return date as soon as ever I could fight my way back to civilization.

"Come in time for the Lakenham races," urged young Bingo. He took aboard a second dollop of sausages and bacon, for he had always been a good trencherman and the country air seemed to improve his appetite. "We're going to motor over with a luncheon basket and more or less revel."

I was just about to say that I would make a point of it, when Mrs. Bingo, who was opening letters behind the coffee apparatus, suddenly uttered a pleased yowl.

"Oh, sweetie-lambkin!" she cried.

Mrs. B., if you remember, before her marriage, was the celebrated female novelist, Rosie M. Banks, and it is in some such ghastly fashion that she habitually addresses the other half of the sketch. She has got that way, I take it, from a lifetime of writing for the masses.

Bingo doesn't seem to mind. I suppose, seeing that the little woman is the author of such outstanding bilge as "Mervyn Keene, Clubman" and "Only a Factory Girl," he is thankful it isn't anything worse.

"Oh, sweetie-lambkin, isn't that lovely?"

"What?"

"Laura Pyke wants to come here."

"Who?"

"You must have heard me speak of Laura Pyke. She was my dearest friend at school. I simply worshiped her. She always had such a wonderful mind. She wants us to put her up for a week or two."

"Right ho. Bung her in."

¶ *"You, Jeeves?" I said, and I rather think Cæsar spoke in the same sort of voice on finding Brutus puncturing him with a sharp instrument.*

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Of course not. Any pal of yours——"

"Darling!" said Mrs. Bingo, blowing him a kiss.

"Angel!" said Bingo, going on with the sausages.

All very charming, in fact. Pleasant domestic scene, I mean. Cheery give-and-take in the home and all that. I said as much to Jeeves as we drove off.

"In these days of unrest, Jeeves," I said, "with wives yearning to fulfill themselves and husbands slipping round the corner to do what they shouldn't, and the home, generally speaking, in the melting pot, as it were, it is nice to find a thoroughly united couple."

"Decidedly agreeable, sir."

"I allude to the Bingos—Mr. and Mrs. What was it the poet said of couples like the Bingeese?"

"Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, sir."

"A dashed good description, Jeeves."

"It has, I believe, given uniform satisfaction, sir."

And yet, if I had only known, what I had been listening to that A. M. was the first faint rumble of the coming storm. Unseen, in the background, Fate was quietly slipping the lead into the boxing glove.

I MANAGED to give Uncle George a miss at a fairly early date and, leaving him wallowing in the waters, sent a wire to the Bingos announcing my return. It was a longish drive and I fetched up at my destination only just in time to dress for dinner. I had done a quick dash into the soup-and-fish and was feeling pretty good at the prospect of a cocktail and the well-cooked, when the door opened and Bingo appeared.

"Hello, Bertie," he said. "Ah, Jeeves."

He spoke in one of those toneless voices; and, catching Jeeves' eye as I adjusted the old cravat, I exchanged a questioning glance with it. From its expression I gathered that the same thing had struck him that had struck me: viz., that our host, the young squire, was none too chirpy. The brow was furrowed, the eye lacked that hearty sparkle, and the general bearing and demeanor were those of a body discovered after being several days in the water.

"Anything up, Bingo?" I asked, with the natural

and the Old School Chum

Wodehouse

anxiety of a boyhood friend. "You have a moldy look. Are you sickening for some sort of plague?"

"I've got it."

"Got what?"

"The plague."

"How do you mean?"

"She's on the premises now," said Bingo, and laughed in an unpleasant, hacking manner, as if he were missing on one tonsil.

I couldn't follow him. The old egg seemed to me to speak in riddles.

"You seem to me, old egg," I said, "to speak in riddles. Don't you think he speaks in riddles, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm talking about the Pyke," said Bingo.

"What pike?"

"Laura Pyke. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, ah. Of course. The school chum. The seminary crony. Is she still here?"

"Yes, and looks like staying forever. Rosie's absolutely potty about her. Hangs on her lips."

"The glamour of the old days still persists, eh?"

"I should say it does," said young Bingo. "This business of schoolgirl friendships beats me. Hypnotic is the only word. I can't understand it. Men aren't like that. You and I were at school together, Bertie, but my gosh, I don't look on you as a sort of master mind."

"You don't?"

"I don't treat your lightest utterance as a pearl of wisdom."

"Why not?"

"Yet Rosie does with this Pyke. In the hands of the Pyke she is mere putty. If you want to see what was once a first-class Garden of Eden becoming utterly ruined as a desirable residence by the machinations of a Serpent, take a look round this place."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"Laura Pyke," said young Bingo with intense bitterness, "is a food crank, curse her. She says we all eat too much and eat it too quickly and, anyway, ought not to be eating it at all but living on parsnips and similar muck. And Rosie, instead of telling the woman not to be a fathead, gazes at her in wide-eyed admiration, taking it in through the pores.

"The result is that the cuisine of this house has been shot to pieces, and I am starving on my feet. Well, when I tell you that it's weeks since a beefsteak pudding raised its head in the home, you'll understand what I mean."

At this point the gong went. Bingo listened with a moody frown.

"I don't know why they still bang that confounded thing," he said. "There's nothing to bang it for. By the way, Bertie, would you like a cocktail?"

"I would."

"Well, you won't get one. We don't have cocktails

"Ladies, ladies!" I said. It was rash. The Pyke turned on me like a wounded leopardess.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

¶ *"Was that you making that infernal noise?" the bloke asked. "Honk just once more and I'll shred you up into little bits with my bare hands."*

any more. The girl friend says they corrode the stomachic tissues."

I was appalled. I had had no idea that the evil had spread as far as this.

"No cocktails!"

"No. And you'll be dashed lucky if it isn't a vegetarian dinner."

"Bingo," I cried, deeply moved, "you must act! You must assert yourself. You must put your foot down. You must take a strong stand. You must be master in the home."

He looked at me. A long, strange look. "You aren't married, are you, Bertie?"

"You know I'm not."

"I should have guessed it, anyway. Come on."

WELL, the dinner wasn't absolutely vegetarian, but when you had said that you had said everything. It was sparse, meager, not at all the jolly, chunky repast for which the old tum was standing up and clamoring after its long motor ride. And what there was of it was turned to ashes in the mouth by the conversation of Miss Laura Pyke.

In happier circs, and if I had not been informed in advance of the warped nature of her soul, I might have been favorably impressed by this female at the moment of our meeting. She was really rather a good-looking girl, a bit strong in the face but nevertheless quite reasonably attractive. But had she been a thing of radiant beauty, she never could have clicked with Bertram Wooster. Her conversation was of a kind which would have queered Helen of Troy with any right-thinking man.

During dinner she talked all the time, and it did not take me long to see why the iron had entered into Bingo's soul. Practically all she said was about food and Bingo's tendency to shovel it down in excessive quantities, thereby handing the lemon to his stomachic tissues.

She didn't seem particularly interested in my stomachic tissues, rather giving the impression that if Bertram burst it would be all right with her. It was on young Bingo that she concentrated as the brand to be saved from the burning.

Gazing at him like a high priestess at the favorite, though erring, disciple, she told him all the things that were happening to his inside because he would insist on eating stuff lacking in fat-soluble vitamins. She spoke freely of proteins, carbohydrates, and the physiological requirements of the average individual.

SHE was not a girl who believed in mincing words, and a racy little anecdote she told about a man who refused to eat prunes had the effect of causing me to be a nonstarter for the last two courses.

"Jeeves," I said, on reaching the sleeping chamber that night, "I don't like the look of things."

"No, sir?"

"No, Jeeves, I do not. I view the situation with concern. Things are worse than I thought they were. Mr. Little's remarks before dinner may have given you the impression that the Pyke merely lectured on food-reform in a general sort of way. Such, I now find, is not the case. By way of illustrating her theme, she points to Mr. Little as the awful example. She criticizes him, Jeeves."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Openly. Keeps telling him he eats too much, drinks too much, and gobbles his food. I wish you could have heard a comparison she drew between him and the late Mr. Gladstone, considering them in the capacity of food chewers. It left young Bingo very much with the short end of the stick. And the sinister thing is that Mrs. Bingo approves. Are wives often like that? Welcoming criticism of the lord and master, I mean?"

"They are generally open to suggestions with regard to the improvement of their husbands, sir."

"That is why married men are wan, what?"

"Yes, sir."

I had the foresight to send the man downstairs for biscuits. I bit a representative specimen thoughtfully.

"Do you know what I think, Jeeves?"

"No, sir."

"I think Mr. Little doesn't realize the full extent of the peril which threatens his domestic happiness. I'm beginning to understand this business of matrimony. I'm beginning to see how the thing works. Would you care to hear how I figure it out, Jeeves?"

"Extremely, sir."

"Well, it's like this. Take a couple of birds. These birds get married, and for a while all is gas and gaiters. The female regards her mate as about the best thing that ever came a girl's way. He is her king, if you know what I mean. She looks up to him and respects him. Joy, as you might say, reigns supreme. Eh?"

"Very true, sir."

"Then gradually, by degrees—little by little, if I may use the expression—disillusionment sets in. She sees him eating a poached egg, and the glamour starts to fade. She watches him mangling a chop, and it continues to fade. And so on and so on, if you follow me, and so forth."

"I follow you perfectly, sir."

"But mark this, Jeeves. This is the point. Here we approach the nub. Usually it is all right, because, as I say, the disillusionment comes gradually and the female has time to adjust herself. But in the case of young Bingo, owing to the indecent outspokenness of the Pyke, it's coming in a rush.

"Absolutely in a flash, without previous preparation, Mrs. Bingo is having Bingo presented to her as a sort of human boa constrictor full of unpleasantly jumbled interior organs. The picture which the Pyke is building up for her in her mind is that of one of those men you see in restaurants with three chins, bulging eyes and the veins starting out on the forehead. A little more of this, and love must wither."

"You think so, sir?"

"I'm sure of it. No affection can stand the strain. Twice during dinner tonight the Pyke said things about young Bingo's intestinal canal which I shouldn't have thought would have been possible in mixed company even in this lax post-war era.

"Well, you see what I mean. You can't go on knocking a man's intestinal canal indefinitely without causing his wife to stop and ponder. The danger, as I see it, is that after a bit more of this Mrs. Little will decide that tinkering is no use and that the only thing to do is to scrap Bingo and get a newer model."

"Most disturbing, sir."

"SOMETHING must be done, Jeeves. You must act. Unless you can find some way of getting this Pyke out of the woodwork, and that right speedily, the home's number is up. You see, what makes matters worse is that Mrs. Bingo is romantic. Women like her, who consider the day ill spent if they have not churned out five thousand words of superfatted fiction, are apt even at the best of times to yearn a trifle. The ink gets into their heads.

"I mean to say, I shouldn't wonder if right from the start Mrs. Bingo hasn't had a sort of sneaking regret that Bingo isn't one of those strong, curt, empire-building kind of Englishmen she puts into her books, with sad, unfathomable eyes, lean, sensitive hands, and riding boots. You see what I mean?"

"Precisely, sir. You imply that Miss Pyke's criticisms will have been instrumental in moving the hitherto unformulated dissatisfaction from the subconscious to the conscious mind."

"Once again, Jeeves?" I said, trying to grab it off the bat, but missing it by several yards.

He repeated the dose.

"Well, I dare say you're right," I said. "Anyway, the point is, P.M.G. Pyke must go. How do you propose to set about it?"

"I fear I have nothing to suggest at the moment, sir."

"Come, come, Jeeves."

"I fear not, sir. Possibly after I have seen the lady——"

"You mean, you want to study the psychology of the individual and what not?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Well, I don't know how you're going to do it. After all, I mean, you can hardly cluster round the dinner table and drink in the Pyke's small talk."

"There is that difficulty, sir."

"Your best chance, it seems to me, will be when we go to the Lakenham races on Thursday. We shall feed out of a luncheon basket in God's air, and there's nothing to stop you hanging about and passing the sandwiches. Prick the ears and be at your most observant then, is my advice."

"Very good, sir."

"Very good, Jeeves. And meanwhile, dash downstairs and see if you can dig up another installment of these biscuits. I need them sorely."

The morning of the Lakenham races dawned bright and juicy. A casual observer would have said that God was in His heaven and all was right with the world. It was one of those days you sometimes get latish in the autumn when the sun beams, the birds toot and there is a bracing tang in the air that sends the blood beetling briskly through the veins.

PERSONALLY, however, I wasn't any too keen on the bracing tang. It made me feel so exceptionally fit that almost immediately after breakfast I found myself beginning to wonder what there would be for luncheon. And the thought of what there probably would be for luncheon, if the Pyke's influence made itself felt, lowered my spirits considerably. I feared the worst.

"I fear the worst, Jeeves," I said. "Last night at dinner Miss Pyke threw out the remark that the carrot was the best of all vegetables, having an astonishing effect on the blood and beautifying the complexion. Now, I am all for anything that bucks up the Wooster blood. Also, I would like to give the natives a treat by letting them take a look at my rosy, glowing cheeks. But not at the expense of lunching on raw carrots.

"To avoid any rannygazoo, therefore, I think it will be best if you add a bit for the young master to your personal packet of sandwiches. I don't want to be caught short."

"Very good, sir."

At this point, young Bingo came up. I hadn't seen him look so jaunty for days.

"I've just been superintending the packing of the lunch basket, Bertie," he said. "I stood over the butler and saw that there was no nonsense."

"All pretty sound?" I asked, relieved.

"All indubitably sound."

"No carrots?"

"No carrots," said young Bingo. "There's ham sandwiches," he proceeded, a strange, (*Continued on page 134*)

¶ *"Hark!" said Bingo. We paused. Tense. Agog. Mrs. Bingo and the Pyke had begun to dig into the past and rake up old scores.*

IF YOU HAVE GUESSED
which character in this novel
Murdered
Jamie Darricott
You are a BETTER *guesser*
than any member of the
staff of Cosmopolitan

Ladies'

The Story So Far:

INSIDE a brilliantly lighted Broadway hotel the dazzling Potiemkin Ball was in progress; men and women dressed in the pomp and splendor of the days of Catherine the Great milled about ballroom and corridors. A gala occasion meant for laughter, you would have said. Yet, for one at least of that gay throng, it was a time for tears; and for another, it was a moment of farewell to all this world's gayety.

For it was on that night that Jamie Darricott met his death at the hands of an unknown person. Unknown, that is, to the police and to the spellbound theater throngs that crowded Broadway and heard the frantic screams of the helpless victim high above the street—and saw the ruthless hands that pushed the struggling man into the abyss, yet could not see the face of the murderer.

It was after Darricott's meteoric fall amid the gleaming draperies of Potiemkin, Catherine's favorite, that all those men and women who had been his friends or his enemies received their share of publicity. These included many who were socially prominent as well as a number of crooks recognized by the police among the hangers-on of the ball.

In particular, Jamie had been a menace to the Fendley family. Helena Fendley—Horace Fendley's wife—had fallen a victim to Jamie's charms long before. It was she, in fact, who was the Catherine to his Potiemkin at the ball that last night of his life, and the rôle was extraordinarily well suited to her. Only recently her husband had come upon her in Darricott's arms, had been knocked down by the younger man, and subsequently had left his home after he had asked Helena to divorce him.

Now, his sole aim in life was to repay Darricott with usury. With this in mind he had called upon his lawyer, Joseph Cogsby, and his physician, Doctor Emery, to aid him. The lawyer wanted only to save his friend from the consequences of such an act, but Doctor Emery treated Darricott as a deadly microbe that should be killed to avert further infection. Temporarily Fendley forgot his troubles, lulled by the doctor's promise to help him, though he knew now that Darricott had infatuated his daughter Rachel as well as his wife.

Rachel, in fact, had long been in love with Jamie and had recently bribed him to become engaged to her by telling him of the millions that would soon be hers by inheritance. Darricott had consented reluctantly, demanding that the engagement be kept secret.

At the moment he was betrothed to Sibyl Page, a young woman from the South whom he had met on her return from a hunting trip in Africa. Sibyl was the last person known to have been with him on the night of his murder, and her arm was bruised and wounded when the police called upon her in their investigation. But when she first met Jamie in New York, she had not known that the sudden attraction between them would have so tragic an end. Indeed, even at home Sibyl could not forget the young man who at once attracted and repelled her. She was troubled about him too, and the words of one jealous man rang in her ears: "You won't know Darricott long if——"

When she returned to the city Jamie had been so touchingly glad to see her, so earnest in his protestations of love that she finally had consented to marry him.

At the Fendleys' the very next night, whither she had gone to have dinner with Rachel and her brother Anthony and Peyton Weldon, a suitor of Rachel's, she heard her fiancé discussed. Rachel admitted that she wanted to marry Jamie; Anthony and Weldon both

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Man.

By Rupert hughes

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

"If I'm seen with another woman," he told Rachel, "the gossip will shift to her and me and die out about your mother and me, and no one will think of linking you and me together . . . Miss Page is the ideal one. Afterwards she can go to the North Pole or Anthony can have her." (Rachel had told him her brother was crazy about Sibyl.)

Then he gave Rachel a rôle to play: "I want you to go on with Weldon as you've been doing, only more so . . . You can tell him I'm rushing Miss Page and—we'll meet in secret and laugh our heads off."

Rachel agreed.

Meanwhile Sibyl was seeing more of Anthony Fendley and finding his shy adoration a welcome change from Jamie's casual love-making. And as she learned to care more for Anthony she determined to save him from killing Darricott and ruining his own life. One night she pleaded with him to give up his plan, but he would not consent. There was only one thing for her to do, she decided. Whistle Jamie back to her, endure his courtship until Rachel turned to Peyton Weldon. Then she could drop Jamie or, if he had reformed, keep him; if not, she could have Anthony.

That midnight found her as radiant as if it were a dawn . . .

threatened to kill the man if Rachel carried out her intention.

"Whoever kills Jamie, I kill!" cried Rachel.

"Even that won't stop me," Anthony told her.

"Nor me," added Weldon.

Even then, Sibyl remained silent. She couldn't tell them that Jamie was hers.

But when Mrs. Fendley came home later, Sibyl felt she would be doing that home a favor in relieving it of Darricott's menace. Also, she wanted to rescue Darricott from these people who were bent on destroying him. That is, she wanted to rescue him until, as she was driving away, she saw him spring up the steps of the house she was leaving. Then her heart leaped with a mad feeling that it was her duty, as it would be her delight, to kill this man and the woman he had come to see . . .

When Darricott called her up the next day she refused to talk with him—and thus quickened his desire for her. Even when he yielded to Rachel he was thinking of Sibyl, and in desperation he evolved an ingenious plot that would permit him to be with her.

WHEN Sibyl lay back in her bed sipping vitality from a coffee cup held in one hand and sipping excitement from a floppy newspaper held precariously in the other hand, she came across the brief statement that the gentlemen of the Long Table were planning to give an epoch-making pageant of life at the court of the Empress Catherine, that they had persuaded no less a personage than Mrs. Horace Fendley to play the Empress, and that she had enlisted Mrs. Masters and a number of other ladies of the upper niches to act as patronesses, the profits to go to a charity which would be announced later.

Sibyl froze into a statue of a girl in a bed reading a marble paper and holding a marble cup of onyx coffee in her hand. She was wondering how Mrs. Fendley dared identify herself with such a character. Didn't the poor ignorant simpleton know that——?

What a strange coincidence it was that Sibyl herself had given Jamie Darricott his first knowledge of Catherine and her syndicated love! Yet there was no mention of Jamie in the paper. It was a Long Table affair.

She did not know that he had discussed his plan of using her as a blind for his secret betrothal to Rachel, and Rachel did not know that his plan involved a desperate intention to enjoy as much of Sibyl's fascination as he could before the news broke. And he did not know that Sibyl had determined to court him vigorously in order to save Anthony from killing him.

Sibyl's voice had something of the gurgling tenderness of a young mother's: "Of course."

"I've got some amazing news for you—the greatest thing that ever fell into my dreary life, next to you. And I owe it all to you."

The best thing to do with quarrels is what one does with bad dreams: pretend that they are impossible,

Rachel saw in Darricott's features confusion only. His unwillingness to come to her defense seemed

It was an old-fashioned masquerade with everybody amateurishly mangling a rôle to deceive the other deceivers, and everybody succeeding only in being self-deceived.

Into Sibyl's trap Darricott walked with a trap of his own. Across the telephone came his irresistibly engaging voice of a naughty boy creeping back to his mamma.

"Is it safe for me to stand off here and say a word?"

Sibyl's laugh tinkled across the wire. "Of course."

"I suppose I've been wicked, but I don't know just what you've found out. Whatever it is, I'm ashamed of it and sorry, and ready to take my spanking. Will you take me back, even if it's across your knee?"

deny them and forget them. By the time Sibyl was bathed and robed and ready, Jamie's knuckles were caressing the door, and when she opened it he flowed in around it and absorbed her in his arms before she could retreat. Since she had erased the quarrel from the record, there was no real excuse for any change from the last farewell. So she had to accept the kiss he gave her.

"Have I got to do all the work?" he complained. So she kissed him on the cheek. That gave him such courage that he began lying with confidence: "First, as to the job I was going to get: I didn't get it; or much encouragement."

Sibyl had to say: "That's strange, considering what

important men you got on your knees to, and the long hours you spent with them."

He gave her one of those parrying stabs of the eye, wondering how much she might have guessed and warning her not to challenge him. Then he went on as if he had no suspicion of her suspicion:

"But I haven't given up hope. I've only begun to fight, as John Paul Jones is said to have said. Funny, I just learned that he was one of the Empress Catherine's unsuccessful suitors. And speaking of the Empress Catherine, what do you suppose? Hoping that I might meet an influential business man who occasionally goes there, I dropped in at the Long Table yesterday, and——"

"That explains everything," Sibyl broke in. "I was wondering how Mrs. Fendley came to be announced as Catherine in the Long Table pageant. And now I know. It was all your work."

"All your work," he retorted. "If it hadn't been for you——"

Then he told the whole story as accurately as he could, having no reason to alter it. He finished by saying:

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened to me. It may be silly, but anyway, my dream is to play Potiemkin and to put across the most beautiful thing this old town has ever seen. It's not all vanity. You can't imagine how I dote on beautiful things, gorgeous things, jewels, pomp, extravagance. I've almost been sorry that I wasn't born in the days when soldiers and heroes dressed up like birds of paradise and took no shame of it.

"Well, here comes the chance to do a tremendous work of art, give thousands of rich people a chance to strut in glory, paint an enormous canvas with living people for colors, and incidentally, raise money to line the stomachs of a lot of starving beggars with warm food.

"Once I've had my day, I'll settle down and be a toiler and a good husband to an unfortunate woman at present entitled Sibyl Page. But in the meanwhile I've got to work night and (*Continued on page 182*)

to absolve her from her pledge. "This has gone far enough," she said. "Mr. Darricott is engaged to marry ME!"

He *always wrote*

And that's What Made Sidney Rockhill *Uniquer than* Any Other Feller *in* Motion Pictures

"I TELL you, a uniquer feller than him don't exist already, not in the motion-picture business anyways," Ralph Gittleberg said to his brother-in-law Max Fast as they sat in the lobby of the Plenipotentiary Hotel, Los Angeles, a hostelry noted for the beauty of its situation.

From its porte-cochère a departing guest could see at least seven or eight assorted mountains, some of them snow-capped, and many departing guests even looked at them instead of at the hotel bill, which in altitude usually vied with the snowiest peak in sight.

"Say!" Max Fast exclaimed. "If he's any uniquer than that cutthroat Morris Peikes of the Graphic Arts Fillum Corporation, Ralph, you've got to show me. Peikes uniqued us out of anyhow ten thousand dollars in that Dinglewood Theayter proposition, and I'll get even with him if that's the last thing I ever do in the motion-picture business."

Ralph flipped the bediamonded fingers of his right hand in his brother-in-law's face.

"You don't get me at all," he said. "Where Sidney Rockhill is unique, Max, ain't got nothing to do with his standing in the industry. His standing in the industry is all right, y' understand, but where he comes in to be so unique, Max, is that when he's out here on the Coast, understand me, every night before he goes to bed, y' understand, he writes a letter to his wife in New York and tells her everything."

"What do you mean everything?" Max asked.

"I mean *everything*," Ralph continued: "who he had lunch with, who he had dinner with and how he spent the evening, and he tells her the truth, too."

Max stared at his brother-in-law. "He must be crazy, ain't it?" he said.

"Well, that's why I say a uniquer feller than him don't exist in the whole industry," Ralph Gittleberg repeated. " 'Ralph,' he says to me, 'if I don't do nothing which I can't tell my wife with a clear conscience,' he says, 'I ain't going to get into no jams like your brother-in-law Max Fast does.' "

"Since when did I get into any jams?" Max demanded, and once more Ralph flipped his jeweled fingers in Max's face.

"I suppose that wasn't no jam you got into with Sheila Birkenhead," he suggested, "when I had to practically commute to New York for a couple of months before I could square it with Rose."

It was now Max Fast's turn to flip his fingers, and it was a more heavily diamonded flip by at least four carats on the little finger alone.

"Your sister Rose believes everything she reads in the papers," he said savagely.

"And she also believes everything she reads in a summons and complaint in an action for breach of promise of marriage which that Birkenhead woman sent her a carbon copy of," Ralph continued. "Whereas if you'd taken my advice, you'd come across with the fifty thousand dollars right at the start, which you was obliged to do in the end anyways."

MAX stirred uneasily in his well-padded armchair, of which there must have been several hundred in the lobby of the Plenipotentiary Hotel. "For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed. "What's past is past, ain't it?"

"That's what I'm telling you," Ralph insisted, "and the proof of the pudding is that Sidney Rockhill always did business on a business basis, so therefore he sells out his entire chain of theayters as well as his interest in the Graphic Arts for pretty near three million dollars or anyhow one million eight hundred thousand if we couldn't make good on our notes."

"We'll make good on them notes if them theayters make good on what Rockhill claims was the gross receipts for the past three years," Max said; "otherwise we won't, and he can write that home to his wife too."

With an effort, he disengaged himself from the plush

Illustrations by J. Henry

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Everything

by Montague Glass

embrace of the hotel chair. "And furthermore, I ain't going to wait no longer for that dinner committee neither," he announced. "It ain't enough that we've got to pay that feller all this money. We've got to give him a farewell dinner yet!"

"Well, why not?" said a voice at Max Fast's elbow. "He's getting out of the industry, ain't he?"

It was Morris Peikes who spoke. Morris had been completely hidden by the plush upholstery with which Max had been surrounded, and as Morris was only five feet two inches in height and extremely narrow in the chest, he prudently refrained from seating himself at all. Anybody his size could be simply suffocated in one of the Plenipotentiary Hotel's plush armchairs, and would probably be sucked into a vacuum cleaner before his family or friends would miss him.

"Say!" Max exclaimed. "Are we in the motion-picture business or the dinner business? Ralph and me've been waiting here for half an hour."

"Dinners has got to be arranged for, Max," Peikes retorted. "This ain't a dinner for two where you take somebody out to dinner and con her by telling her she's got such a big future in the industry that she forgets about the food."

Max looked distractedly from Ralph to Morris Peikes. Once or anyhow not more than three times he had got into a jam, and now even Morris Peikes was picking on him.

"Did you ever see me take anybody out to dinner and con her like that?" he demanded, and Ralph and Morris said in unison, with splendid attack: "Forget it, *will* yer!"

"I seen Louis Bret, the banquet manager, and he's fixed everything for Saturday night," Morris Peikes continued. "Thirty dollars a cover, including one dollar cigar, one fifty-cent cigar and one twenty-five-cent cigar to each person."

For a moment Max Fast was too stunned to say anything, and then with a rush he freed his mind of all the repartee that had occurred to him ever since Morris Peikes had sold them the Dinglewood Theater.

¶ "*Sheila was and is a good girl and you know it!*" *roared Sidney.* "*I don't know it,*" *Max Fast croaked.* "*Then you know it now,*" *Sidney declared.*

THIS stored-up *esprit d'escalier*, or cab wit, took quite a little while in the telling, and while Morris Peikes bore it with some patience, he felt that matters had gone far enough when Max said that practically everybody smoked cigarets except Morris and that if Morris wanted to smoke dollar cigars, that was *his* business, but to please leave Max out of it.

"All right, then you're out of it," Morris said, putting on his hat. "I paid him cash for his interest in the Graphic Arts and you gave him wall paper or something for his chain of theayters, but I'm willing to give him a thirty-dollar-a-cover dinner *anyways*."

The fact that Morris referred to Fast and Gittleberg's promissory notes as wall paper (*Cont. on page 150*)

A Story
of a
Fighting Fool

The Last

IF THE reader has perused a previous story of Mr. Malachi O'Bannion, he will be aware that for many years Mr. O'Bannion had been chief engineer of the S. S. Maverick, one of a fleet owned by Kendrick and Son, of San Francisco.

The reader will also be aware that Mr. O'Bannion, although hyphenated, deemed himself a good American and, as such, felt that he must support the duties of citizenship; wherefore he accepted a commission as lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve Force and was promptly inducted into the regular navy, assigned to the U. S. S. Maverick (the ship had also been taken over by the navy) and, to his horror, discovered that he was no longer chief of his old engine room; that a youthful regular navy officer ranked him.

That was the beginning of the O'Bannion's troubles in the navy. However, a wise man realizes that human beings are what they are and that the easiest way out of trouble is to go around it.

The Admiral of the Twelfth Naval District, who happened to be Mr. O'Bannion's commanding officer at the time, knew the mercantile marine had long since made of Lieutenant Commander O'Bannion a tremendously efficient chief engineer who would maintain discipline in his engine room but who was singularly incapable of being disciplined himself. For Mr. O'Bannion was mercurial, like all his race; and he was loyal and courageous and pugnacious and touchy about his job, and lovable and ferocious by turns, with a bark that was vastly worse than his bite, though until one discovered that one was not likely to entertain much affection for Mr. O'Bannion.

However, old man Kendrick knew Malachi from soul to vermiform appendix and, when dying, had impressed upon young Kendrick that under no circumstances must he ever part with the capable O'Bannion. Against his will young Kendrick had promised, for he did not know the true inwardness of his chief engineer and esteemed him a nuisance, albeit wondrously capable.

Mr. O'Bannion, on his part, having known Johnny Kendrick from the latter's knickerbocker days, loved him for three reasons: to wit, (*a*) because he was the son of his father; (*b*) because he was a good boss, and (*c*) because he thought that Johnny liked him and Mr. O'Bannion simply had to have somebody besides Mrs. O'Bannion to cherish and respect.

However, we wander from our muttons. The Admiral saw that Mr. O'Bannion, doubtless a descendant of some forgotten king of Connemara, would be a useful man to his country if given supreme command of a navy engine room, so he had the nuisance shifted to the destroyer Gregory—a war-time creation that rolled forever and made even old sailors seasick.

THE Gregory had two engines that had never had the kinks ironed out of them in a trial trip, so Mr. O'Bannion had that job to do and it was so terrible it made him ill, which, coming upon him simultaneously with *mal de mer*, caused him to be very ill indeed. His sole comfort lay in the fact that his beloved young boss, Johnny Kendrick, whom Mr. O'Bannion usually referred to in the affectionate Celtic diminutive of Shawneen or Johneen, was the executive officer aboard.

Together they suffered aboard that dreadful craft and when men suffer together and bear it manfully they respect each other. From such respect to genuine affection is but a step; in the service men call it comradeship!

Illustrations by

t word

By Peter B. Kyne

So Johnny Kendrick forgot he had ever regarded Mr. O'Bannion as an infernal nuisance tied to him by final parental command, and although O'Bannion's loquacity had always been so great that in the mercantile marine he was known as Windy O'Bannion, and Johnny Kendrick loathed verbosity, nevertheless he presently discovered, not only that he could bear it, but that he actually liked it!

At the conclusion of that first memorable voyage, in which Mr. O'Bannion had won the Navy Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action with two one-hundred-and-ten-pound depth bombs, he had rough-housed a superior officer who came aboard at Fayal demanding snappy old navy discipline and a tidy ship. For this infraction of discipline Mr. O'Bannion came within a whisker of being dismissed from the service without honor.

However, if from time to time the navy breeds a fool who demands his efficiency wrapped up in red tape and insists that a seaman shall stand to attention on legs unaccustomed to the deck of a ship, it also breeds men of unusual common sense and sympathy, and these, praise be, are in the vast majority. For some mysterious reason (duress, doubtless) the charges were withdrawn; an admiral lectured Mr. O'Bannion furiously and then shook hands with him and told him he was a gallant fellow—such a gallant fellow, in fact, that he loathed disciplining him, but unfortunately there was no other course for him to pursue.

Discipline had to be maintained and infractions of it punished; and since Lieutenant John Kendrick had also employed contumacious language toward his superior officer, both were to be banished from the destroyer squadron, where, undoubtedly, much fame and glory and adventure were to be found.

Mr. O'Bannion's plain features expanded in a beatific smile as this sentence was pronounced. "Admiral, darlin'," he crooned, "I could kiss ye for that."

"I doubt that," said the Admiral coldly. "Wait until I'm through talking. The banishment is to a mine sweeper."

"It can't be worse nor an ash can, an' I've fought a finish fight wit' two av thim, sor. Am I to be chief ingineer av this mine sweeper, or am I to have over me some bhroth av a bhoy a few years out av the Academy?"

"You shall command the engine room, O'Bannion, and Mr. Kendrick, who has been promoted to lieutenant commander, will be her skipper."

Mr. O'Bannion thereupon declared that his cup of happiness was full to overflowing, which rather took the edge off the Admiral's sentence and slightly provoked that kindly man.

"GOOD-BY, O'Bannion, and good luck to you," he replied. "If the U-boats do not get you, one of the mines you'll have to sweep up will. The mortality among mine sweepers is very high."

"Thank you, sor, for the tip. I'll see to it that me sowl is always in a shtate av grace, so whin I'm blown up to me Creathor there'll be no silly questions axed. Sure, St. Pether'll give wan look t'rough the chink in the Gate. 'Hurroo,' says he, 'may I niver see the back av me neck if here ain't the sowl av Malachi O'Bannion. Mike,' says he, turnin' to the Holy Archangel, 'give O'Bannion a platinum crown, special, an' a duplicate av the harp that hung on Tara's walls; then have a committay av the saints escoort him to a front seat on a pink cloud an' let him sing come-all-ye's to his heart's contint.'"

Douglas Duer

And he slapped the Admiral on the back. Strangely, the Admiral did not resent this familiarity. While the Admiral realized the President had made O'Bannion an officer, he also realized that nothing on earth would ever make of him a gentleman; nevertheless he sighed to think that when the war should be over this excellent fellow would be lost to the service.

Indeed, he sighed again as he reflected that Mr. O'Bannion's chances of surviving the war were at best negligible.

Upon Mr. Kendrick the happy O'Bannion descended with the tidings of great joy. "We'll probably be blown to glory," the young man admitted.

"The Lord's will be done," Mr. O'Bannion added. "At least we'll not be saysick nor shpind the night loopin'-the-loop in our berths. An' faith, we'll not have to lick up our soup out av our laps."

So down to the sea they went in the mine sweeper—in three mine sweepers, in fact, for they got blown out of the first one and a German submarine torpedoed the second without warning, with the result that O'Bannion and Johnny Kendrick were quite hungry and thirsty and cold and disconsolate knocking around the North Sea in an open boat. The third got wrecked on the Galway coast, which Mr. O'Bannion held to be a direct interference of Omnipotence in his personal affairs, for it enabled him to visit his people in Tuam.

Then they were shifted to transport duty in the Mediterranean, carrying foodstuffs up to Trieste and Fiume for the Italians. Again Johnny Kendrick was the skipper and Mr. O'Bannion chief engineer, and both were happy because they could operate their command as if she were a merchantman. They had many a merry brush with Austrian and German submarines, got torpedoed twice and, until the Armistice was signed, lived, as Mr. O'Bannion expressed it, "a divil av a life."

"Well, we'll be goin' home now soon, hivin willin', Shawneen," Mr. Bannion announced one day, as he settled himself into the most comfortable chair in Johnny Kendrick's quarters. "This crool war be over; we can always brag we've suffered for our counthry an', be the same token, I've saved money. I've made more pay as a loot'nint commandher in the navy than iver Kendrick an' Son paid me as chief ingineer in the Maverick. Shtill an' all, Johneen, 'tis peace I want, an' 'tis a night's shlape we're both needin', free from unmannerly intherruptions." And he fell to singing an old chantey:

> "Oh, 'tis home, bhoys, home, 'tis home I long to be,
> Home, bhoys, home, in me own counthree,
> Where the ash an' the oak an' the bonny willow tree,
> They all grow green, lads, along the Santa Fe."

"What for?" Johnny Kendrick demanded without interest. "Why are you so crazy to get home when, according to your own admission, you're making a lot more money in the navy?"

"I want a night home wit' the family, Shawneen. An' I want me ould job in the Maverick."

"I'm glad you brought that subject up, Malachi. I've been a week trying to screw up enough courage to discuss it with you. Malachi, Kendrick and Son has gone out of the shipping business. I've sold all our steamers."

Mr. O'Bannion's jaw hung loose with despair. "Why did ye do that to me, Shawneen?" he queried. "Why did ye sell me out av me civilian job?"

"For an awful lot of money," Johnny confessed. "In fact, for about three times what those steamers cost to build. The war is over, but freights are still going up and they'll be up a long time—according to the wiseacres of the shipping world."

"Ye could have made the ships pay for thimselves over ag'in if ye'd hung on, Shawneen."

"I KNOW. But they've already paid for themselves a couple of times since 1914 and by selling them now I can make them do it twice more. By hanging onto them I could only make them do it once—and there's bound to be a sharp reaction in a year or two."

"What am I goin' to do?" Mr. O'Bannion begged helplessly. "I doubt if I can get a job. I have a bad name in the mercantile marine. I'm known as a capable man but a hard lad to get along wit'.

"Added to that, the beach'll be swarmin' wit' young

Mr. O'Bannion almost got licked. The relief engineer ruined four hundred dollars' worth of bridge work on him.

marine ingineers wit' war-time tickets an' brief experience an' all elbowin' us ould codgers out into the cowld."

Mr. Kendrick winced. He knew how terrible a blow he had dealt his peculiar comrade and one-time employee. For Malachi O'Bannion was no longer young—he would soon be fifty years old—and Kendrick knew the chief had cherished the hope that one day soon he would be promoted to the office of port engineer of the Kendrick fleet—a position that would enable him to live at home and superintend the rearing of his family. Kendrick sensed, too, a certain pathos in O'Bannion's

confession that he knew he was not a popular chief.

"Yes, I'm afraid you talk too much, Malachi," he admitted, glad of an opportunity, at last, to lecture Mr. O'Bannion on his besetting sin. "You are ultra-critical—and that's why they call you Windy O'Bannion."

"But sure, I don't mean a worrd av it, Shawneen."

"I know that, but other people do not. However, Malachi, don't start worrying until it's time to start. I know I've sold you out of a job you had every right to anticipate, by reason of your long and loyal service with Kendrick and Son, but I couldn't very well help it. Business is business, you know."

"Ye've sold yerself out av a job, bhoy dear," Mr. O'Bannion reminded him. "Are ye goin' to be an idle wasther the rest av yer life?"

"I am not. I'm going to stay in the navy a few years longer. They're going to hang onto a selected number of Naval Reserve Force officers and employ them on transports and tugs. The maritime end of this war can't be cleaned up under three years, I take it.

"Of course I do not need the job for the money that's in it, but I like the sea and now that I've had a taste of the real thing I think it would be well for me to put in a few years at it and glean a lot of practical experience as a master."

Mr. O'Bannion's face dispersed some of its cloud. "An' are ye goin' back into the shippin' business when they t'row ye out av the navy, Shawneen?"

Young Mr. Kendrick nodded. "There'll be a smear of good eighty-eight-hundred- and ten-thousand-ton Emergency Fleet Corporation ships to purchase. The government cannot operate them and there will be more ships on hand than private operators can use even if we expand our mercantile marine. And I've got a notion we're going to expand it. This war has brought us, as a nation, out of our long isolation and made us a world power.

"I'll pick up eight or a dozen of those fine new steamers for about two hundred thousand dollars each. And they cost over a million each to build. No, Kendrick and Son isn't dead, Malachi. It's merely sleeping. The old firm will wake up in three or four years and function again. And when it does, you shall be the port engineer. Meanwhile, I'll do my best to place you in a good berth."

MR. O'BANNION was six months on the beach before he found a berth aboard the freighter Hispaniola. The day he signed on he learned he had to thank Johnny Kendrick's influence for the job.

"Now then, Windy," his new owner informed him curtly, "I've given you the berth, but it's up to you to hold it. My advice to you is: Keep your mouth shut and try to live down that nickname of Windy. You're nearly fifty years old and if you continue to take on every sulky subordinate who doesn't realize that talk is just talk with you, one of these bright days you'll get a free ride to the Marine Hospital, and the job will not be yours when you're fit for duty again.

"Also, it might be a fine idea for you to refrain from coming up on the bridge when the skipper is docking the ship and offering him free advice on how to do it."

Mr. O'Bannion, whom six months of near despair had made quite humble, bowed his head understandingly. "Annythin' ilse, sor?"

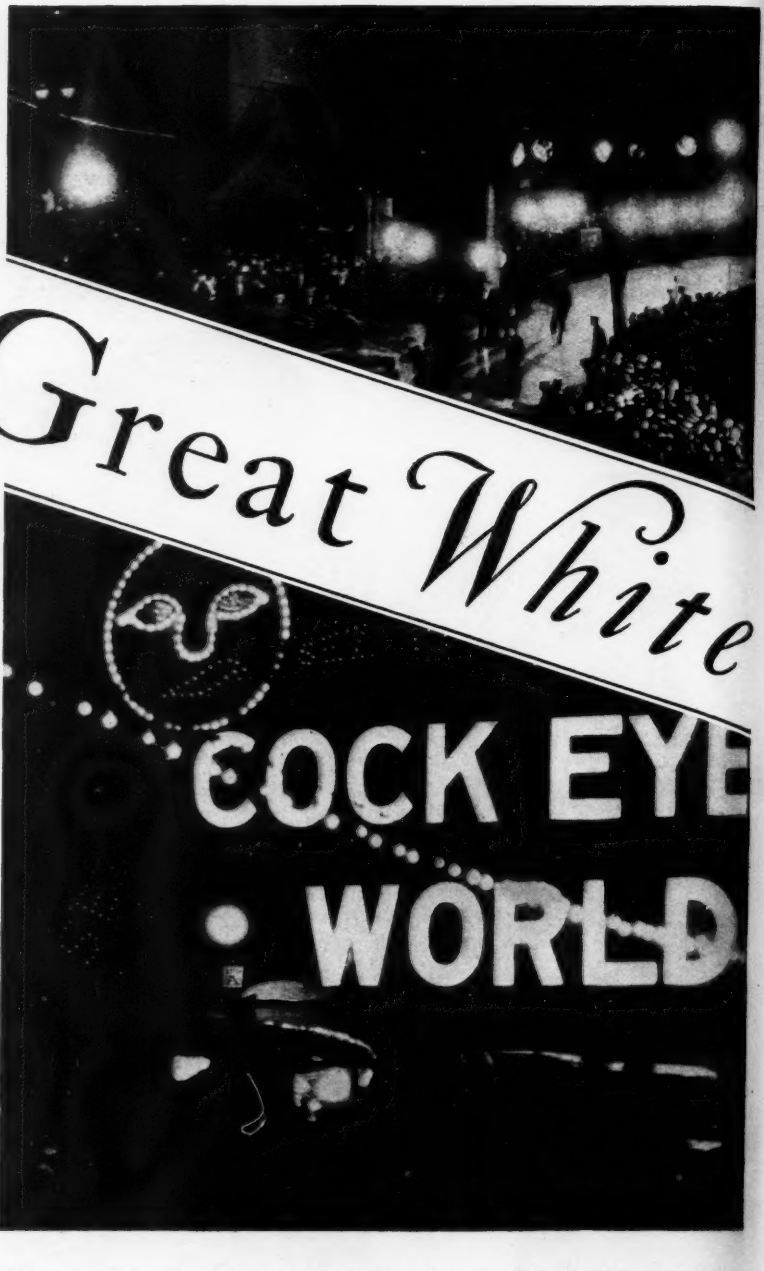
"Yes. Make all the engine-room repairs you can at sea and keep the ship out of the shop. You're famous for that, anyhow. Johnny Kendrick tells me your upkeep bills are fifty percent of those of any other engineer Kendrick and Son ever had—and that's why I'm hiring you."

Again Mr. O'Bannion nodded. "Annythin' ilse, sor?"

"Yes. You are given to (*Continued on page 142*)

By O. O. McIntyre

The Great White



ALONG that blazing trail of cinema mosques, temples and cathedrals stretching from Times Square to Columbus Circle on Broadway not a single legitimate theater is left. Southward from Forty-second Street, there droop in quiescent gloom but two lonely sentinels—the Empire and the Knickerbocker—of what was once New York's radiant Rialto.

In the out-country, save for Chicago and Los Angeles, the speaking stage has become inarticulate. New York is still the theatrical capital but with a season in full swing many of its some ninety theaters are dark for weeks at a time. There are, as this is written, only three outstanding "hits."

As one who carried the "Big Show Tonight" banner in the Al G. Field Minstrel parade for four seasons, served as assistant head usher in the home-town theater, and as a dramatic editor and a dramatic critic, I receive the decline of theatrical amusement with something of a wrench.

I sigh for a future generation that will be denied the "prize-for-every-child" matinée, the amiable transience of the troupers of the one-night stands and the sneering villains and the tortured heroines of melodrama. They added to life's sum total for me—and for many of you.

Jane Cowl predicts that in ten years the theater will be mechanized out of existence. Erlanger, the biggest theater owner next to the Shuberts, is reported considering a plan to movie-ize his properties. Winthrop Ames and Jed Harris, two leading producers, have withdrawn from the New York producing field. More than eighty percent of the theatrical attractions are in cut-rate agencies. And these agencies are *sub-rosa* backers of many productions.

There are many reasons for the passing of the legitimate theater in America. The chief one is, of course, the movie and the popularity of the movie has been pyramided recently by the advent of the talkie. Too many plays are written with an eye on film rewards.

Lurking in the background of the devastating debacle, however, is the highly contributory factor, the growing indifference of theatrical producers toward the public.

Every New York theatergoer knows that when a show becomes a pronounced success there are no choice seats available save at piratical ticket agencies. Such agencies are permitted by law to charge an additional fee of fifty cents a ticket but they have made the law so flexible it is a common jest—at least among themselves.

Agencies will tell you they have no first-class tickets for a first-class show but whisper they can procure them—for a consideration. The "consideration" is often double and more the price plainly printed on the face of the ticket. During the past year I have paid twenty-four dollars for two tickets marked five dollars each.

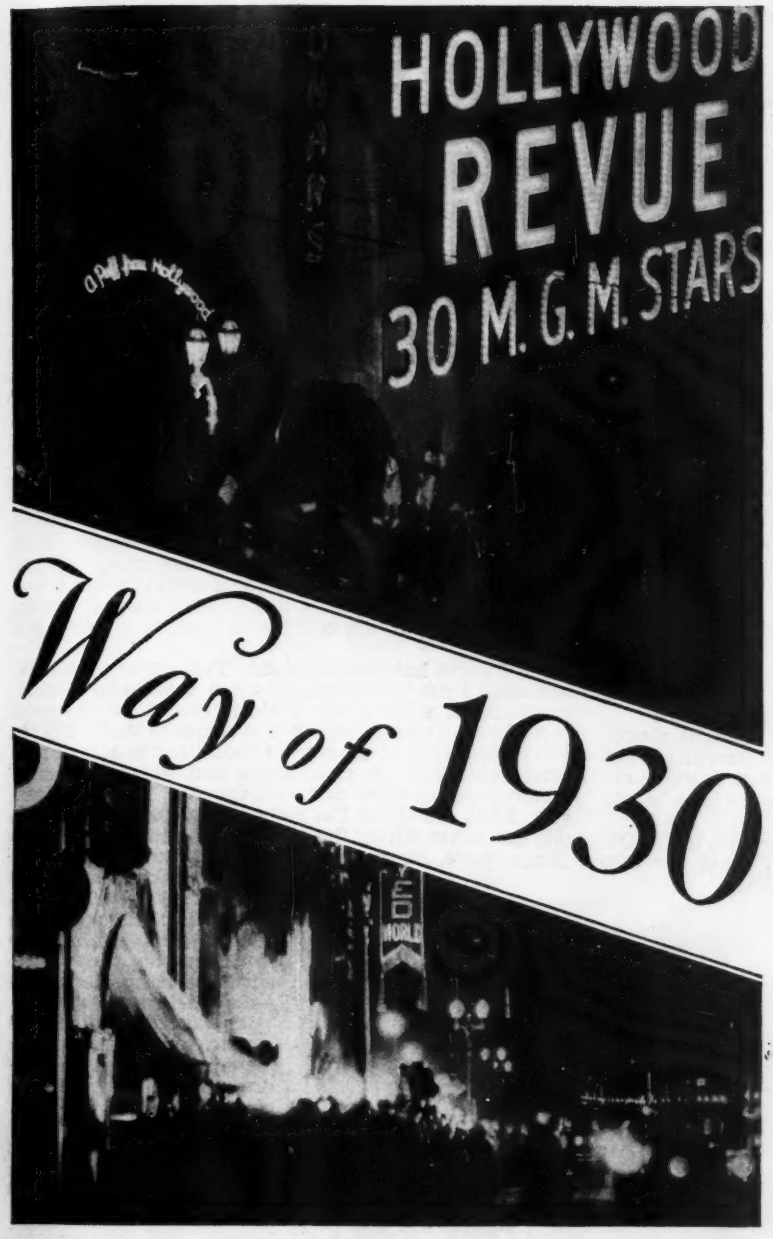
Only a slim handful of forward-looking entrepreneurs realize that such exorbitant prices are so prohibitive that young people—the theatergoers of tomorrow—are being weaned from the theater to the movie houses.

IN THE lines coiling around the movie houses for admission one sees mostly the eager bubbling of youth, while at the legitimate playhouses the maturity of the audiences offers a striking contrast. And this tells the story of the theater's future.

I recently served a short sentence as a metropolitan dramatic critic, and I saw only four plays I would care to see again during a six-months period.

I looked about on the first-night aisles and saw far worthier confrères—such as the ruddy-cheeked Percy Hammond, the ever-youthful George Jean Nathan, the placid Burns Mantle and the erudite Gilbert Gabriel—trying to feign an interest I am sure they did not feel.

The lives of some of these critical gentlemen have been a dreary round of opening nights for more than



Way of 1930

twenty years and how they suffered its monotony is a study in human endurance. After two months I went to the theater as one might go to the executioner's ax.

I sat through five plays that were actually laughed out of the theater on the opening night. I was in at the death of one agonizing performance where, when the curtain fell on the first act, I was one among six left in what had been a capacity house.

The movies have gripped the popular imagination with their spectacular theater personnel. Elegantly caparisoned ushers clicking with a marine-trained precision present a touch of the grandiose. The pretty girl in the ticket cage has a smile for each purchaser.

The legitimate theater for the most part is still characterized by the unsmiling and blasé box-office man whose dandified diffidence is expressed in applying a polish to his nails or an adjustment of his cravat.

The movie patron does not have to go the weary rounds of the agencies for his ticket. He has to submit to the "first come, first served" rule but is more than likely to appreciate its thoroughly American fairness.

Thus has the collapsing theater mirrored many changes in the theatrical zone. The familiar old faces have disappeared. The theater has been forced to dredge the cellar cabarets, vaudeville and even the radio for much of its present talent and as a result the Broadway heavens are etched with the electrical fire of names unknown five years ago.

They now herald Helen Morgan, Clayton, Jackson and Durante, Charles Butterworth, Ruby Keeler, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and so on. Indeed, one of the biggest personal successes on Broadway in the past five years was registered by the late Florence Mills, who came originally out of a Harlem night club.

With the decline of Broadway has arisen that expansive thoroughfare known as Hollywood Boulevard. It is now the main promenade—the theatrical Big Apple!

On a trip to the West Coast this past summer I saw in one hour on a block of Hollywood Boulevard more well-known theatrical personalities than you will see the entire length of Broadway in a week.

Of course, I did not see all, but the names I jotted down include:

Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Basil Rathbone, Dennis King, Lenore Ulric, Charles King, Laura Hope Crews, Irene Bordoni, Moran and Mack, Marilyn Miller, Ina Claire, Eddie Buzzell, George Arliss, Cliff Edwards, Walter Woolf, Lillian Roth, Mary Eaton, Ruth Chatterton, Pauline Frederick, Raymond Hackett and Pert Kelton.

Also: Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie, Charlotte Greenwood, Helen Kane, James and Lucille Gleason, Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Gus Edwards, Marie Dressler, Helen Menken, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Fay Bainter, Sylvia Field, Mary Nash, Elsie Janis, Margaret Wycherly, William Collier, Florence Eldridge, W. C. Fields, Frederic March and Ann Pennington.

EVEN the famous Maude Adams is living in monastic seclusion far back in the Hollywood hills.

Too, to Hollywood have gone the pick of the playwrights, the stage directors, the scenic artists, song writers and electrical wizards; thus it is easy to see what has happened to the Broadway this generation has known so well.

Unless the talkie proves a passing fad, which is highly improbable, it is not likely that Broadway will ever return to its pristine theatrical popularity. There will always be a demand for the Ziegfeld type of spectacular musical show and the few high-class dramas—but the ordinary run of shows that linger on Broadway for several weeks each season are doomed.

With the legitimate theater plucking at the coverlet, the most talented of the stage newcomers begin at once to look toward the screen for greater glories. Nor can one blame them.

The actors and actresses, migrating to Hollywood, have found a sanity in living they never have known before. The regularity of their working hours and the pleasant domesticity of bungalows with lawns and swimming pools in contrast with the hurly-burly of theatrical hotels and the "living-in-a-trunk" existence of one-night stands are things that cannot be measured by the layman.

The rewards, too, are more substantial. For the first time in his history the actor has acquired a feeling of employment permanency and security.

He is no longer an improvident nomad!

SQUARE *as a*

A Story *about* Old Man *go-getter* salesman

¶ *Old man Gleason*

IT WAS darned nice of you to come over here to the hotel. I'da met you at the theater but as I told you I had to stick around here to get some long-distance calls. You're a nice kid, but then Sunshine said you were nice. No, I don't know her, but she's a friend of Denny Kerrigan. He gave me your number in Chicago when I went through. Said Sunshine suggested I call you when I got to New York. Sure glad I did.

Kerrigan? Oh, he works for me—sells greeting cards. Never heard of them? Sure you have. Birthday cards, Christmas cards, valentines.

Me? No, I'm the president of the company. I own it—Gleason Greeting Card Company, Minneapolis.

Never heard of it? That's funny. I thought almost everybody had heard of the Gleason Greeting Card Company, but I guess you girls in the show business are so busy with your own affairs you have no time to pay attention to anything else.

Will you have a little drink? Just a little one? Oh, you don't have to worry about it. I bring my own supply. I don't trust the stuff you get in New York. This comes direct from Canada. One of the Pullman porters brings it in—two bottles at a time under his coat. Kinda cute, eh?

All right, I'll take that one and I'll pour you a smaller one. How's that? Here's to our better acquaintance.

Smooth, isn't it? That's good Scotch. Pardon me while I answer the phone. Why don't you take off your hat and make yourself comfortable? Excuse me just a minute.

Hello! What? . . . I told you I wanted Mrs. George Gleason . . . No, I don't want to speak to just anybody there. I want to speak to her . . . I told you the address before — 1012 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Do I get that special low rate? . . . Well, it's almost midnight . . . Well, put it through anyway. All righty yourself.

That was a call I had in. I always call the little wifie long distance—cheers her up. Here, let me freshen that for you. That's better.

Come on, take your hat off; with nice hair like yours you shouldn't hide it. I didn't know you was going to be a blonde. What luck! Were you surprised when I called you up today?

Oh, she did! She didn't write and tell you what I was going to look like, did she? What did you think? Don't you always picture what people look like when you hear their names?

Me too. I had a picture of you, but you turned out different. Now Dorothy Case, I says to myself, that's brunette, about five feet two or three and dark brown eyes and dark curly hair, and here you come along with hair just like corn silk and big blue eyes—oh, those beautiful blue eyes.

Oh, you have heard that before, have you? Well, you'll live to hear it a lot more. How much do you weigh? A hundred and ten? You certainly don't look it. I bet you'll never guess how much I weigh. A hundred and fifty? Don't be silly. I weigh a hundred and eighty.

Oh, I know, but I'm very solid. Feel my arm. Muscle, eh?—and I don't do a thing. Oh, I used to be a pretty good athlete when I was a kid in school. Sure, and I can still take care of myself if it comes to that. Yes sir, I've fooled a lot of these guys that tried to start something—smacked 'em right down and walked off.

Here, feel the other arm. Pretty good for an old man, eh? I bet you think I'm older than I really am. Well, you can never tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump. Here, let me freshen your drink a little. What kind of stockings are those? Oh, net! Swell. They look nice on you. I suppose you chorus girls get all the stockings you want just to advertise them, don't you? —don't tell *me*.

¶ *Here am I and here are you. Do you want to kiss me, okay. You don't want to kiss me — okay.*

It was darned nice of you to come over and see me. I bet you have hundreds of fellows breaking their necks to see you. Have you got a sweetheart? Don't tell *me*. I bet you have one real one, anyway. Every girl has, or should have.

IT WOULD be nice to have a sweetheart like you; young and pretty and gay. It makes me feel young just to look at you. Excuse me just a minute. There goes that phone. Help yourself if you want anything. There's cigarets on the table. If you don't mind I'll take the call in the bedroom.

Just a report on the call. They have to call you every three minutes to tell you they're keeping after it. Said there was nobody home. That's silly. She's always home. They're just ringing the wrong number, that's all. Here, let me freshen your drink for you. Oh, that won't hurt you. I'm taking twice as much.

Well, mud in your eye.

Illustrations by Charles R. Chickering

DIE

by J. P. McEvoy

who wrote "Show Girl"

Gleason, boss *of* that Denny Kerrigan

¶ *Dorothy*

Ah vourtray santay. That's French. Oh, just a little. When I'm in Paris I can get around. Sort of taxi French.

Haven't you? Oh, you'd love it. It would be a big kick to show you Paris; take you to the Moulin Rouge and Montmartre and all the little cafés along the sidewalks. They eat and drink outdoors in Paris. I could take you places where they have the most wonderful food and there aren't a lot of Americans messing it up.

That's the trouble with Paris—too many Americans, and the trouble with New York is there are too few. Well, you can't have everything. I don't see what I'm kicking about, anyway. Here I have the prettiest girl on Broadway to talk to and it's just the shank of the evening.

WHERE could we go after we leave here? You know, I don't do much stepping when I'm home. How could you step in Minneapolis? Night life there consists of a dish of chop suey and getting yourself weighed. Besides, everybody knows your business there. It's like a village. And they're always thinking the wrong thing about everything.

Do you think I could sit up in a hotel room in Minneapolis like this and have a few innocent drinks with a pretty girl? Fat chance! The whole town would be talking. Does a fellow good to get out and kick up his heels a little—just innocent fun, that's all. What nice soft shoulders you have. Oh, don't be like that. I won't eat you.

Bet you'd never guess what I'm in New York for? Down here looking for a poet. See, you'd never guess that, would you? You didn't know I hire and fire poets just like that, did you? Sure, just like that. Hello, poet; good-by, poet. Had a peach but I lost him.

Mac, his name was. Best all-around, knock-down, free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can he-poet in America. But he guzzled. Didn't just drink—poured it down. I don't mind a fellow drinking. Myself I can drink or let it alone. I can take it or leave it. But Mac never knew when he had enough.

Stood for him as long as I could but when he started to break into papers with divorce trials and things like that I had to get rid of him. Couldn't have things like that get around about the business. Give it a black eye.

I'm proud of the Gleason name. Gleason is to greeting cards what sterling is to silver. Never a breath of scandal has touched the Gleason name. Gleason sentiments are noted for their purity; for their sweetness. And he should go and get mixed up in a divorce scandal.

Why, it went all over the country. Gleason poet, author of inspiring sentiments, accused of cruelty and neglect by his wife. So I had to fire him. It hurt my business, but business isn't everything. Do you think it is? You're a nice sensible girl. I like you. Let me freshen it for you.

Aw, come on; don't be like that. Give me just one. One itsy-bitsy. All right, then. That's right. You're absolutely right, and I admire you for it. But I'm harmless. Why, I'm old enough to be your father.

¶ *I saw the father-and-son poet taking pretty girls to the plant and I says to myself, those ain't dealers.*

HOW would you like a father like me? Ah, you're a nice kid—good as gold. You know some men would feel hurt if you didn't kiss them, but I'm not like that. I'm different. I say to myself, here am I and here are you. Do you want to kiss me, okay. You don't want to kiss me—okay. No hard feelings one way or the other.

It's a small world and we're only here for a short time. Let's be friends along the way. Let's be kind. That's one of our best sellers—Let's Be Kind. I can't remember just now how it goes but it's a good one. Mac wrote it too. He wrote all our best sellers but I had to get rid of him—drank too much. So then I had to dig up another poet.

I says to myself this time I'll get a poet that doesn't drink, so when I heard about Lowell I says to myself that's the guy. The poet laureate of Kansas or rather the official father-and-son poet of Kansas. Specialized on father-and-son

(*Continued on page 146*)

The Office

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

¶ *"Eaton's wife is suing for divorce," said Jim Murdock. "The papers have got wind of it, and of you." "Of me?" Anne could hardly credit her ears. "Jim, you've got to stop it!"*

The Story So Far:

"NO WOMAN," said Ted O'Hara brutally, "gives herself, sacrifices herself for a *job*. The only reason is—for a *man*." And though Anne Murdock was femininely angry at that, she knew well enough that it was true.

Once she had admitted to herself that she loved her employer, Lawrence Eaton, of the Eaton Advertising Agency, Anne found that she could not visualize the job without the man. An ambitious young woman from a small suburban home, she had thought when she got her job that she could remain more worker than woman, even with so dangerously attractive a man as Eaton. Later, becoming aware of their mutual attraction, she had planned to use it as any young business woman would—for the protection it might afford her.

Such protection seemed all the more desirable because of her attitude towards marriage. She cared little for Ted O'Hara, who was forced to find what consolation he could with Polly Ames, and she looked without envy on Sara, who had married her brother Jim, a reporter on a tabloid. But it was not merely that she had the suburban girl's prejudice against a mediocre domestic life; beyond that was the fact that in her employer she had set herself a new standard of men.

So matters stood when the Eatons took Anne to Hot Springs with them. It was at the end of that idyllic three weeks of work and play that she had to face the fact that she had fallen in love with her chief. But Lawrence and Linda Eaton were man and wife—she was painfully aware of that now—and though she believed that they did not care greatly for each other after ten years of marriage, her own love was too deep and real for the makeshifts she may once have thought of.

Anne suffered but she could not resign, and on their return to New York she was studiedly cool with Lawrence Eaton, schooling herself to the repression of his former secretary, Janet Andrews, and like that pitiful office wife, she learned to find her happiness by living in the moment.

But the emotional experience added to her alarm for her sister Kathleen, a sprightly member of the chorus, who was having a dangerous affair of her own with one Georgie, the sloe-eyed gigolo of a faded beauty named Dolly Davis. Anne determined to break it up, and eventually enlisted her employer's aid.

"If you cared about anyone, you'd understand," Kathleen protested one evening. Anne could answer that, but she could not guess that her employer had also fallen in love, for since a disastrous little scene in the office, when he had taken her in his arms, he had been as much on his guard as she. She did not know that she had become necessary to him as a woman.

The soul of honor, Eaton was deeply disturbed by this mature necessity for his secretary. It could not last, he told himself stubbornly—for her sake, for Linda's and for his own. But as it was borne in upon him how much he and his lovely wife had drifted apart—Linda in the direction of their friend Dick Jameson—he determined to speak to her seriously of their relationship.

He must ask Linda, "Are you unhappy? *What do you*

Wife

A Novel *of* Some Folks *Who Might Be in Your Office or* Your Husband's

By Faith Baldwin

want?" He knew he could not offer himself to her again for her happiness' sake. It would mean losing Anne—the precious treasurable little he had of her—entirely. But as he watched his wife in this mental impasse, on the evening of her return from a stay at Hot Springs, suddenly she had answered his unspoken question.

"Larry," said Linda simply, "I want a divorce."

"I WANT a divorce," Linda repeated.

In the moment which elapsed before he answered Eaton felt a hundred conflicting emotions: relief, a wild hope, regret and more. All his uncertain plans for reaching an understanding with his wife were dissipated by that one clear demand. To be sure, he had arrived at the inevitable conclusion that Linda, his wife for ten years, was no longer necessary to his happiness, nor he to hers.

Yet at her abrupt challenge sex pride lifted a bitter and angry voice within him. He was, for the fleeting moment, almost ready to believe that, had it been required of him, he would have been willing to make tremendous concessions, amazing sacrifices to insure Linda's happiness—the sacrifice of his work, of his emotions, of his veritable existence.

Almost—but not quite. The cool, ironic sense of humor which Anne had discerned in him came to his rescue, and with it his basic sense of justice and the knowledge that not for the sake of an empty, complacent *beau geste* would he be willing to throw away his hope of his own future happiness.

With a single stroke Linda had cut the Gordian knot of their mutual problem. Women, in the majority, are less obvious than men. They are less entangled in the past and the present; they live, as it were, in the future.

In the first kiss of two young lovers the girl, her lips still warm from the exquisite flame of that caress, is dreaming forward, while the boy knows only the captured moment. And now Linda, young love having failed her, was looking ahead, discarding all the past, repudiating the present in one frank demand for freedom.

"You no longer love me," Eaton stated rather than asked.

Men are the sentimentalists. As he spoke, he re-experienced all the youthful, untested happiness they had known together: the early raptures, the initial benediction of their union. These things he relived with a poignant and aching regret that they should no longer exist. For the ephemeral moment he regarded Linda, the woman, through the eyes of the Larry who had been her lover.

Linda answered, "No," thoughtfully, and sat down near him, composing her restless hands in her lap. "I'm fond of you," she said, "and we're friends. That's what I rely on: your friendship for me. We've been happy, I admit. But for five years now—more than five years, really—our marriage has been a makeshift."

"You can't always live on the heights," Eaton reminded her.

"No, I didn't expect to," Linda told him. "But you've become more and more engrossed by business; you've had very little time for me. And in that time, I grew up. Grew up without you. We haven't anything in common. We've been quite as contented apart as together. I've run your house for you and made you, when necessary, a docile wife.

"There was a time, Larry, when I wasn't—just amiable. That time has passed. Nor do I feel that you've been unhappy at its passing. You've been as indifferent as I. A wife who trembled when you came near her would have embarrassed you. At least I think so.

"No, you've been content with things as they are. But I'm not—not any longer. I'm young; I'm normal and healthy. I want life in its fullness. I want a chance to—to take the happiness my maturity offers me.

"Please"—she flushed under the golden-bronze—"please don't think that I've gone off at the deep end over all the old catch-words—repressed desire and all the rest. I'm not putting in a plea for the purely physical escape. Frankly I want it, but I want companionship most of all. You've worked and I've played. And I've played too long alone. That's all," she said.

"You've been frank with me," he told her. "I suppose it would be of no use if I offered to go your way, to give up the work which has kept me from you, to offer myself to you over again?"

"Too late," she told him quickly, almost harshly. "Larry, answer me with all the honesty in you—*do you want to?*"

She stared at him and his eyes answered her, before he shook his head.

"No," he told her heavily, "I don't want to. I—I can't recall the boy who was your lover, Linda."

"You see?" She smiled sadly. "It's no good. And I'm not the girl you loved, the girl who loved you, Larry. Not any more."

After a moment, he told her gently: "You were dear and wonderful—all a man could ask, and more. And you've been a magnificent wife, proud and loyal and above reproach. There is, of course, someone else. I'm not asking you to confide in me, Linda. I think I know. I'm not censuring you, remember. If you would rather tell me nothing, if it would hurt you less to ignore this other factor, we will be silent."

The color rose again. But she said instantly, her eyes unswerving: "No, I was going to tell you. I owe it to you. It's Dick—Dick Jameson. I ask you to believe me, Larry, when I tell you I have not lent myself to a sordid flirtation, an—an affair."

"You needn't have said that," he replied at once. "I know you, Linda."

She smiled at him then and there was so much of authentic beauty about her that he caught his breath.

¶ "*What's happened?*" *Kathleen asked. Anne told her.* "*I'll resign,*" *she ended.* "*It's the only way I can protect him.*"

What was he losing? Yet, in the same instant it came to him that he was losing—nothing. For this woman he had never possessed.

"He's cared for me a long time," she explained. "But he said nothing. I knew, of course; I'm not exactly a fool. But I thought—as women will think—that if I ignored my knowledge and never let him know, we were

safe enough and I wouldn't be encouraging him.

"That sounds silly, but it's feminine reasoning. You see, it was pleasant to have somebody always there when I wanted him; someone who would rather be with me than with anyone else in the world; someone who kept silent yet wrapped me around in an intangible warmth of devotion."

"Ah, Linda!" said her husband.

"Don't! It doesn't matter. I mean, I—I didn't realize how much I had missed these things until they came to me again. I don't blame you, Larry. We married because we loved each other, because we felt for each other that perfectly normal, healthy pull of sex attraction which young people confuse with something enduring.

"Perhaps, in many cases, it does endure. But we never built upon it. We were too young—not in years, perhaps, but in outlook—to see ahead. You went your way and I went mine, and the original bond slackened.

"I'm glad it did. Some day I should have hated being held to you by that one thing alone. We've managed a decent friendship out of it, at any rate. And respect."

He asked, after a moment: "And—Dick?"

"When we were all at Hot Springs last fall he started to say something. My fault, I suppose. I stopped him, but the damage was done. We were together a good deal at Palm Beach—nothing was said, Larry; there wasn't a word or a gesture. But that can't go on forever. Down at the Homestead this last time he did speak—fully—and I listened. And I knew what I must do. I had to come home and ask you to release me."

For a moment her eyes were veiled. Eaton realized that she had forgotten him briefly. That she was thinking of Jameson—of the word given, the vow taken, the understanding reached. And he felt a curious retrospective jealousy, not for himself as he now was, but for the never-to-be-entirely-laid ghost of the man who had married Linda ten long years ago.

He put out his hand and Linda, raising her eyes, leaned forward and gave him hers. He held it a long moment and then relinquished it—a symbolic gesture.

"You must be free," he told her, "and happy."

"Don't spoil it by quibbling," she warned him. "Don't leave me the burden of doubt; don't make me reproach myself. Tell me, won't there be happiness for you, too, in freedom?"

"Did I sound like a sacrificial hero, a martyr?" he asked ruefully. "I didn't mean to. Happiness—for me? I don't know; I hope so. But at least no unhappiness, Linda. So don't reproach yourself. Of course, it's never pleasant to be faced with the fact that one is a failure. And I have certainly failed you."

"No—not you. It goes deeper than that," she told him.

They remained for a long time without speaking. They were dedicating this ultimate moment to the past that had been, and the future (*Continued on page 160*)

The Folks *that*

Publishers Photo Service

URUGUAY—*where*

IF I WERE backed into a corner for comparisons, I think I'd probably call Uruguay the Massachusetts of South America, just as I'd call Brazil its Florida, and Chile, potentially speaking, its Pennsylvania, and the Argentine its Nebraska.

I'm sure I'd call Uruguay's capital the Boston of South America. There certainly is something very, very Bostonesque about the attitude of Montevideo toward mortals who labor under the misfortune of having been born somewhere else; something emphatically Bostonese in the complacent opinion which her citizens have for themselves as the superior occupants of a vastly superior bailiwick.

In area, Uruguay is the smallest of the South American republics—a veritable pocket borough of a land—and its nationals are proud of the fact.

They are made proud by reason that, despite its comparatively puny size, it is one of the richest of countries; proud also because their chief city is one of the handsomest and one of the best-groomed cities on the hemisphere; and proudest of all because they are Uruguayans, a race conservative, aloof, different and amply sufficient unto themselves.

The difference between them and their continental kinsfolk is emphasized in so many ways. Their constitution largely is framed and their legislative forms more or less are based on the Code Napoléon, so that the legal procedures resemble those of the French, whereas all about them such things follow after a Spanish modeling. French literature appeals to them rather than Spanish but their social ethics are Spanish without the admixture of that liberalization which one observes in Chile and the Argentine.

Rarely is foreign capital courted, and such development projects as are financed and managed from foreign countries aren't encouraged with what might be called any marked enthusiasm. Mainly the politicians oppose the projects of the outlanders, and English-speaking investors and concessionaries allege discrimination against them, which however does not check the Britishers and the North Americans in their campaigns of commercial penetration and infiltration.

A covered sidewalk in Montevideo.

Anti-Yankee propaganda flourishes on a congenial soil richly mulched with a racial dislike and a racial distrust for us. When our party dropped in, Sandino was a popular idol because he happened to be swapping shots with United States soldiers in the Nicaraguan jungle. Indeed, had Mr. Sandino guessed how exceedingly popular he was in Montevideo he could have moved down there with his ragged battalions and had a perfectly beautiful time of it, I'm sure, and that would have left the marines free to come home and try to clean up Chicago.

Also, at the time of our visit, the leaders of opinion were inclined to favor the Hispano-American movement, which originated in Spain and has the indorsement of the Spanish crown and the Spanish press. Possibly their liking for it was enhanced on the theory that the strengthening of sentimental ties with the ancient motherland would militate against any tendency toward increased friendliness on the part of the man in the street for British or Yankee influences and institutions.

Howsomever, from the trading standpoint, our business adventures have nothing to fear from this source. In her present reduced state, poor old Spain doesn't seem to produce much in the line of finished goods for export except the output of her guitar factories and middy-blouses for bullfighters.

Mind you, I'm not scolding at the Uruguayan for entertaining the prejudices which admittedly he does entertain.

We'll have to give him credit for being inspired by a patriotic and laudable desire to maintain, untainted and

Fear Us

By Irvin S. Cobb

You Pay *as* You Enter—*and as* You Leave

unimpaired, a national unity and a national integrity which appear to him highly desirable.

Nor would I have the reader think that the Yankee alone is singled out as the living text for hostile criticism in the papers and in the utterances of the politicians. The wealthier classes hold themselves above their fellow South Americans, claiming to be noticeably more refined and more gently bred than the Argentine people south of them; claiming to be infinitely more so than the Brazilians who neighbor them on the north. They run their household without concern for what the family next door may think about it.

For instance, the Argentine Republic has immigration laws which, while generous enough in most regards, are designed with a view to shutting out radicals and professional malcontents. On the other hand, Uruguay practically lets the bars down to all comers, with the result that Bolshevists and anarchists find a convenient harborage in Uruguay while awaiting opportunity to smuggle themselves across the Plata River and spread their pestiferous doctrines in the forbidden land on the farther side. Anyhow, that's what the fretful citizens of Buenos Aires said about it.

What they said, though, didn't deter them from flocking over the wide estuary to enjoy the sea bathing on the lovely Montevideo beaches and to dance all night on a terrace under my bedroom window and, since, by law, miscellaneous gambling has been suspended in their own country, to patronize the casinos in the two big state-owned resort hotels of the smaller city. And the Uruguayans welcomed them with open hands and took their money away from them in large gobs because, be it known, on the luxurious side Montevideo is about as expensive a place to abide in as you'd find anywhere.

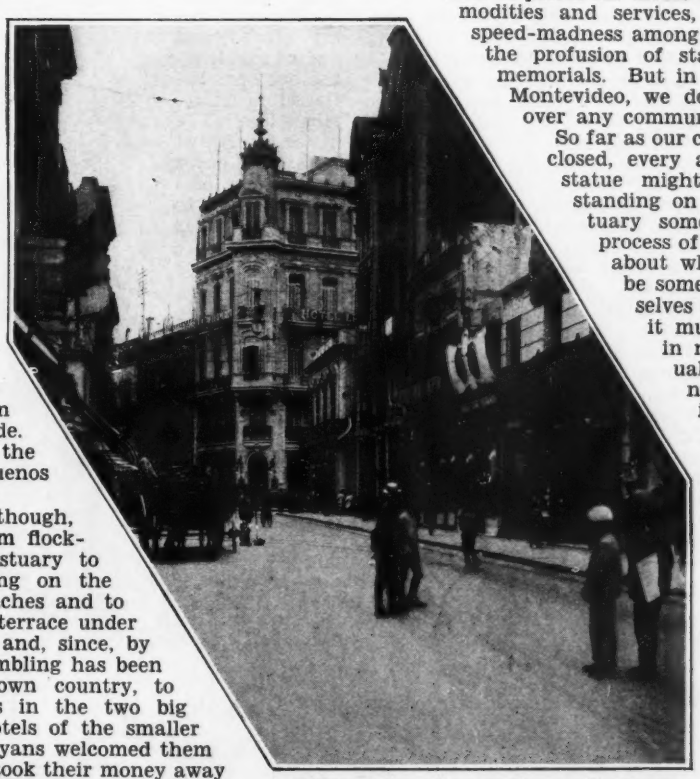
As a matter of fact, though, the private biases of the people do not affect their public treatment of the stranger. Everywhere there is manifest a politeness which must be inherent in the masses. They certainly do know the art of hospitality just as they know—and follow—the practice of courtesy. It may be only a surface courtesy but it certainly does smooth the pathway of the transient tourist.

Until we moved on up the coast to Montevideo we thought that Buenos Aires must surely lead the rest of South America—and the world at large—in the steepness of prices for divers and sundry exotic commodities and services, in the prevalence of speed-madness among taxicab drivers, and in the profusion of statues, monuments and memorials. But in these specified details, Montevideo, we decided, took supremacy over any community anywhere.

So far as our cursory explorations disclosed, every available spot where a statue might stand had a statue standing on it, and handsome statuary some of it was, too. In process of erection was one statue about which there appeared to be some mystery. Among ourselves we finally decided that it must be a statue erected in memory of the individual who until now had not had a statue erected in his memory—a unique personage therefore and highly deserving of the honor.

Two of us—Mr. Dean Palmer and myself—stopped at a hotel out on the beach where they charged us each sixteen dollars and a half a day for a small and indifferently furnished bedroom with a dark and shabby bathroom to be shared

(*Cont. on page 130*)



¶ *The Main Street of Uruguay's capital.*

Margaret Kennedy

Who Acquainted *You with a Whole Household of* Queer Characters *in "The Constant Nymph" Now Presents*

A Harmless *Old Thing*

"PLEASE, Duffy . . ."

"Bless Daddy 'n' Mummie 'n' Duffy 'n' Nannie 'n'——"

"Peter says he won't brush his teeth."

"Oh, you story! I only said——"

" 'N' Peter 'n' Susan—— Will you read Pip-Squeak 'n' Wilfred, Duffy?"

"I only said that sloshing it through your teeth is just as good as brushing."

"Be quiet, Peter. Let Timothy finish his prayers. Go on, darling!"

"Thank God—for my good——"

"Now then, little silly! That's grace! Tim's started saying his grace, Duffy."

"Hush, Susan. You're disturbing him."

"Well, he shouldn't keep snuffling and opening his eyes. He takes so long."

"My goodness gracious! He takes a hundred thousand million years, I expect."

"Now, children! If I hear another word there won't be any reading. Go on, Timothy!"

"Bless Mummie 'n' Daddy 'n'——"

"Now he's gone back to the beginning!"

"Hush!"

" 'N' make me a good boy amen please Duffy will you read Pip-Squeak 'n' Wilfred?"

Margaret Duff opened the book and began to read with a sort of absent-minded vivacity. The babel in the night nursery was stilled and the leisurely sounds of a summer evening floated in through the window.

She heard the whir of a distant mowing machine and the faint strains of a band playing, far below, on the harbor pier. Unconsciously she was listening, not to these, but for the sound of steps on the gravel path. The children's father walked with a slight limp, the legacy of a thigh wound at La Bassée, and Miss Duff, when she heard it on the hill, would nod her head wisely and murmur: "Mr. Davidson just coming in," or, "That must be Mr. Davidson just going out."

At the back of her mind lurked an idea that a good man deserves thus to be listened for. In a nice house the incomings and outgoings of the master should always be silently chronicled by some alert female ear. It was only seemly that he should not be permitted to go about the place at haphazard and unmarked. And since Mr. Davidson had no wife to know when he had come or gone, Miss Duff knew it instead. It was one of the things which devolved upon her in Mrs. Davidson's absence.

But this was the first time that she ever had listened with any anxiety or emotion. Presently her voice faltered. It was! Yes, that was Mr. Davidson just coming in. He was in the hall. Now he would have seen the letter which had come by the second post. He had picked it up. He was reading it.

A shocked chorus reclaimed her.

"No, Duffy! No! You've said it wrong."

"You said Pip instead of Wilfred."

She corrected herself and went on reading and wondering about the man downstairs. What was in that letter? Might Mrs. Davidson be coming back at last?

It was, she knew, the first letter for months. He had heard nothing since May. And though he had tried to make light of it she was aware, now and then, of his inner distraction. Poor man! Sometimes her heart quite ached for him. If Mrs. Davidson had not been her employer she would have called her a downright wicked woman to treat a good man in this way, going off without a word and leaving her dear little children to the care of a stranger. But Miss Duff never abused her employers, even to herself. It was

¶ *Duffy went on reading, wondering about the man downstairs. What was in that letter? Was Mrs. Davidson coming back?*

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

part of her professional creed to think well of them. In a long succession of excellent posts she had nearly always managed to esteem the people who paid her salary. Of late, however, she had begun to feel that she could not go on esteeming Eirene Davidson for very much longer. Behavior like this was so odd, so difficult to explain.

She never knew how to meet the quasi-kind inquiries of inquisitive people in the town. Once she had heard the children described as "those poor little Davidsons," which was really dreadful. Explain as she would, the business never sounded quite plausible. If it went on much longer they might begin to say that Mrs. Davidson had never been ill and that all this talk of nervous breakdown was an invention.

Eirene, the children's mother

PRESENTLY the limping step was heard on the stairs. He was coming up. He must have finished the letter. It was in his hand when he came into the night nursery and she knew at once that the news must be good. He was transformed with gladness. Looking at him she suppressed a small sigh, a faint pang of envy for the woman who could bring such a light of devotion to a man's face.

Miss Duff was old. She was gray-haired, shortsighted and set in the meager mold of spinsterhood. But she had a woman's heart, and in her modest, humble way she was very much attached to Mr. Davidson. So was the cook. So were the parlor-maid and the housemaid and all the women in Porthcarrick. His good looks were irresistible when coupled with such heavy misfortunes.

And then he was so courteous to everybody! His manner to the governess was always quite perfect. During his wife's absence a note of extra gratitude and deference could be detected in it, as though he recognized Miss Duff as being, for a while, the mistress of his house. He never forgot to thank her for all those little attentions whereby she strove to make him less lonely and more comfortable.

It had been, on the whole, a very pleasant time for her, established as supreme authority in this beautiful old house, consulted by so charming a man and accepted as an equal by his friends. After years of uncertain suspense between the drawing-room and the servants' hall she liked it very much. No covert snubs from neighboring ladies, no overt insolence from housemaids forced her to remember in secret bitterness that her father had been at a university. On winter nights she had a fire in her bedroom. In summer she could cut the roses and put them into the crystal bowls.

Of course she was aware that it would all be different when Mrs. Davidson came back. Being a really good woman, she generally managed to hope that Mrs. Davidson would come back. Yet she could not entirely banish a slight sinking of the spirits when it became clear that this comfortable interlude was over.

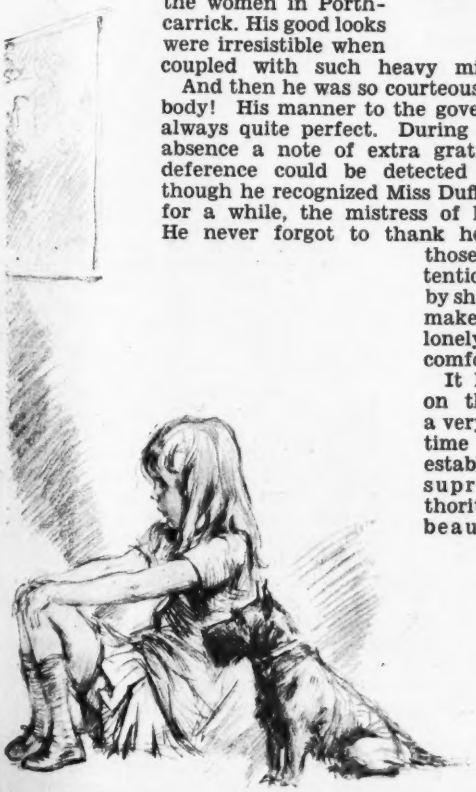
Mr. Davidson told her about it as they sat at dinner, he at the head of the table, in a velvet smoking-jacket, and she at the side, in her last year's Sunday blouse, now promoted to "every evening." She would not sit at the foot, opposite him, lest it should seem that she took too much for granted. It was by tactfulness in small matters like this that she had, she hoped, earned his respect.

He told her, with a transparent attempt at calm, that his wife would return on Saturday.

"I shall never be so happy again," she thought.

And immediately she reproved herself for egotism. How pleased she ought to be! And how excited the children ought to be! She did hope that they would be excited enough to satisfy their father. But they, of course, were not in love with Eirene, and he was.

"Oh, Mr. Davidson! I am glad! What an excitement for the children!"



"THE children? Yes, she's longing to see them. By the way, she expects them all to meet her."

"All? All four?"

"Yes. She says"—he took the letter out of his pocket and consulted it—"'mind you bring them all.'"

"I'm afraid that's impossible," said Miss Duff, forgetting that she no longer might say this sort of thing.

"We must manage somehow."

"But Mr. Davidson, they can't all get into the car, if you have luggage to bring out as well. And Mrs. Davidson generally has so much!"

"I know. Some of them must go home by bus."

"But—but then they'll miss the Regatta. It's the Regatta that afternoon, you know. They're wild to go. And I promised that they should."

"They won't prefer it to meeting their mother, surely?"

"I'm afraid they'll be disappointed," she sighed. "You know what children are. And I did promise."

"They can't go," he said shortly.

It was the first time that he ever had dismissed her counsel in any matter which concerned the children. Plainly her day was over.

"Another thing, Miss Duff. Certain rearrangements in the household must be put through immediately, if you would be so very kind as to see to it."

"What sort of rearrangements?" she asked faintly.

"My wife would like to have Timothy sleep in our—in her room," he said. "Yes. I know he wakes early and makes a noise in the morning. He must learn not to. And also, can you arrange for all the children to have their meals with us?"

"In the dining room?"

"I suppose so."

"But which meals?"

"Why, breakfast, I suppose——"

"But Mrs. Davidson never breakfasts downstairs."

"Oh, well—luncheon and dinner."

"Not dinner, surely? They're all in bed by then. And dining-room luncheon is so late. How will they get in their afternoon walk?"

"I don't know." He looked helpless. "Perhaps luncheon will be earlier. My wife wants to have them with her all the time. She says so. Her letter is full of it."

Miss Duff tried hard to be overjoyed at this news. She had bewailed so often the fact that the children were not with their mother enough. These rearrangements ought to be the very thing. She would make herself think so. And she almost succeeded.

But by no efforts could she induce the children to believe that going to meet their mother was nicer than going to the Regatta. The most she could do was to persuade them not to grumble in the presence of their father. They behaved, on the whole, very well. And he was so excited that he hardly noticed with what tepid enthusiasm they drove to the station.

But when he left them for a moment, to turn the car around, their lamentations broke out.

"Last time, when we *wanted* to go to the station with Mummie she wouldn't let us."

"She said she didn't want to go about with all of us hanging onto her skirts like an Irish cormorant."

"Duffy, why do Irish cormorants go about like that?"

"An emigrant, Susan. A cormorant is a bird."

"But why do Irish nemigrants——"

"I don't know. Look! I see the train coming round the corner. No—wait! Timothy! *Wait.* Don't move till it stops. Now wave, darlings."

The darlings all waved, sawing their little arms up and down obediently. And Duffy was glad to see that all four faces began to glow with a seemly excitement. The reunion was going to be a success, after all.

Before the train had stopped a white handkerchief began to flutter from a window, and Eirene's lovely face was seen behind it, suffused in smiles and tears. A moment later the mother was among her children, laughing, crying and kissing all at once.

Nor was Mr. Davidson forgotten. When she had embraced all her darlings many times over, Eirene turned on him and seized both his hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, Geordie! My dear! How long it's been! Do be careful of that dressing case! It's got all my bottles in it."

Miss Duff, meanwhile, had superintended the removal of a great deal of luggage from the carriage and from the van when Eirene, with all her children clinging to her skirts, came up and loudly demanded to be told how her dear good Duffy was.

"Very well, thank you, Mrs. Davidson. I hope you had a good journey."

"Grisly! Positively grisly, Duffy darling. Every minute an age. If I could have found an airplane, I'd have flown back."

"Was that why you didn't come back sooner?" asked Timothy severely.

"I was ill, darling," explained Eirene. "The doctors wouldn't let me come before."

"What was the matter with you? Was it croup? I get croup."

"No, darling. Has he been having croup, Duffy? Why wasn't I told?"

"Was it worse than croup? Was it the worst illness there is?"

"Was it the black death?" asked Peter with interest. "That's the worst illness there is, you know."

"Something very like it," said Eirene.

"Then it was your own fault," Peter told her. "Because you didn't wash properly. Only dirty people get the black death. Duffy says so."

Something in Eirene's eye accused Duffy of teaching history upon mistaken lines. But worse was to come, for Timothy, not to be diverted from his grievance, was heard to say:

"It's a pity you got well just when we wanted to go to the Regatta."

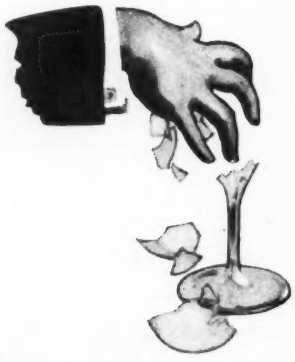
The other children tried to hush him, but Eirene had heard. For one terrible moment it seemed as though she was going to be hurt. But when all was explained she was beautifully understanding.

She declared that it was not yet too late. The Regatta would be going on till midnight. There were to be fireworks in the harbor. Of course they must all go. She would drive them all back in the car. George and Duffy must get hold of the station taxi and come out in it with the luggage. Before Miss Duff could say anything about Timothy's bedtime they were out of sight.

Eirene had given her keys to her husband so that Miss Duff and Nannie could unpack her things. When they had finished, they sat down to wait. Nannie was cross, and as the hours went by she grew crosser. She would listen to none of the excuses Miss Duff tried to make.

"After all, Nannie, it's only for once."

"Well, Miss Duff! I'm sure I do hope and trust it *is* only for once. Fine work I'll have with them tomorrow;



We never use the word "great" in talking of material to appear in COSMOPOLITAN. There have been so many novels and stories announced in various publications as "great" that the term has lost its meaning.

We say a novel is unusual, distinctive, exciting, important, or mystifying. But we try to use restraint even in using these adjectives.

However, here's where we throw restraint to the winds.

"Shattered Glass" by Louis Bromfield which begins next month—the first novel by this distinguished young American ever to be published in a magazine before its appearance in book form—is all of those things: unusual, distinctive, exciting, important, and mystifying.

It presents twenty-four hours of tense drama in the lives of a dozen people of high and low degree in New York, city of breathless magic; presents them as you've never seen them presented before.

And, to add to that, McClelland Barclay has interpreted the story in pictures as you've seldom seen a story illustrated before.

As I say, we don't use the word "great." But if we did——

R. L.

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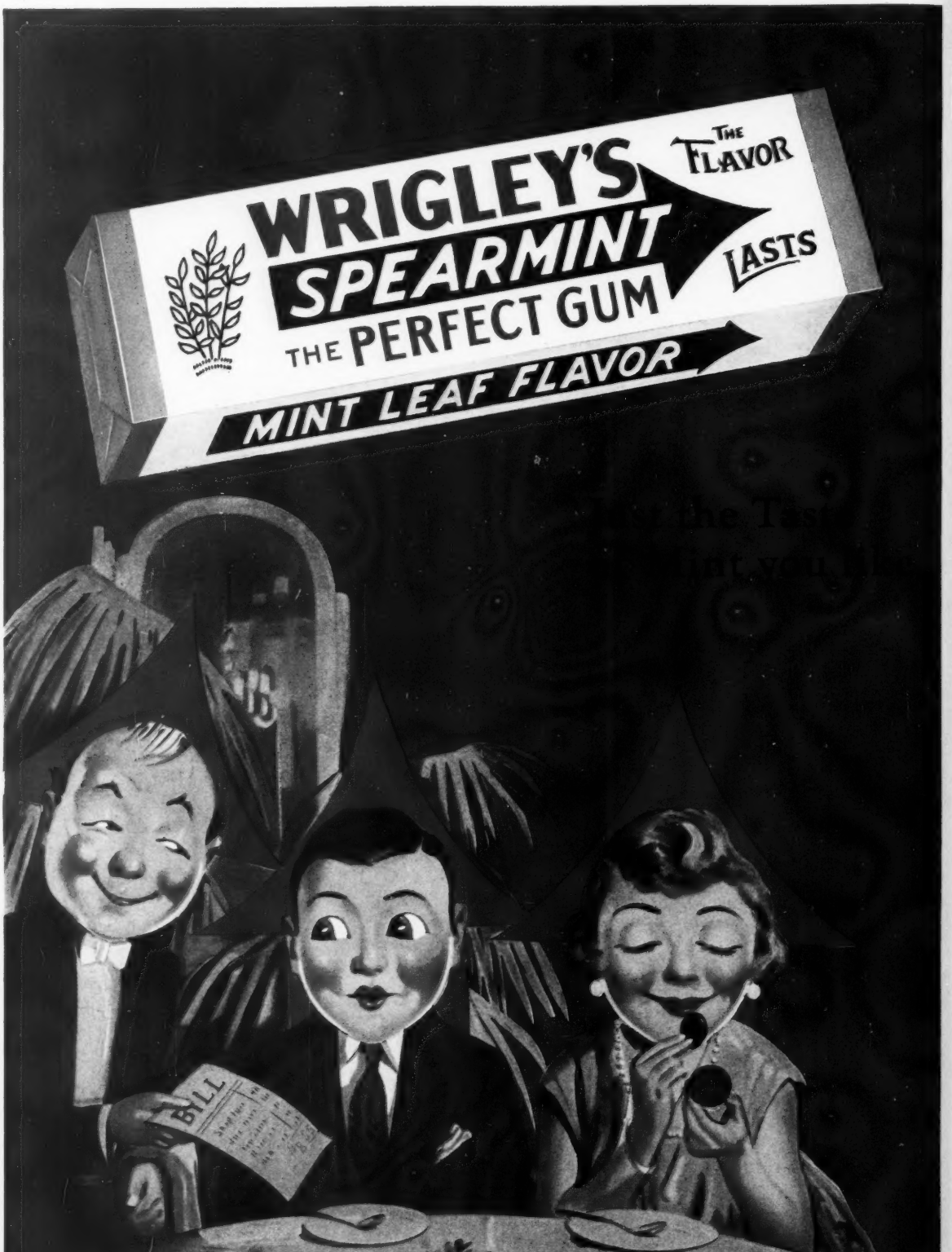
Heap Big Indian
Chief you see
And my name is
"Soup-for-Me"!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for February 1930



Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for February 1930

all overtired, I know. And what about their supper? Aren't they to get any? If Susan gets rich food at night, she's sick for a week. I wonder at Mrs. Davidson having the patience to keep them with her all this time. She must have come back very different from what she went away. She used never to see them."

"She looked very well, I thought."

"It's to be hoped she's got over her nervous breakdown at last."

"I think I hear the car," said Miss Duff tactfully.

"It's two cars," said Nannie, looking out of the window. "They've got a lot of strange people with them. Mrs. Davidson is wonderfully quick at picking up new friends, I must say. Oh, my gracious! Just listen to Peter! He gets like that when he's overexcited. Acts silly and shows off."

For the next half-hour they wrestled with four overwrought children, while the braying of a phonograph in the room below told them that Eirene and her new friends were dancing. It appeared that one of them owned a yacht, upon which they all had had supper.

"And we had champagne. And we had millions of ices."

"Susan was sick all the way home."

"And there was a lady who's been married five times. She said so."

"And she asked Polly if she had a little sweetheart yet."

"Duffy, what is a little sweetheart?"

"Can I have a little sweetheart tomorrow, Duffy?"

"Oh! I'm going to be sick some more."

"That lady's name is Rita Ryman. She smells nice."

This galvanized Nannie, in spite of her crossness. On her night out she often went to the pictures.

"I'd heard she was here," she murmured to Duffy. "They say she was on that yacht that was in the harbor this morning. They say——"

"Duffy, did you know we aren't going to have lessons any more? Not with you. We're going to teach ourselves. Mummie says we'll learn ever so much quicker that way."

"The postman told cook (I don't know if this is true, mind) that this yacht belongs to Bruce Morgan."

"Bruce Morgan!" cried Miss Duff. "Did you say Bruce Morgan? Why——"

"Yes, Duffy, that's his yacht. He knew Mummie before, I think. Last year in the snow."

"No, Peter," insisted Polly, "it couldn't only have been last year. Because when he helped her up the companion ladder and Daddy wanted to lift her she said she knew him before she knew Daddy."

"Well, he said where are the snows of yesteryear."

"Do you know him, Duffy? He's downstairs, dancing with Mummie."

"He was the first little boy I ever looked after," said Miss Duff slowly.

"Was he? He's ever so old now. About fifty, I should think. He's quite bald. Was he good or naughty?"

"Sometimes he was good and sometimes he was naughty. Like all little boys. But I don't suppose he'd remember me. It was thirty years ago. Dear me!"

And when the children were at last quiet in their beds she peeped at him as he strolled with his hostess in the moonlight, under the nursery window.

It was somewhat of a shock to her to discover that he had grown very stout, for she knew him to be still a comparatively young man. Still, she was glad to see him well and prosperous, for he had been a delicate, neglected little boy, an orphan. Rich, of course, but with no one to care for him except herself. She could never forget his forlorn look when she first took charge of him.

And now he toured the world with film stars, in his own beautiful private yacht. If the Sunday papers were right he had bought the Paragon Picture Company. She often read little paragraphs about how he was just off to Alaska or Tierra del Fuego to collect material for a new super-picture. And she supposed that this sort of work was better than doing no work at all. With so much money he must have had great temptations to idleness.

But she could not help wishing that he had taken up something else. Such a bright little boy he had been! Bound to make his mark. She always had expected him to end up as a Cabinet Minister. With this hope she had nursed him through measles, mumps, chicken pox and tonsillitis—not that he might make bigger films than anyone else.

"Still, I'm not responsible for what they do after they grow up," she thought.

Eirene Davidson, glancing up, saw her and waved gayly. "Go to bed if you're tired, Duffy," she called. "And come to me first thing in the morning. I want to have a talk."

The talk was very long, nor did it take place till the afternoon. Eirene was tired. Timothy had given her a bad night and at four o'clock she had been obliged to take him back to the night nursery in order to get a little sleep herself.

After luncheon, however, she sent for Miss Duff. They did the roses together. Miss Duff washed the bowls and filled them with fresh water and carted away the dead flowers and wiped up the spills, while Eirene arranged the freshly cut blooms. It was a division of labor to which the governess was well accustomed. As they worked they talked. Eirene was so anxious to be understood that she had to go back over the whole history of the nervous breakdown which had kept her away from home for so long.

"You remember, you must remember how frightfully ill I was," she pleaded.

"You try to do too much, Mrs. Davidson."

"Oh, I know! I know! But I'm made that way. I can't bear to feel that I'm missing things. That life is slipping past me. I want to grasp it with both hands. To get in everything! Everything! Even if it breaks me, I must feel I have lived.

"But I pay for it. Oh, if you only knew what I've been through! What I've suffered! The torture! I can't tell you—there are no words to describe it. That feeling, always, that happiness was just round the corner. That somehow—somehow I'd missed it. I tell you it drove me from one end of Europe to the other.

"You're so sane, Duffy. You wouldn't understand it. I don't suppose you've ever lain awake, night after night, absolutely praying for death, for annihilation, just for the power not to *feel?*"

"No," said Miss Duff; "I never have."

"I dare say you think I'm exaggerating," began Eirene, and waited to be contradicted.

Miss Duff said nothing and she went on, a little crisply:

"However! I lost weight. So it can't all have been my imagination. For months I never slept more than ten minutes at a time. I couldn't read. I couldn't even bear *music!* And you know how much I love it. Always I was tortured by that sense of something missed—something just round the corner . . ."

And then in Prague she had heard of a wonderful man. A Doctor Wängler. At length a consultation had been arranged.

"And what do you think he said? It's all so simple! So very simple. I laughed out loud when he told me. I felt it was so right, somehow. At once I knew that it could never have been anything else. He diagnosed me as being essentially the mother type, the type that needs self-sacrifice. I can never find happiness in myself. I can only really live, receive experience, through others; through my children. I can only find a true expression of all that is in me by submitting to the truth of that.

"He said that all that side of my nature was being bottled up and made me ill. What I needed was to give myself to my children. It's quite wrong to think of them as a tie, you know. They don't really restrict your personality, if you're by nature an extrovert. He told me that I ought simply to come home to my children, and my husband, of course, and be with them, and—give myself up to them. Do you see what I mean?"

"Ye-es, Mrs. Davidson."

"And you know, Duffy, he was quite right. It's done me a world of good already. Last night, after all the fun we'd had together, the children and I, it was amazing. I danced as I haven't danced for years."

"Yes, I heard the music going on very late. I hope it hasn't tired you, so soon after your journey."

"Not a bit. We met some delightful friends of mine. Rita Ryman—such a charmer! I'd love to see the sort of impression she'd make on you. And Bruce Morgan. He's what you might call an old flame of mine. I knew him long ago, in Vienna, before I was married. I must tell you some day all about that funny affair. Poor Bruce! He's taking a short holiday before he goes to Palestine to make the screen version of 'Non Nobis.' But he can't go till he's found a Madonna. Rita's playing the Magdalen, of course. He says they can't find the right type, a woman who looks maternal and virginal at the same time. I felt inclined to tell him that if it wasn't for my chickens here—— However! That's impossible. One has to put them first. Picture-making is the sort of career that leaves no room for motherhood, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," agreed Miss Duff.

But she looked so bleak that Eirene added, in a pleading tone: "You do understand, don't you, Duffy?"

Miss Duff was at a loss. She said cautiously: "It's so difficult for anyone who hasn't had children ever to——"

Eirene caught at this and finished it for her. It was, she agreed, quite impossible for anybody not a mother to understand.

"But you don't think me a great simpleton not to have found it all out before?" she pressed. "Isn't knowing oneself the hardest thing of all?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Davidson, it is."

Eirene was clearly searching her mind for something to say that would charm and reconcile Miss Duff, something affectionate and pretty. Something that might suggest that even an elderly governess can be romantic and interesting. She began earnestly:

"I feel somehow you're so sure, so certain of yourself. You're a great mystery, you know, Duffy. Where do you get all that wisdom from? Shall I ever be as wise as you are?"

Miss Duff blew her nose. The interview was not being a success. Eirene had intended that her companion should be captivated into a complete understanding. But she had a sense of failure. They finished doing the roses in a silence which was only shattered by the sound of chopsticks, violently executed on the drawing-room piano by Peter and Polly.

Miss Duff hurried to put a stop to it.

"But Mummie said we were to," Polly explained. "We aren't to practice any more. It'll make us unmusical. We've just got to play when we feel like it, and make up our own tunes."

"So put that in your pipe and smoke it," added Peter.

"Don't say that, Peter."

"I'll say what I like, you old fool."

"Peter!"

"That's what a man said yesterday. He said worse than that. He said——"

"Peter! I shall punish you if you speak like that again. It's very naughty and you know it."

Eirene overheard this exchange in the hall, and called Miss Duff out to her.

"Excuse me, Duffy dear, but I don't want them to hear the word 'naughty.' They mustn't know it exists. Then, you see, they won't be naughty. It's all put into their heads by stupid nurses and gov—— I mean, what is naughtiness? Isn't it simply rebellion against their environment? Well, if it's never put into their little heads that their environment is repressing them, they won't rebel. They're never naughty with me, because they know they can be natural."

Peter and Polly had come to the drawing-room door and were taking this in with gaping interest. That afternoon Miss Duff discovered Polly picking forbidden peaches in the greenhouse.

"I'm rebelling against my evirament," she explained with a grin.

Miss Duff could only ask herself how long this might be expected to last. She gave it a week. But she underrated Eirene's tenacity. It lasted a fortnight.

Though exiled from the schoolroom she had, meanwhile, plenty to do. She nursed Susan through a severe bilious attack, wrote notes, mended clothes, ran errands, helped the maids to organize meals at unusual hours and devised amusements whereby the children should be kept quiet when their mother wanted to lie down for a little.

To her fell all the drudgery consequent upon the tumult in which they lived, a tumult at first joyous but, as time went on, increasingly querulous. After ten days it seemed as though somebody was always in tears. Nannie, exasperated, gave notice. Susan never ceased to be sick. Timothy never ceased to whine. Peter and Polly never ceased to rebel against their environment. Even Eirene became less serene and benignant, though she bore with them gallantly until the day when the house caught fire.

It was Polly who set it alight, in an attempt to smoke one of her father's cigars. Not much damage was done, but the drawing-room curtains were ruined and all the letters on Eirene's writing table were burned. Everybody got very black and exhausted before the fire was put out. And then they discovered that Peter had put Indian corn down the waste pipes in all the bathrooms to see if it would swell. It had, and the baths, once full, could not be emptied.

Eirene, damp with fatigue and balked of a hot bath, retired to lie down, to find that Susan's cat had had kittens in her bed. Whereupon she came out and stood on the landing and proclaimed to the world that she could bear it no more. Miss Duff heard her doing it, and heard poor Mr. Davidson promising that something should be done. And to Miss Duff's simple mind these promises sounded like the beginning of better days.

Before nightfall, however, she was disillusioned. All her hopes were confounded. She began to realize that, however short this anarchy might be, she might not herself survive it. That was the one evil for which she had not been prepared.

Nor was it her fault that she first learned of it by eavesdropping. Nobody who sat in the schoolroom could help overhearing what was said on the lawn. And nothing was said, at first, about herself. As the Davidsons paced their garden she merely heard a long recital of woe, interspersed with husbandly words of consolation.

". . . They're quite unmanageable, Geordie. Really they defeat me. It's partly the noise they make. And that endless repetition of rather silly questions. It takes it out of one so, the mere wear and tear of it. I suppose I oughtn't to find it so exhausting. But I do think they are particularly trying children. They've lived so much in the nursery. That's been the trouble. Nursery taboos, nursery good behavior—that's the only discipline they understand . . ."

The thin, slightly hysterical voice died away. They had strolled to the other side of the lawn. When next they came round, Miss Duff heard:

". . . when I remember the little Ormondes. You've no idea what charming children they were. Such beautiful manners. So sensitive and appreciative. I can't think why mine should be so different, so—so suburban and dull. That terrible Pip and Squeak! It's the only book Timothy cares for!"

On the third round Geordie was entreating his wife not to wear herself out. "Let Miss Duff take them over again. It's too much for you, Eirene. You must have some help."

"Certainly there'll have to be someone," agreed Eirene thoughtfully. "The Ormondes have a very nice French girl. I wonder——"

"Why get a French girl when you have Miss Duff?"

"Why have Miss Duff, if it comes to that, Geordie? Oh, I know she's a dear good devoted woman and absolutely reliable, but I'm really thinking of making a change. There's something so desperately middle-class about poor dear Duffy. I don't see how she and I can ever work properly together. We're not in sympathy. She doesn't understand a word I say.

"I think she's responsible for a good deal that I don't like in the children. How can they be anything but dull? She teaches them to clean their little teeth very nicely and to say their little prayers very nicely and to shut the door after them. And she reads them Squeak and Pip. But as for cherishing any little sprout of individuality or imagination, as for ever directing a child's mind towards beauty, can you imagine Duffy setting about it? No. She's the perfect product of Kensington High Street. And if we don't take care she'll turn the children into Kensington Kiddies."

"She seems to be a harmless old thing," said Geordie.

And that was all he ever said. In the confusion of woe which fell upon Miss Duff the thought of his ingratitude was at first the most bitter. A harmless old thing! After all the pains she had taken to make him comfortable. After all his show of recognition. A harmless old thing! She went away, up to her room, so that she might hear no more.

The future, as she looked into it, grew black. She was going to be sent away. At fifty-three. A new post would not be so easy to come by. Charming French girls were in demand nowadays, not harmless old things. Her happy days were all to be taken from her. And for no reason. Eirene would inevitably tire of being a mother. She would take herself off again and leave her household in peace. But not until it was too late.

Miss Duff seldom wept. But as she sat there among her meager belongings the tears of slow misery began to creep down her face, such tears as she had not shed since Pamela and Toby Smith lost their poor father in the war, ten years ago.

A photograph of Pamela and Toby stood on her dressing table beside the neat wooden hairbrushes, and the lopsided pincushion which Polly had made for her at Christmas. The whole room was crowded with photographs of lost children, a long succession of clamorous, ungrateful, innocent little creatures to whom she had devoted her life, her strength and all her love. Most of them had grown up and must long ago have forgotten her, but she had never forgotten one of them. She had done for them all that their parents were too lazy or too incompetent to do. And to what end? That she might give them up at last to these same parents, who called her a harmless old thing!

A STRANGE new rage came upon her as she reviewed her life. Eirene seemed to be all those mothers rolled into one—all the rich, contemptuous women who snatched their children away from her as soon as it suited them, spurning her humble, commonplace devotion and undoing at pleasure all the work which she had taken such pains to do. Eirene's children were all the children whom she had loved and lost.

She had grieved sorely and resignedly when she parted from every one of them. But now she was not resigned. She fought against her lot. For the first time she questioned its justice.

"Never one to keep," she whispered, rocking herself up and down. "Not one to keep! It's too hard. I can't bear it. Never to keep one! Not one!"

A faint scratching at her door roused her. It was Timothy in his dressing gown, shuffling about in a pair of bedroom slippers much too large for him.

"Mummie's reading a very loud sort of book in the nursery," he confided, "so I came to see you for a bit. I've brought 'Jemima Puddleduck' for you to read to me. I expect I shall be very cold so I'd better come on your knee."

Her discipline failed her. She did not send him back to the nursery, but took him on her knee and read "Jemima Puddleduck." But still the voice in her heart kept crying out:

"Not one to keep! Never one to keep!"

Before he went she let him look at the Swiss chalet on her mantelpiece. It had little windows with glass panes and green shutters. All children thought it lovely and she herself admired it fondly, though she knew that the sight of it always brought a contemptuous curl of amusement to Eirene's lips.

"When you die," said Timothy, "can I have this little house?"

"It's not very nice to talk like that about people dying," she told him.

"Why?"

"Because we are sorry when people die."

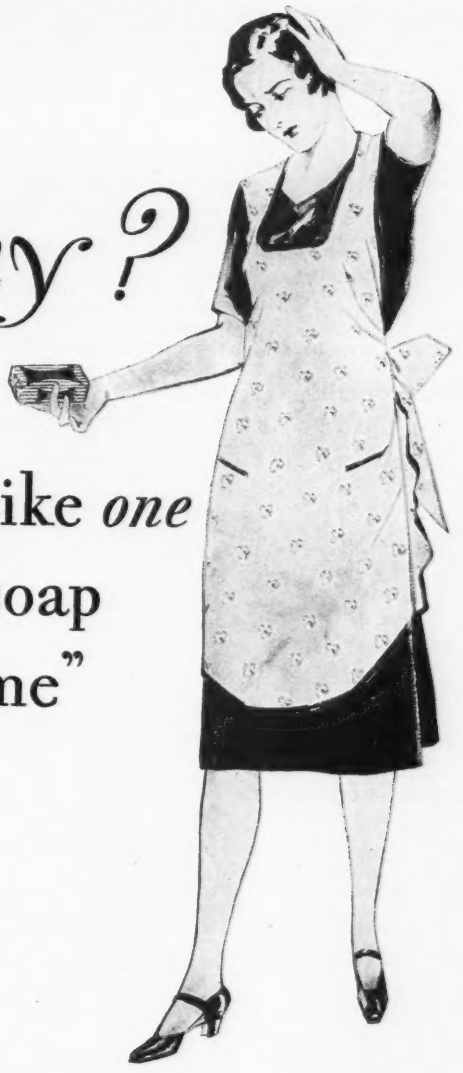
"Even when they're quite old?"

She laughed as she carried him off to bed. Somehow his cheerful heartlessness had consoled her. In the passage he gave her a sudden kiss under her chin and exclaimed, with a little giggle:

"You didn't know I was going to do that, did you? I made you jump, didn't I?"

Something (perhaps it was conscience) seemed to break inside her head. Her heart began to beat violently. She put Timothy into his bed and went out to the landing. A sense of cool, tremendous pause had come to her. She saw quite clearly what she must try to do.

"They?



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She must set about it at once, before she had time to think, before she had time to be appalled by the wickedness of such a plan. Perhaps it might be managed tonight. Bruce Morgan was expected to dinner and somehow she must contrive to get a few words with him. If only she could make him understand! Surely, if he understood, he would help her.

As it turned out, nothing could have been easier. Eirene was still dressing when he arrived. Miss Duff plucked up her courage, marched into the drawing-room where he was waiting, and met bravely his polite, unrecognizing stare.

"Mrs. Davidson is just coming," she told him. And then: "You don't know me, I expect, after all these years?"

"I'm afraid I'm awfully stupid about faces," he apologized.

"I've changed a good deal in thirty years."

"Thirty years? But I must have been quite a little—— Good Lord!" A light dawned in his face. "It isn't—it can't be Moggie? She was only a young—— Thirty years! Is it?"

FOR in those days she had been Moggie to the children she cherished. It was only when she went to the little Bucklands, twelve years ago, that she became Duffy because they already had a pony called Moggie.

"You do remember me, then?"

"Remember you? Why"—he seized both her hands and began to shake them up and down—"why, you're the only person I've any cause to remember. I can't tell you how often I've wondered what became of you. Dear old Moggie! It's simply splendid to see you again."

Tears stung her eyes behind her pince-nez and her face grew red. Sometimes, then, they did remember.

"It wasn't for a long time that I realized all you'd done for me," he was explaining. "Not till after I'd grown up. Then I began to see what an ungrateful young dog I'd been not to have kept in touch with you. You used to send me presents for my birthdays long after I'd left you and gone to school. Do you remember?"

"Did I?"

"And cakes and things. The only person who ever did. But I don't suppose I ever thanked you. And when I began to want to thank you, you couldn't be traced. Tell me, what are you doing now? Why are you here? Not still—— Great Scotland Yard! Not still——"

He was horrified to discover that she was still in harness. Humbly, a little shyly, he began to explain why he had tried to trace her. He said things about a pension, an annuity, something that would keep her comfortably in her old age, so that she would not have to work any more. What would she like? A nice little cottage in the country, perhaps? Or a flat in London? He owed it to her. Truly he did. She must be sensible and think it over.

But all this she brushed aside. Her purpose had come back to her.

"There's only one thing you can do for me," she told him desperately. "Only one. Only one."

Anything that he could do. She had only to tell him. So she plucked up her courage and hurried on.

"Is it true—I've heard—is it true that you have not yet found someone to play the Madonna in your film?"

The beam of sentiment suddenly went out in Bruce Morgan's eye. He became cautious, exasperated and a little amused. Many unsuitable women had asked him this question during the last few weeks. He had come to expect it from most of them. But he had not been afraid that poor old Moggie would ask it, and she took him off his guard.

"I rather think the part is filled," he said smoothly. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh!" She looked very blank. And then another idea struck her. "But there must be other parts in such a big film, surely. Only that would have been so wonderfully suitable."

"Suitable?" he said, looking at her.

"I mean—I heard you were wanting somebody of the maternal type, and yet —er—virginal."

He could not help himself. He was obliged to laugh. He remembered using those very words. And they were, in a way, so true of the woman before him.

"Moggie, don't!" he implored. "Please don't ruin my illusions! I did hope that you were the one woman left in the world who didn't want to go on the films."

"I?" she said, bewildered. "I don't want to act for the films. I wouldn't know how to. I'm far too old."

"Then, my dear woman, who——?"

"Mrs. Davidson. Oh, Bruce! Oh, Mr. Morgan! Do, *do* please take her away. She'd go if you offered her a good part. I know she would. And then we should all be so happy. Such nice little children, Bruce! Such dear little children! Timothy is just like you at that age. And she'll ruin them if she stays here much longer. It isn't as if she'd stick to it. She's sure to go away sooner or later. But if it was sooner I might get a chance of staying here. Because she'd go in a hurry and wouldn't have time to make arrangements to get a French girl or anyone. It's such a wonderful chance, this film. You said you'd try to help me. I don't want anything else. I don't want a pension. I'm quite able to go on working if only I could stay here. If only I'm allowed to stay with the children . . ."

Gradually, out of a welter of words, he began to get hold of the situation. And the more he got hold of it the more he wanted to laugh. But her pleadings forced him to take her seriously.

"I know I said I'd do anything for you, Moggie," he said, "but you don't realize what you're asking. She's a tiresome woman."

"Oh, but so beautiful!"

"And she's had no experience."

"But she has. She acted for the films once. Didn't she tell you?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. But that sort of experience is nothing. She's never been broken in to hard work. She'll let me down. I never touch these rich amateurs on principle. I admit she looks the part and is a clever actress in her way. I even admit that I did think of offering to try her out for it. But I'm sure she'd be more trouble than she's worth."

"I'm sure she would be. But they are such little darlings, Bruce. And you said you'd do anything for me. Did you mean only money? That you wouldn't be prepared to take any *trouble* to help me?"

"You see, I wouldn't be the only person to suffer if this film was dished by her temperament."

"But haven't they all got temperaments? Hasn't Miss Ryman?"

"That's true," he agreed thoughtfully. "When it comes to temperament there isn't a pin to choose between them. I dare say it might do Rita good to know I was thinking of offering the part to this other woman. Rita thinks she's the only pebble on my beach."

"Then the part isn't filled yet?" she pressed him in a fierce whisper, hearing Eirene's voice in the hall.

"In strict confidence, it isn't."

"Oh, then you will, won't you?"

"I can't prom——"

He stopped to gasp, overcome, as people were liable to be, by Eirene's loveliness. She came in, fresh, benignant and serene, trailing soft draperies of blue and white. On her head she had put a jeweled Russian headdress like a diadem and in her arm she carried white lilies. Bruce Morgan looked and looked. And while he looked Miss Duff secured her point.

Eirene paused in the doorway just long enough to let them take her in, and then she relinquished her lilies with a murmured: "The tall green vase, Duffy. On the half-landing."

Miss Duff effaced herself. She put the lilies in the tall green vase and went up to her room and sat down. It was difficult to separate the consciousness of triumph from the consciousness of guilt. In the moment of success a sense of wrongdoing nagged at her. For she knew that she had succeeded. One glance at Bruce Morgan's face had assured her of that. Such a Madonna had never yet beatified a film. At that very moment he was probably offering Eirene the part.

But was it right thus to intrigue for the separation of a mother from her children? Miss Duff had never done anything so wicked in her life before. For years she had reproached herself bitterly because of a tendency to put threepence in the plate on Sunday when she knew that, with her good salary, she ought to have afforded sixpence. This mild peccadillo had been, hitherto, her worst sin. And now she had turned, all in a minute, into a perfect Borgia.

She tried to soften it in her own eyes. She told herself that she had done it for the sake of the children. But her conscience immediately replied that the end does not justify the means. She tried to think that Bruce would have offered the part without her intervention. But a knock at her door shattered her peace and she knew that the blow had fallen. The whole house was, it appeared, in another turmoil. Mrs. Davidson's things were to be packed immediately. She was going to London by the early train next day. Would Miss Duff please go to her room at once?

Eirene was voluble and ecstatic:

"Oh, Duffy, guess! I'm playing the Madonna in 'Non Nobis'! Isn't it too marvelous? The chance I've been waiting for all my life. Of course, I knew they wanted me, but it's only just been settled. I felt I could play that part the minute I heard of it. Of course there'll be some tests to take, down at the Braintree Studios. But with my experience I'm not afraid of that."

MISS DUFF took breath and tried to stifle her dethroned conscience by a plea which her new brave wicked self knew to be vain. "Mrs. Davidson, are you really going to leave the children again? Forgive my saying so, but——"

"Oh, Duffy, I know what you're going to say. And it's all quite true. I would be happier if I stayed with them. Doctor Wängler was perfectly right about that. But when he said it, he was prescribing for me, not for them. It isn't, I'm convinced it isn't, the best thing for them to see quite so much of me. I overstimulate them. I mother them, as it were, too much. I'm the type of woman who should have had a dozen children. I lavish on four the love which should have been spread over twelve. And it's an overdose.

"Naturally the poor darlings react against it. That's why they've been so nau—so excited lately. It's the worst kind of selfishness, when you come to think of it, for a mother to devote herself entirely to her children. It means

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● DIP YOUR WASH CLOTH in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft face towel.

You can feel this soap shrinking the pores—cleaning deeply—the first time you use it

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more stimulating and vitalizing treatment than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath deliciously smooth and invigorated.

Use the treatment persistently and see how exquisitely fine and smooth it will help to make the texture.

This is only one of the Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—with which literally millions of women have built up a smooth, clear, flawless skin. Begin using Woodbury's today and learn what this wonderful soap will do for *your* skin—how brilliantly fresh and smooth it will keep it; how free from any kind of skin defect. 25 cents a cake at any drug store or toilet-goods counter. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

● Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1603 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢ — please send me large-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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that she's satisfying her maternal instinct at their expense. After all, they're human beings. They need room to grow in. Why should they be sacrificed to my need for motherhood? Those stockings have holes in them. Put them in the waste-paper basket. Or would you care for them yourself, Duffy? They aren't bad holes. No, I suppose flame-color wouldn't go with any of your things. And do see that my pearls go to the bank tomorrow. I shan't take them."

Long after midnight Miss Duff finished the packing and crept up to bed. Her head was full of a thousand errands and commissions to be done next day. She tried to make a list of them, but the list kept going round and round in her head all night. It would be so dreadful if she made a mistake.

The dreadfulness of this possibility completely smothered the dreadfulness of what she had done. Of that she would have time to think later on.

But next morning, when the car had been got off to the station just in time, the sense of guilt rolled back on her. The children stood round her, on the doorstep, forlornly silent. They were disappointed because they had not been allowed to go to the station, thereby missing morning lessons. She wondered if they knew that their mother had once more deserted them. She wished that they did not look so small. She hoped that, at the last day, she might be forgiven.

Timothy found the pause propitious for asking riddles. With much hard breathing and concentration he inquired:

"Why is—why is Cork the only town that floats?"

Miss Duff quelled the derision which greeted this.

"Now be quiet, all of you! Timothy is very little. I don't suppose you remembered riddles any better when you were his age. Go in and wash your hands, and in five minutes I shall expect to find you in the schoolroom."

After they had departed, in an orderly stampede, she stood for a moment in the sunshine, watching a young thrush in search of worms on the lawn.

"Harmless!" she said suddenly. "A harmless old thing! I'm a wicked old woman. That's what I am. But I'm not sorry. I shan't ever be sorry. So You needn't expect it."

She flung out these words quite loudly into the bright air of the garden. The thrush, alarmed, took wing into the bushes. But she was not speaking to him.

When a Man Bites a Dog *by Paul D. Augsburg* (*Continued from page 47*)

wondered. And why did she glare at him like that? He glanced again. The girl's lip curled and Richard blushed.

She was twenty, perhaps, and her eyes were brown, and the lip which curled was soft and red, and her hair hung richly auburn. To be hated so by a pretty girl was disconcerting.

A whispered conference had been going on at the commissioner's table. Now it was finished and a voice spoke.

"Miss Storey, the first complaining witness, will not be present, owing to a —er—nervous indisposition. She is not at present in the city, and so it is agreed that her deposition will be accepted. We shall now proceed to examine the second complaining witness, Mr. Stott."

Richard, beginning his testimony, wondered a little about Lois. She had left town the day after the fight, apparently unwilling to face further publicity. He had not seen her, or even heard from her, since she dropped him at headquarters and drove away, grateful, no doubt, to be rid of him. He felt hurt about Lois. And this other girl's hate rather hurt him.

"What, as near as you can recall them, were the words used by Officer McDermott?"

Richard began to repeat them. But a peculiar inhibition seized his tongue. Richard did not understand it fully. Various insulting words deleted themselves automatically. And always, as he talked, he saw a scornfully curling lip, a pair of hostile brown eyes and, close beside them, the woebegone face that once his knuckles had pummeled.

He stopped speaking.

"And then, Mr. Stott, you—er—took offense?"

"Yes, I took offense."

A titter went through the room, and the examining commissioner winked drolly at the reporters. A good old scout, the commissioner! Great sense of humor. His friends often told him he should have gone on the stage.

"And you—er—laid fists, as it were, on Officer McDermott's facial parts?"

"Yes." But Richard could not join in the hilarious outburst of laughter. He glimpsed the angry flush that rose to the girl's cheeks.

"Please tell us just what happened when you met the officer in question."

"Well, there's not much to tell. I took him by surprise, you might say. I don't suppose he was used to such treatment. I hit him several times and he fell down. Then he said I was under arrest and reached for his gun. I was afraid he was going to shoot me; so I took it away from him."

Again the room rocked with tearful mirth. Even Number 652 felt impelled to grin—a game, wretched effort which was, Richard thought, heart-rending.

A minute later the policeman's attorney asked permission to question the witness.

"Mr. Stott," he began affably, "when Miss Storey started to drive across Washington Street, what caused her to stop?"

"A pedestrian stepped in the way."

"Yes, that was my impression. Was the pedestrian a man or a woman?"

"A woman. She was carrying a lot of bundles and she stepped in the way."

"Miss Storey had to stop the car quickly to avoid hitting her?"

"Yes; it was a close call."

"A close call, eh? She almost struck her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Stott. That is all."

Then the commissioner, turning so the reporters would have no difficulty in hearing, spoke a few words of thanks and commendation on behalf of the civil service board and excused Richard from the witness chair. As he dropped into a seat, the girl took the stand.

The questioning was resumed. Her name: Elaine McDermott. Daughter of Number 652. Age: nineteen. Eldest of the McDermott brood. Two small sisters and two brothers. Salesgirl at Ransom's —yes, sir.

The earnest tone of the girl, with its hint of bravely suppressed tears, brought a sober hush to her listeners. The droll commissioner smoothed out the whimsical wrinkles. The reporters began making signs to the photographers waiting in the rear. The policeman's attorney went suavely on with his questions.

"Where is your mother, Elaine?"

"In Saint Francis Hospital, San Francisco."

"What is the nature of her trouble?"

"It's her back. Her back's been hurt."

"How was it hurt, Elaine?"

"An automobile."

The tears broke through at last. Several spectators glared at Richard. The droll commissioner cast a compassionate glance at Number 652.

"Cheer up, Elaine!" soothed the attorney. "That's a brave girl! Now tell us how it happened."

"Mama was visiting Aunt Catherine in San Francisco. She was shopping and got off the street car and—and the automobile—didn't stop."

"And hit your mother?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause. Number 652's attorney glanced sternly about the room, as if to say: "Did you hear that, you folks who laughed?" His eyes came to rest on the red face of Richard Stott. Then he looked at Elaine.

"Now tell us when this accident occurred."

"Last Monday afternoon."

"How did you hear of it?"

"Aunt Catherine called up long distance and——"

"Called you up?"

"No, sir. Father Doherty."

"Father Doherty? He's your parish priest?"

"Yes, sir. And Father Doherty came right downtown and told Papa at his corner. Then he went to Ransom's and told me. We were just closing up."

There was a stirring at the commissioner's table. The droll one, looking rather petulant, turned upon the attorney.

"Why wasn't any of this mentioned before? To the press, I mean, when the —er—incident was getting so much publicity?"

"Father Doherty and I decided this was best," snapped the lawyer. "We're not grand-standing. This is serious with us. The bread and butter of a large family's at stake. This isn't any picnic for *my* client."

"Quite right," the commissioner hastened to say. "You did exactly right. Proceed, Mr. Shaughnessey."

"I think that will be all from the young lady. Father Doherty, please."

"You mean I'm through?" asked Number 652's daughter.

"Yes, Elaine, that's all."

The route from the witness chair to the seat beside her father led past Richard. As she approached him, the girl's eyes filled with angry fire. Richard, glancing up, quickly looked away. There was a savage little cry:

"Yah! Can't look me in the eye! You —*hero!*"

In a twinkling Elaine was upon him. Being Irish, a resident of Father Doherty's parish and a member of the more deadly sex, she was upon him in overwhelming numbers. Something of a wildcat's concentrated fury was in her angry body and flashing arms. And something of a wildcat's technique might have been seen in the way she used her claws.

There was a raucous scraping of chairs and a babble of voices. Richard heard someone call excitedly to "Stand back, can'tcha! Stand back a minute!" and then the dull boom of a flashlight. Then succoring hands laid hold of Elaine and dragged her from her victim.

For an instant there was silence.

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SAYS "I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY"

From a poem to MRS. LODGE *by* AMY LOWELL . . .

Dancer of silver shadows,
You are all youth and freshness . . .
You dance in the dawn,
Printing a fleeting pattern of your bright body
Against sudden, startled green.

Lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge of Boston and New York is the bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Née Francesca Braggiotti, she is widely known as a dancer. (Left) *in her brilliant interpretation of "Scheherezade," so much admired.*

BEAUTY, romantic ancestry, talent and charm—such is the dowry of lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge, bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator from Massachusetts, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge.

Born Francesca Braggiotti, Mrs. Lodge lived as a child in Florence, Italy. Beautiful, with starry dark eyes and hair golden as Melisande's, she is devoted to the art of the dance.

"I believe in beauty," she says. "Women should live for loveliness, for lovely minds in lovely graceful bodies. And the charm of a lovely skin is as important!"

Mrs. Lodge's own skin is exquisite, warmly colored and fresh as a tea-rose. "I've used Pond's Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream. Pond's new Skin Freshener is doubly precious because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream which holds her powder gives her arms and neck a lustre which she says "is attractive in the evening."

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At bedtime, cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

(Left) *Pond's four delightful preparations are preferred by lovely women everywhere—Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.*

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"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the whole system."

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(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* MRS. R. F. FINNERAN *of Columbus, Ohio.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . After eating yeast, my sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night to get my drawings out," *writes* JOHN C. PELLEW *of New York.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. It worked wonders in my run down condition."

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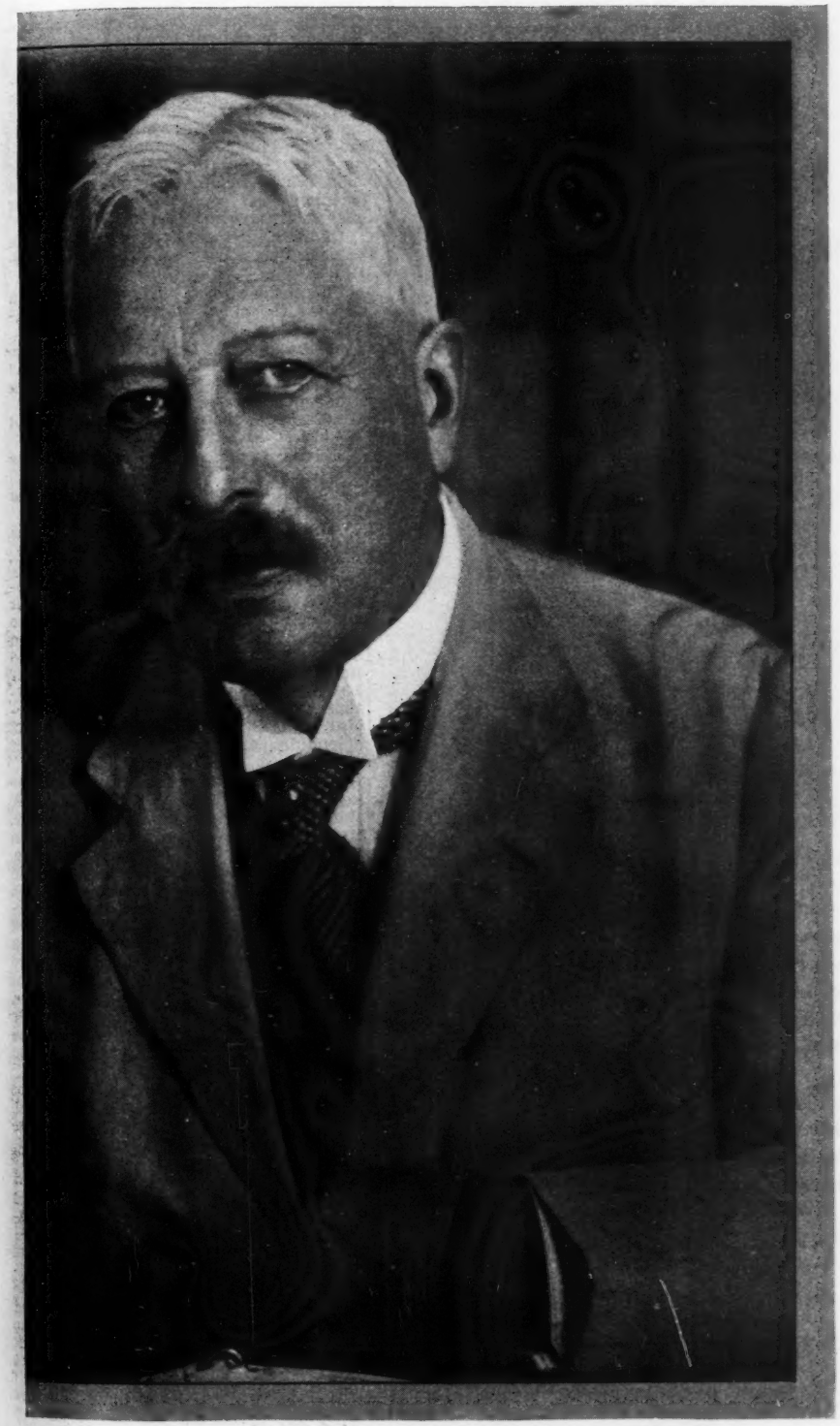

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Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort, *says:* "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

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GOOD as Sal Hepatica is to dull and logy stay-at-homes, it's even better for men and women who travel.

Upset by a change in diet, restless on a strange bed, they arise with an upset system, headachy, half-sick—dull.

With the aid of the porter, a glass of cool water appears! Into the water a spoonful of Sal Hepatica bubbles and fizzes. Drink the sparkling mixture down! You're already on the road to feeling better!

Sal Hepatica works promptly, thoroughly, yet gently. Women drink its splendid combination because they find it unsurpassed as a complexion clarifier. Men prefer it for its restoring and bracing effect.

Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism—all the familiar digestive disorders are banished by Sal Hepatica! It fights acidity, it cleans the bloodstream, it sweeps the system of toxic wastes.

Among wealthy people the custom of visiting the spas of Europe is annually followed—for physicians, here and abroad, recognize the great advantages of taking the saline cure. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these Continental health-springs.

Ask your doctor about the saline method, with Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle from your druggist. At home or when you're traveling, let it keep you fresh and in trim!

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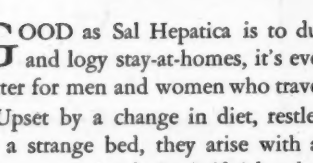

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Somebody snickered and a reporter gasped: "My *gosh*, look at that face!" It was too much for the droll commissioner. He guffawed loudly, and the room was aroar with laughter.

The health director, whose offices were on the same floor, patched up Richard's cheeks while the camera boys clicked their lenses. The health director was smiling. So were his office assistants. So were the newspapermen.

When Richard stepped into the elevator, a broad grin flashed on each fellow passenger's face. They knew. The story was all over the city hall. In an hour or two, Richard glumly reflected, it would be known throughout the city, the state, the nation. Not a single front page would neglect the opportunity to tell how the copper's pretty daughter had avenged her father's licking.

Richard groaned. "Hurt?" asked the elevator operator, sympathetic but grinning. "She musta been a regular tiger."

"I knew an Irish girl once hauled a fellow's ear clean off his head," volunteered a passenger.

"Main floor," called the operator. "Yeah, them Irish are regular tigers."

In the corridor of the city hall a group of men were laughing over something. One of them, a lawyer, waved affably at Richard.

"Going to be with us a while?" he asked.

"No, I'll be starting for home," Richard answered miserably.

"Did you hear the latest—about the Chesterfieldian burglar?"

"No."

"It's rich," chuckled the lawyer. "Happened early this morning. Burglar walked out of a residence, square into the arms of a cop. But the cop had attended the new etiquette classes and he knew his stuff to a *T*. 'Pardon me,' he says to the burglar, 'aren't you getting away with something?' The burglar says, 'Splendid! You did that just splendidly, and I'm going to tell Chief Wilder just how polite you are.'

"The cop looked dumb and the burglar kept right on talking. 'Yes,' he says, 'I'm going to tell the chief personally, if you'll just give me your name. I'm Mr. McAndrew, the owner of this house, and I'm just taking this silver down to the jeweler's to have it engraved. It's been a great pleasure meeting so courteous an officer, who doesn't first knock you down and then discover he's made a bad mistake. Why,' he says, 'you were just splendid!'"

The lawyer's risibility overcame him and he choked. "The cop actually t-t-tipped his cap to him! And let the burglar stroll away with two thousand dollars in loot!"

This story was the last straw for Richard. He almost slunk to his hotel. Never, he felt sure, never had anyone shot so rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The whole world must be laughing at him, he thought, viewing his bandaged visage in the mirror. He desired nothing so much as oblivion—to be swallowed up, forgotten. Lois was a remote, unreal and rather unpleasant memory. His sojourn here was a nightmare.

He inquired about trains and learned with dismay that the first one for home was at five-twenty-two. Somehow it was like an extra slap that he must depart on the same fateful train which had brought all this ruin upon him. He tried not to think. He might as well have tried not to breathe.

At four-forty-five the telephone rang. "Yes, this is him speaking."

"Say, Dick, this is Jimmie Berens.

Men like the brisk way it *whitens* teeth and *firms* the gums

Here is a dentifrice that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Particularly those caused by tobacco. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth, and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist to-day. You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Let this tooth paste buy you a new hat

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A hat is merely a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

You remember—Jimmie Berens of the Herald. Say, I want to come up for a minute."

Richard sighed heavily as he set down the receiver. These reporters were just like buzzards. First Number 652; now Richard himself: it made no difference who their victim was—they gave him no rest till his bones were picked quite newsless.

The door opened and in stepped four familiar figures. There were Berens and a woman reporter. There were the Herald's cameraman—and Elaine!

Richard stared with amazement. She was smiling at him in such a friendly way, all trace of hatred gone from the eyes which had glared with so much venom. She looked prettier than ever. He felt better for seeing her smile at him. His mood of dejection lightened.

Jimmie Berens was brisk and eager. "Just one more picture, Dick. Say, this will be a wow. You and Elaine shaking hands, just to show there ain't any hard feelings. We'll call it 'Burying the hatchet.' Right on good old page one!"

The tripod was unlimbered, the camera set, the flashpan filled with powder.

"All right, now! That's it, Elaine; hand him a sweet little smile. Leave it to you Irish, hey? You smile too, Dick. I know it hurts, but——" The powder flared with a mellow boom. "Now one more, to make sure we got a good one."

"I'm terribly sorry about your face. I don't know what got into me. I must've gone crazy. I—I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," Richard told her. He was still holding her hand, though the cameraman had finished. The concern in her eyes was soothing. He liked having her sorry.

"Sure, sure," came Jimmie Berens' cheerful voice. "It'll all come off with the shaving soap."

"I hope your mother is better," Richard ventured.

"She is. We just heard from Aunt Catherine this afternoon. She's doing just fine. She'll be out pretty soon."

"I'm awfully glad," said Richard, and the way she smiled made him more so.

It was time to start for the train. Fine! The reporter had a car out front; they would all take him to the station. Good chance for another swell picture, what? Catching the train he'd missed before! Elaine saying good-by as he hopped aboard!

Jimmie grabbed Richard's grip. Grand thought, this station picture!

The car throbbed down Market. The lamp flashed green as they approached its intersection with Washington Street. There on the corner, watching traffic, stood Number 652. He waved his hand and grinned as they passed. Richard was also grinning.

"Any fellow that can lick Dad is sure a man," Elaine confided in a whisper.

"I sort of took him off his guard, I guess."

"I guess I sort of took you, too."

"I'm sorry you don't live in my town," Richard murmured.

"It's too bad you don't live in mine!"

"I wouldn't mind, if you'd let me come to see you then."

"Well, I might," she answered archly. "Anyway, I could write you—if you'd answer."

"Well, maybe I will." She smiled at him.

"I'll get your address from the newspapers."

They exchanged delighted glances.

The Public Wife *by Rex Beach* (*Continued from page 41*)

gay kimonos and a box of combs, hairpins and face paints. Scores of Malay girls arrive to fill the native houses. Ahmat called it a mighty gathering of the "public wives." Also come bravely dressed Eurasian and Japanese men, illicit dealers in pearls, who assemble to buy secretly and at bargain prices from divers and crew the gems that have been stolen during the working period.

It is a simple matter to steal pearls. The old man, who had once been a lugger hand, told the boys how it was done. When the master is out of sight of the luggers, the shells are plunged into a bucket of hot water. This causes them to open, and if there are pearls inside they may be seen and removed. After a while the shells close again of their own accord and no one can tell that they have been tampered with. Many pearls are stolen each year in this way.

From the steamer that brings the women and pearl dealers to Dobo great quantities of bales and cases are sent ashore for the stores. These contain clothes and food, sake, beer and gin. The storekeepers are no longer idle but hasten to and fro in the heat swearing at the coolies who do not bring the stuff up from the beach quickly enough to suit them.

In the stores there is much unpacking, and merchandise is laid out in readiness for the profitable season that is at hand. Rooms at the back of these stores are prepared for gambling and cock fighting.

Then, when the muttering monsoon finally breaks, the pearling luggers are beached to be cleaned, painted and repaired. The divers, tenders and crew —Japanese and Malays, for the most part—are paid off and Satan comes to Dobo. Seven or eight hundred men who have been cooped up on shipboard for many months, each with a pouch of money, swarm over the place and turn it into a hell.

The yoshiwaras are like madhouses. Day and night for the next two months they are filled with drunken, shouting men. There is music and merriment, delirium and woe. The gambling houses are thronged. Money flows like water and fishermen sometimes lose their whole year's earnings at a single sitting.

Needless to say, there are quarrels and robberies, stabbings and shootings; one hears triumphant laughter, screams of terror and shouts of despair. Dancing girls, entirely devoid of covering, perform snakelike contortions for those who pay to see them. The illicit pearl dealers furtively ply their trade. Occasionally the body of a murdered man is found on the beach, but people are too busy with life to concern themselves greatly with death.

Such is Dobo in the lay-up season. Through it all, the few white men go about their business as heedless of the pandemonium as if it were imaginary.

The lay-up was about a week old and Dobo's madness was at its height when Ahmat's *tuan*, during the course of his customary evening stroll, heard a sound of weeping. Investigation disclosed the fact that it came from a girl seated in dejection upon the back steps of a yoshiwara, but Hewlett passed on, being too deeply concerned with his own troubles to bother himself with those of a stranger.

He had proceeded no more than a dozen paces, however, before it occurred to him that this was not the first time he had heard this same girl grieving in this very spot. He hesitated, then he retraced his steps and inquired brusquely:

"Why are you crying?"

At the sound of Hewlett's voice the girl looked up. Perhaps she was more than a bit surprised at being addressed in her own language by a white man.

"Make haste. Tell me what's wrong," he directed her.

"Oh, Tuan," she said, "everything is wrong. I am most unhappy." Ahmat in telling his story cleverly mimicked his master's voice and the higher-pitched tones of the girl.

"Yes; but what exactly is the trouble? Or don't you want to tell me?"

"It is not that, Tuan. It would take so long and——"

"Well, if it's a long story we'd better step down to my bungalow and talk it over. Come along." Stooping, he raised her up and led her by the arm back whence he had come.

It was when they entered the bungalow that Ahmat first saw the girl and he described her as very young and as beautiful as a delicate flower newly opened. She was small and slender, and her eyes were not mere slits like those of most Japanese; they were large and warm and lustrous. Her nose was straight, too, and her nostrils sensitive; her mouth had a pretty pout.

Hewlett plainly was as much impressed as his servant at this exquisite creature, dressed in a blue kimono that might have taken its coloring from a cloudless sky.

"Sit down," he said, placing a chair for her.

She watched him without speaking as he filled and lighted a pipe, the while Ahmat went for whisky and soda.

"Now," the white man said, seating himself opposite her, "tell me all about it."

The girl promptly dropped to her knees, bowed her head and humbly thanked him for condescending to listen.

Hewlett lifted her up and put her back on the chair. Ahmat well knew that in spite of six years in the tropics his master was still embarrassed by certain of its customs.

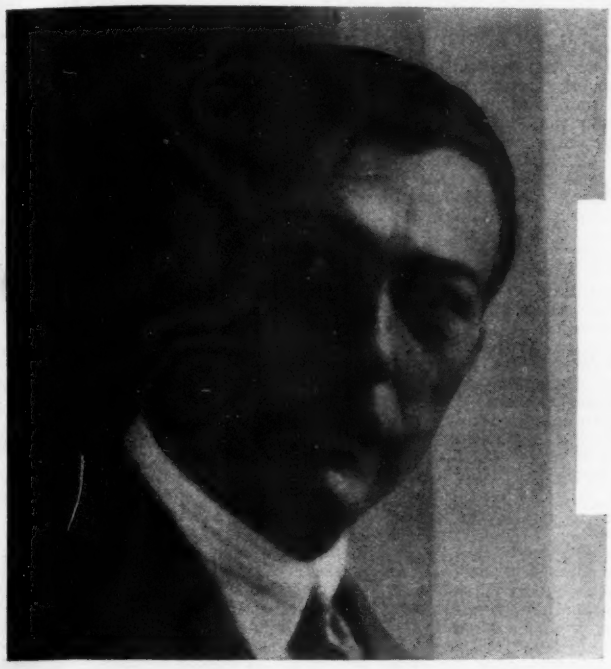
"Don't do that," he said. "Sit up and talk to me. I can see you better then."

"Tuan," she began after a moment, "my name is Otoya and I am seventeen. I come from a little village in the interior of Japan, where my parents are small rice farmers. They are poor, so poor indeed that often we go without food to eat. Like many other girls of my class I entered the yoshiwara, for which I received an advance of five hundred yen from my employer.

"This I did, not because I wished to lead that kind of life, but because it was the only way——" Otoya's voice quavered. She finished simply, "The five hundred yen I gave to my parents.

"In Japan," she explained, "it is not counted shameful for a girl to engage in such an occupation, but I did not fully understand what it meant. My only thought was to help my parents, as my mother had helped hers.

"With Ariki I signed the customary contract. It provided that one-third of my earnings would be mine, another third would go to the yoshiwara, and the remaining third would be retained by him until the advance was cleared. After that I would be free to leave his service if I so desired. Most of the girls continue in the houses until they have saved enough money to attract a husband."



"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

"If soap irritates your skin *you are using the wrong kind"*

says Emile Massé

whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"The beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.

A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon on The Rue Daunou, in Paris.

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P.S. And us: Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5103

A wry expression passed across Hewlett's face, but he said nothing.

"On the day of signing the contract," Otoya went on, "I was shipped with other girls to Dobo. At first, I was ill from the motion of the ship and heartbroken at leaving my people; later, Tuan, when I was less ill terror overcame me. I tried to put it out of my mind but—— Oh, sir, I think I shall kill myself!" The girl fell to plucking her fingers; she began to shake wretchedly.

"When we came to Dobo I wept for many hours, whereupon the old woman in charge of the yoshiwara laughed at me and scolded me. Each day there have been more and more scoldings because I—I am afraid. When the other girls put on their fine clothes, I run away to that step where you found me.

"Ariki's old woman calls me timid and foolish and dishonest; she has threatened to cast me out into the street. That would force my parents to refund the advance and the cost of sending me to Dobo. It is a matter of law."

"Yes, I suppose it is," Hewlett nodded.

"But Tuan," Otoya cried, "we cannot return the money, for it has been spent to repair the farm! I greatly fear Ariki will send my parents to prison. And yet how can I do what is required of me in the yoshiwara? Each day I promise that I will—but when night comes my courage fails." Tears of distress overflowed the speaker's eyes.

In telling the story, Ahmat confessed that he felt a great compassion for the little Japanese girl; she was so young, so dainty, and so deeply agitated, and he could see that his employer was likewise concerned, for he sat a long while staring at the bowl of his pipe. Finally he looked up and asked sharply:

"How much do you owe that infernal place?"

Otoya calculated rapidly: including her passage from Japan, she estimated that her debt must be close to seven hundred yen.

"Not a lot of money at any other time," Hewlett growled, as if to himself; then he scratched his head. "Oh, hell!" he cried after a pause. He rose and went to his safe. "There you are," he told Otoya, handing her a little heap of notes. "That'll buy you out."

The girl was too bewildered to speak. For a while she sat staring first at the notes and then at Hewlett. When at last she found her voice, she murmured: "You wish to buy me for yourself. Is that it, Tuan?"

"Certainly not!" The Englishman shook his head. "You see, I'm married and—well, I want to play the game."

"Then I will work as a servant in your bungalow until I have earned this money."

"Oh, no, you won't." Hewlett laughed shortly. "I never have female servants and I certainly wouldn't risk one as pretty as you are. Take the money as a present and forget it. Drop in here before the next steamer and I'll fix you up with a ticket home."

"But Tuan," protested Otoya, between whose eyes little creases of worry appeared, "I must repay you. It is only honorable. If you had me live with you I should not be unhappy. That would be different from the yoshiwara. The other *tuans* here have mistresses."

Hewlett's bronzed face went a shade lighter before he blurted out, "Run along! I'm not interested in what other *tuans* may do." With a hand on her shoulder he propelled her towards the door, the while she tearfully expressed her gratitude for what he had done.

He looked after her as she ran lightly up the street; then he went indoors and mixed himself another whisky and soda. For the next half-hour he sat following with his eyes the spirals of smoke that rose from his pipe.

Otoya returned to the bungalow several times during the next few days and she and Ahmat became friends. She told him frankly that she was urging Hewlett to let her earn the money he had given her, but that he refused. On the last of these visits, just before she left, she suddenly threw her arms about her benefactor's neck and kissed him on the mouth; then she ran away without looking back.

According to old Ahmat, the girl was one of those butterfly-colored, light-footed creatures who dance through life; she was always running.

"I tell you all this," he informed his listeners, "to prove that an honorable man can tread a swamp without mirring. Dobo was a wicked place: no other *tuan* in the town would have let that girl go, but Ross Hewlett was faithful to all his vows. From him I learned the strength of the strong."

It was a matter of two weeks before either master or servant saw the little Japanese again and she came finally to announce that she was to be married to one Horiguchi, a countryman of hers. This Horiguchi, as both men knew, was an illicit pearl buyer and a scoundrel.

He was well off, however, a great dandy, and Hewlett doubtless believed that his little friend considered herself fortunate in making such a match. After a brief hesitation, he said:

"That's fine, Otoya. I wish you all the luck in the world." He took her tiny hand in his and looked down at her with a smile in his gray eyes, but Ahmat fancied the man was both disappointed and hurt that she should prove so mercenary. Marriage to a fellow like Horiguchi was little better than life in the yoshiwara.

"And I wish you very much luck, too," she answered. "Long life and many sons, Tuan, and the richest pearl in the ocean. I shall never forget——" Her voice caught in her throat; she ceased speaking and fixed the tall Englishman with a strange look.

This time when she turned away she did not run: her dancing feet were leaden.

That night she married Horiguchi.

The end of the lay-up season was in sight but it brought no relief to Hewlett, for he was having a desperate time to find the money with which to refit his boats. He had been unable to send that twelve hundred pounds to his wife and he was in receipt of a letter from the London firm that supplied his diving gear regretting that they could not execute his last order until he met his indebtedness to them. His local credit was all but gone, too. He slept little and his lean face grew leaner daily.

One evening as he sat at his desk casting about hopelessly for a way out of his difficulties a breathless Japanese woman burst in upon him. She was a total stranger but she began excitedly:

"Tuan! In the house of Horiguchi is cruel trouble. He beats Otoya and he threatens to kill her. You are her friend——"

Hewlett charged past her and a few seconds later he stormed bareheaded through an excited group of yellow and brown people clustered about the pearl buyer's door. A tempest was raging inside the living room; its cheap furniture was broken; ornaments, table covers, cushions were scattered about the floor.

The hanging kerosene lamp revealed Otoya crouching in a corner; her kimono was torn; there were bruises on her arms and shoulders and red fingerprints upon her throat. Her eyes were distended with terror. Over her stood Horiguchi, shouting and waving his arms. He turned at Hewlett's entrance and his face fell into its usual insolent lines.

Wholly ignoring him, the white man bent over Otoya and raised her. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Have you been a bad girl?"

"No, Tuan. I have been a good wife but he goes with other women. When I beg him not to bring shame upon me he beats me. I am afraid he will——"

"She is my wife, not yours." Horiguchi met the Englishman's threat with a scowl. "Is it your business that I go with other women?"

"No. But I'll make it my business to see that you don't knock this child about." Hewlett's muscular hand wrapped itself in the other man's white tunic. He cuffed Horiguchi and shook him until his heels beat a tattoo upon the floor and his head flopped drunkenly. The onlookers squealed with amusement.

"Now, you thieving rat"—Hewlett flung the wretch sprawling—"that's only a taste of what I'll give you if you lay hands on her again." Horiguchi's blazing, bloodshot eyes met his, then dropped, and the white man walked out.

Returning home, still in a towering rage, he recited to his servant what had happened and he grew angrier as he told of it. It was an outrage; Horiguchi was a worthless, crooked swine; he was sorry now that he had not warned Otoya—told the poor child what she was letting herself in for. But he had hesitated to do so for fear of—well, complications.

Otoya's flowerlike beauty had caused him enough uneasiness of spirit as it was, and he had figured that she would be much better off married than single. Even married to Horiguchi. Ahmat's master frowned and muttered and shook his head; he roamed through the bungalow with heavy tread until a late hour; plainly the memory of Otoya's kiss was still fresh in his mind.

The monsoon promised to break up earlier than usual that year. Yamamoto, one of Hewlett's divers, was the first out with his lugger, but he had been gone less than twenty-four hours when the wind blew afresh. The following morning he was back in port again, and with his tender he pulled ashore through the choppy white-capped waves.

"No good, master," he declared, shaking his head as he came up to Hewlett's veranda. Always a keen worker, he was disappointed at having been driven in. "Just four shells I catch, master, then come blow. Maybe 'nother week, everything all right." Yamamoto's tender dropped the wet bag containing the four shells, and he and the diver bowed and sauntered off to their favorite haunts.

Hewlett kicked the bag into a room that was used as a store.

Late that night as Ahmat lay on his sleeping mat he was awakened by a tug at his hair. Automatically, his hand darted to the *kris* under his pillow, and he started into a sitting position.

"Be quiet," a voice admonished him in a whisper. "It is Otoya."

Ahmat shook the sleep out of his head, wondering what could have brought the girl to his room.

"Listen, Ahmat," she said excitedly. "I have come to you for help. Horiguchi beat me again today and I am running away from him. The steamer sails at midnight and you must assist me to get aboard unseen. Horiguchi may be on the streets or at the steamer saying good-by to friends."

"But your ticket?"

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure* — and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

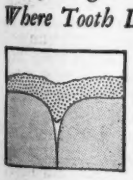
Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

* * *

Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate, Dept. M-512, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

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Crowned King of 900 Better Babies

★

— Winner of a silver cup at ten months old — yet only nine months before, this boy's life had hung in the balance!

★

Read the remarkable story of John Joseph Schaler, Junior, as his parents tell it!

"WE TAKE great delight in writing you that our little son, John Joseph Jr., age ten months, won first prize in the six to twelve months class of the baby contest held at the General Food and Household Appliance Show in this city last week. We just received word that he also won the silver loving cup by scoring 98%— the highest in all classes entered, three months to two years. There were about nine hundred babies.

"When John Junior was one month old, nothing would agree with him. We got the best specialist we could find; doctors held consultations, and the result was they said nothing could be done but operate. He could not even hold a spoonful of water down two minutes.

"In our greatest anxiety, the suggestion was made that we try Eagle Brand. (We had then spent nearly $100 on experimental foods and medicines). I got a can, and gave him a feeding. *We watched with wondering eyes as he went to sleep and slept all night!* We have used Eagle Brand ever since, and cannot recommend it too highly."

(*Signed*) MR. & MRS. J. J. SCHALER, SR.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

This is but one of thousands of grateful letters in our files, telling how Eagle Brand helps delicate babies gain sturdy health.

This food is so easy to digest that it is comparable to mothers' milk in this respect. It is pure, fresh cows' milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar furnishes necessary carbohydrates. The milk supplies bone-and-tissue building material and growth-promoting vitamins . . the same elements supplied by certified Grade A milk.

Mail coupon for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"— containing feeding information. "The Best Baby," beautifully illustrated, for keeping records of baby's growth.

I. C. 2-30

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dept. H. 7.

Please send me my free copy of the new "Baby's Welfare," and "The Best Baby." My baby is months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

"That I can secure after the boat sails —I have money. Quick! We have less than half an hour. You will help me, Ahmat?"

"Assuredly. My master would wish it," said the Malay.

At this came a moan from the girl. There was insufficient light in the room to distinguish her features, but Ahmat could see from the sudden drooping of her figure that she had given way to a grief unutterable. She wilted down upon the floor beside him and for a while she rocked to and fro, swaying like a willow wand, whispering Hewlett's name over and over again. It was worse than death for her to leave.

Ahmat reached forth and touched her hair, saying, "Other women have wept for him as you weep, little blossom, but he was deaf. It is better for you to go."

Otoya nodded; she swallowed her sobs. Her hand, wet with tears, felt for Ahmat's and pressed something into it.

"Give this to him," she murmured, "but tell him not that it came from me."

At this point in his story, the speaker paused, his kindly eyes glowed, as in memory he recalled that hour; when he resumed it was in another tone.

"I spoke truly when I said that many women had loved my *tuan;* he had a way that made slaves of them. There was a Dutchman's wife in Amboyna, and a girl from the rubber farms, also a missionary's daughter whose hair was yellower than English gold. In the time I served him there were several, but none I am sure loved him more honestly than little Otoya, the public wife.

"For a while we spoke, lip to ear, like a couple of robbers, and the minutes sped by; then I took her by the hand and led her out of there and down to the beach. But it was as if the roots of her being had made themselves fast to that soil and tore the heart bleeding from her breast as I dragged her with me.

"It was a blustery night. The wind god's cheeks were full and he spilled his breath on us as I paddled out to the steamer. My *prahu* bobbed like a gourd and it spun in circles before I finally drove it alongside the ship and set Otoya's feet upon the steerage companionway.

"We were wet with spray but it was less salt than her tears. She waved at me. *'Ada!'* I called softly; then she crept up on deck and I let the wind hurry me back like a soaring gull.

"Tuan Hewlett heard of the runaway the next morning at breakfast and from the lips of Horiguchi, not me. The Japanese was like a madman and I heard him shouting threats and curses as he ran up to the veranda and flung himself through the door. I was the first to meet him, but he had a *kris* and it was only by Allah's mercy that he failed to strike me down.

"The man was blind with rage and bent upon murder, nevertheless the *tuan* seized him. He bent his arm back until it all but snapped, then he kicked him like a wet sack out into the street. A giant in strength and swift of action in moments of peril. Later that day I passed Horiguchi's house, where he lay groaning and weeping on his bed, and people laughed because he took the loss of a woman so deeply to heart.

"At breakfast the second morning thereafter the *tuan* sniffed and said: 'Ahmat, there's a bad smell around here. Does it come from your kitchen?'

"'No, Tuan. It arises from those shells which are spoiling in the storeroom.'

"'Of course,' said he. 'I meant to open them, but—I've been half frantic.

How *office workers* avoid colds and sore throat

and the financial loss they cause

AMONG office workers, colds and sore throat are responsible for more ill-health, lay-offs and cuts in pay, than all other diseases combined.

That such workers are thus singled out, is probably due to the fact that living sedentary lives, they are unable to throw off infections to which they are exposed in offices and crowded street cars.

One of your best aids in warding off colds and sore throat is full strength Listerine used systematically as a gargle. And once these ailments have started, Listerine is often effective in checking them. You simply increase the frequency of the gargle.

Recall that colds, sore throat and similar infections are caused by germs and that Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in 15 seconds.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

Prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.

Even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) (official test germs of the U. S. Government) succumb to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000. Yet Listerine is absolutely harmless when used full strength. Actually, its effect on the mucous membrane is cleansing and healing.

Because of Listerine's extreme safety and marked germicidal power, it has for 50 years been prescribed by physicians, and has the endorsement of the London Lancet, the world's foremost medical journal. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with LISTERINE the safe antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

Chapped Hands this winter?

CERTAINLY NOT!

CERTAINLY not—if you use Hinds Cream! It was made to keep active hands youthful and lovely, in spite of biting winter winds or deadly household tasks. Just give your hands a quick rub over with Hinds Cream before you go out, when you come in, and always after you wash your hands. They'll stay young and groomed all winter long, for this delightful, almond-scented lotion not only soothes chapping, it prevents it. Use it on the children's hands too. Drug counters everywhere have Hinds Cream, or mail in the coupon below for a generous sample.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

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LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 600 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.

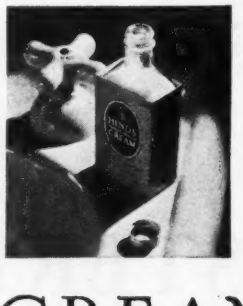
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8. This coupon not good after February, 1931.

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)



HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fetch me a knife and I'll get rid of the things.'

"He was gone for five minutes, ten minutes; then he returned, walking like one in a sleep. He turned staring eyes upon me; his face was white.

"'Ahmat! Look!' he whispered. 'Tell me if I am dreaming.' He opened his right hand, which was clenched.

"In my travels I have seen many fine pearls; pearls that rajahs have bought at fabulous figures, pearls that brought buyers from London and Paris, and others that sold on the beach for sixty, eighty thousand guilders, but never have I seen a gem like that in the brown palm of my master's hand. It was enormous; it was perfect; it shone with a magic light from within.

"All the years he had spent in the islands my *tuan* had dreamed of a pearl like that. He was shaking like a woman and muttering something about the 'nick of time,' and about its lying there for days while he was sick with worry.

"'Tuan! Tuan!' I had to shake him to make him heed my voice. 'Hide it quickly, and say nothing. Let no eyes in Dobo rest upon it or our lives will not be worth a kipping. Jewels of prodigious worth bring either great happiness or great misery; unless you are more than careful, this one will be red with your blood before it leaves the island.'

"He nodded. Slowly his hand closed and he passed into his room. I never saw the pearl again, for which Allah be praised.

"A month later my master sold his luggers and went home to England. We wept at our parting, for there was never a better *tuan* than he or a servant more loyal than I."

Old Ahmat Sebam, guide and friend of the village youth, watched the faces of his listeners.

"Assuredly the pearl was sent as a reward for your noble master's generosity," one of them said, and the others nodded gravely. There was a moment of discussion which the first to speak interrupted by asking:

"But Otoya—she gave you a keepsake in her fingers wet with tears. I am curious to know what it was."

Ahmat broke into a gratified chuckle. "I commend you as a boy of wit. You have a memory for essentials. Purposely I withheld the flavor of the meal for the final bite. Allah works his will in devious ways: it was the mighty pearl she gave me.

"A coolie had extracted it from one of his master's shells and sold it to Horiguchi. She discovered its hiding place and took it from him. That night in the whispering dark she made me promise to put it into the *tuan's* possession without his knowing whence it came; it was that about which we argued so long.

"At first I refused to do her bidding, for the pearl had been stolen twice; but my master was in sore straits and the jewel would have meant Otoya's death if she had kept it. It held more menace than a cobra. She pleaded with me that the *tuan* had more right to it than either the coolie or Horiguchi; and for that matter, it might have been stolen from one of his shells.

"But how to put it into his hands? I fought with the problem until I was reminded of Yamamoto's bag in the storeroom. If a shell may be opened with hot water to take a pearl out, it may likewise be opened to put one in. Allah showed me the way."

Ahmat rose, smiling, and walked away toward the tiny white mosque beyond the kampong, for it was nearing the hour of his devotions.

85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer,* but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe.* What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe,* sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Save your Hands!

MODERN HANDS are busy hands! What have yours been doing today? . . . Never mind—*Frostilla* will save them from looking "over-used."

Whether they are Outdoor hands, Office hands, or Housekeeping hands, you can keep them soft, white and young under the soothing touch of this famous lotion.

Frostilla's scientific ingredients have the happy faculty of overcoming the pranks of wind, wet, and weather. Your face, your lips, your neck, your arms will all be thankful for a gentle application. If, perhaps, you have been negligent in *protecting* your skin, remember it is never too late for *Frostilla* to *restore* lost loveliness.

And so, whatever your hands are going to do next, reach for *Frostilla* first. Massage in a few drops—then go play or work . . . *Frostilla* will save your hands!

Large, generous-quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50c and $1 at all drug and dept. stores in the U.S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10c stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y. & Toronto, Can. (Sales Representative Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34 Street, New York City)

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

Flowers for the Bride (*Continued from page 60*)

love. Everything annihilated. Future, present and past. Ambition and appetite.

"Did you see her?" demanded Gerry.

"I did," replied Tommy.

"What did she say?"

"Nothing to me during lunch. And immediately after she went off with Bill Noyes. I think she's gone sailing."

"That settles it," Gerry announced savagely. "I'm quitting right now. If she can go off that way——"

He did not finish. He merely turned to the closet and hauled out his bag. Into it he began to hurl his belongings. Tommy lighted a cigaret.

Presently Gerry finished. "When can I get a train?" he asked grimly.

"I can wangle a car and a driver for you," Tommy informed him.

But already Gerry was weakening. "Don't you think I'd better wait and say good-by?" he suggested.

"Absolutely not!" replied Tommy firmly. "The rule is 'always leave them smiling when you say good-by,' and I'm afraid you wouldn't."

"But——" began Gerry.

"No buts about it," said Tommy. "You go—or I quit. Where can I reach you in New York?"

"The Admiral. You mean you'll——"

"I'll give you the latest news from the firing line tonight. The truth is, Gerry, that if you have a chance Nancy will be more amenable if she comes back and finds you gone than she will be if you are still hanging around. At least that's what authorities on the subject say."

Twenty minutes later Gerry had departed.

"Whoof!" Tommy announced expressively. "I hope the next time I act as somebody's nurse I can choose the patient's disease. I prefer walking typhoid or something like that."

To wait around for Nancy was not his idea. He suspected that Nancy was deliberately avoiding Gerry and that it would be late when she reappeared. It was. Dinner was being served when she came in. She was very gay and if she cast a swift glance around as if searching for somebody, only Tommy saw that.

When dinner was over he drifted toward her. "I've a message from Gerry. He's gone," he told her. "Could you spare me a moment on the terrace?"

It seemed to him that she quickened as her vivid eyes lifted to meet his.

"She may wish to avoid Gerry but she doesn't quite like his not being here to be avoided," concluded Tommy.

In any event she rose instantly and together they went out of doors.

"Beautiful evening," he observed.

The slanting sunshine was suffusing sky and sea with color. It was as if nature was laving itself in peace and beauty. Nancy's eyes, however, were on Tommy. So:

"Gerry was sorry not to be able to say good-by to you," he added. "He wanted to tell you to have no regrets about anything, whatever that means. He said that he was sure you were quite right—doing the wise thing."

"What!" she gasped, her vivid eyes frankly astonished.

"And," continued Tommy, as one repeats another's message, "he wanted me to tell you that he wishes you all good things and hopes that you'll be successful. I think that covers everything."

Nancy said nothing for a moment. Then: "It was sweet of him. I'm sorry I missed him," she said.

Tommy gave her a satirical glance.

"You should be glad that the *corpus delicti* has been removed from the premises," he informed her. And added coolly, "One of these days you'll get your fingers burnt if you don't look out!

"The older I grow," he added with mock sententiousness, "the more I drift toward the hunch that love as based on sex attraction is a wholly unwarranted and unnecessary complication to orderly existence. Think it over."

Nancy grimaced wryly. "I have," she confessed. "And you needn't worry. I shan't get my fingers burnt. I'm fireproof, thank you."

"Perhaps," granted Tommy. He let his eyes survey her. "Yet are you so different from the rest of your sex?"

"Not *all* the rest," amended Nancy. "Some women look forward to marriage; some don't. I definitely don't. Marriage isn't absolutely obligatory these days, you know."

"Or do I?" murmured Tommy.

This she ignored. "And many women manage to get along comfortably and make a success of their lives without marriage. Surely you must meet one now and then."

"Not if I can help it!" objected Tommy. "I can get along with either sex as originally created fairly well, but the third sex gives me the creeps."

"The third sex?" she echoed, puzzled.

"I suppose that is what you are referring to. All women are not equally feminine, of course. Some are close to being masculine. Yet they fall short enough so that they remain a hybrid, lacking both feminine appeal and——"

"Don't you think a woman can be feminine and successful as well?"

"Good Lord," protested Tommy. "I came out here to give you Gerry's message, not to become involved in an argument. Here we are at a moment when nature is doing her best to beguile us toward a peaceful frame of mind that would speed good digestion——"

"Now *you*, like all men, are trying to wriggle out of a hole," remarked Nancy disdainfully. "You make large statements and then, when you are asked to be specific——"

"Well, let's be very specific," he said. "You are feminine—and successful. You are running an advertising-by-mail business."

"One of the biggest—and I think one of the best," she affirmed, her chin lifting a bit. "But that's not all. I'm—well, I'm tempted to tell you something in confidence, so you'll see——"

"Just how successful you plan to be?" suggested Tommy. "Well, go ahead. Confidentially, of course."

"That's a promise, remember. I've discovered a chemist who has a perfectly miraculous formula for a perfume. But he's just a chemist. He knows nothing about organization or marketing or advertising.

"I've already made all arrangements to dispose of my own business and plunge. I've got it all planned out, advertising and everything. And I—well, you'd be surprised how much money there is in perfumes these days."

"Not me!" protested Tommy. "My nose knows. For all that they ape men in some ways, women are more feminine than ever in others. They'll buy anything that suggests added allure at any price. I shouldn't be surprised if you made a million, sooner or later."

"I expect to," she assured him.

"All right; you make your million. What then?"

"What does a man do when he's made

Keeping your Hands Lovely on 3 minutes a day

by Celia Caroline Cole, Beauty Editor of Delineator

4 Advantages *the new* Liquid Polish *offers busy women*

HANDS really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They are exposed to more damaging contacts. Neglected hands make one awkward. Hands should be so beautiful that one sits and looks at them with delight.

Light breaks in more and more brilliantly on manufacturers of nail cosmetics. Today women everywhere are using the new liquid polish because in it they are finding four very definite advantages. It is so easy to apply. For days and days after using it, their finger tips sparkle with a flattering lustre!

At the TERMINAL BEAUTY SALON of New York's famous ROOSEVELT HOTEL, they say:

"As our clientele represents the brilliant social life of New York, all the preparations we use naturally must be of the smartest. These women enjoy the assurance that the new Cutex Liquid Polish will keep their nails gleaming all the week through until the next manicure. And they are delighted that it does not peel or discolor."

•

A generous size bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Any of the other famous Cutex preparations 35¢ each.

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tip

First scrub the nails with warm soapy water, then gently apply an orange stick, wrapped with a thin layer of cotton and dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, around the base of the nail to mould the cuticle and bring out the half-moons.

Pass the orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that both protects and enhances the nail

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. For an especially brilliant lustre, apply two coats.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and just enough nail white under the nail to enhance the radiance of the polish!

In fact, with one manicure a week, when you apply liquid polish, you can keep your nails always lovely in less than three minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

The new liquid polish doesn't peel off. Instead, it serves as a splendid protection for the nail. Properly used, it does not make the nails brittle. Always apply it starting at the half-moon, not at the cuticle.

Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle, apply a good cuticle remover. Never cut the cuticle. Push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in a beautiful cuticle oil.

Hands are so easy to beautify! What are you doing with yours?

MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN, formerly Countess Atlanta Mercati, says: "I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days and days after using it, my nails are delightful. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"
NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. OC2, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

a million?" Nancy demanded. "Isn't it the beginning and end of all masculine existence?"

"Absolutely not!" said Tommy. "That is where all you modern business women are off your trolley. Even when a man's business is the dominant interest in his life he has other, purely masculine outlets. He still uses woman as a complement to himself. He needs and has emotional outlets unless he's abnormal." He let it go at that.

"So *that*," she remarked, "is what you have been working toward. Trying to persuade me that I ought to——"

"*Me* trying to persuade you," interrupted Tommy, visibly shocked. "Who started this argument, anyway? I gave you Gerry's message and——"

"And deftly suggested I need an emotional outlet."

"Oh, sainted great-aunt Gertrude's horsehair sofa!" expostulated Tommy. "Why should *I* suggest that? I supposed you knew it yourself." He grinned at her. "Either you are feminine or you are neuter. And if you are feminine—well, what does the word mean to you, anyway?"

BEFORE she could reply they were interrupted by the butler, who told Tommy he was wanted on the phone.

It was Gerry, speaking from the Admiral.

"No," said Tommy. "No . . . No . . . Yes, I hear you perfectly. Now please keep quiet for a minute and let me talk."

"But," protested Gerry when he had finished, "if she——"

"You do as I say or accept my resignation right now," commanded Tommy. On that he hung up and returned to the terrace.

A moon, almost full, was rising serenely from the sea. Bathed in its glow was Nancy, a lovely mute silhouette. Tommy was not surprised to find her there, though he professed to be.

"I thought you'd be gone," he remarked. "But it is lovely here. Too bad Gerry had to leave it all. I just had him on the phone. The poor fish left his shaving brush behind and wants me to mail it to him."

This would have surprised Gerry.

It plainly surprised Nancy. "Oh!" she remarked involuntarily. She glanced at the jeweled toy on her left wrist and added: "Heavens, it's almost nine!"

"How time flies!" suggested Tommy. "I hope I haven't bored you."

"Not at all. You *are* a clever child."

"And out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——" murmured Tommy.

"Comes the ultimate in worldly wisdom," she finished for him. "You've said a lot about careers for women. Sometime I'd like to have your impression of the alternative. Love and marriage, that is."

"At your service, then," said Tommy.

"Tomorrow morning. I've got some letters to write tonight."

"Aren't you overlooking Bill Noyes?"

Nancy grimaced. "Oh, I'm going to be a good girl from now on and take no chances of getting my fingers burnt."

"I think Bill might prove a safety match," Tommy reassured her.

"And Gerry?" she challenged. "How about him?"

"I'm surprised that Gerry has remained unmarried as long as he has," retorted Tommy. "He's attractive, impulsive, and obviously takes chances himself. In fact, he suggests one of those patent cigaret lighters that are apt to go off in the pocket."

"I'm desolated," she mourned, her voice light and flippant. "I thought it was all just me, you see."

Tommy gave her an appraising glance. "You had a lot to do with it," he told her. "You don't confine your activities to direct-mail advertising altogether. You are fairly direct in advertising yourself, in some ways."

"Is that an insult—or a compliment?"

"Merely a statement of fact. There is an element of advertising in self-adornment, you know. Or haven't you ever considered the provocation and enticement of the various feminine fripperies your sex resorts to?"

"Bosh! Anybody likes to look their best. Why not?"

"*Why* is for you to think about," grinned Tommy. "But don't get me started again, else you'll not be able to write your letters tonight."

"And I must. They're important."

She gave him a swift smile and was off. Apparently she remained the same cool, poised Nancy who knew where she was going and was determined to get there.

Nevertheless, Tommy grinned at the moon. From his pocket he took notebook and pencil and made a brief memo.

"Just as a matter of record," he murmured.

The moon had a ring around it; the minor stars were being obscured.

"Rain tomorrow," he decided.

Then he too went in and was pounced upon to make a fourth at bridge.

In the morning he woke to discover that his weather prophecy was fulfilled. Rain beat at the windows.

"Our hardy young Nordics will make this a day of indoor sports," he decided, thinking of the house party.

Nancy was at breakfast when he descended. Bill Noyes was hovering around, a new moth to her inextinguishable flame.

"What are you going to do this morning?" Tommy heard Bill ask Nancy.

"I have a date to indulge in helpful conversation," Nancy replied, flicking an eyelid at Tommy. "About shoes and ships and sealing wax—and whether love has wings. Tommy and I are going for a walk after breakfast."

"But it's raining!" protested Bill.

"Why, so it is!" agreed Nancy with mock surprise. "But you don't know how entertaining Tommy can be."

"Flattered!" murmured Tommy.

It wasn't so bad out of doors, after all. Nancy wore a slicker and what was plainly a rainy-day hat pulled down over her ears. One eye was also obscured but her charm was not.

"Let's go on from where we left off," she said, as they set out. "Gerry had phoned for his shaving brush—and failed even to send me his best wishes. And we had agreed that he was inflammable and that I advertised allure."

"I'm so glad that we had agreed," grinned Tommy.

"Agreed for the purpose of argument," she substituted. "You were sure last night that a poor working girl would never make a success out of life unless she had a man to lavish her all on. Now I'd like your views on—well, whether love has wings."

"Do you expect me to dispute it?"

"I wondered."

"Don't be funny," he counseled.

"I'm not. I just thought you were going to be. And apparently we are agreed as to love, too. The flavor doesn't last. Well, how about marriage in that case? As an alternative to a career, I mean. A woman plainly can't have both, the way the world is organized."

"Lots of women can and do," Tommy reminded her.

Nancy brushed that aside as he expected she would. "It wouldn't be possible in my case. Not with Gerry in Brazil. Even *you* must admit that."

"Oh, not with Gerry. But the field isn't exactly limited to Gerry, is it? There are other men."

"But it's Gerry we are discussing!" Nancy protested.

"You may have been but it was my idea that this was clinical, not personal," lied Tommy cheerfully. "And certainly with the world full of men there must be one who would give you a chance to have both a career and marriage."

"I thought that you were Gerry's friend. Putting in a word for him."

"I *am* his friend, but what good would it do him for me to put in a word for him so long as you aren't in love with him? If you were really in love with him, nothing would stop you. Not even your business, which you've practically disposed of, anyway; certainly not the million you might make in perfume."

"I'd count the world well lost for love?" suggested Nancy satirically.

"Exactly. Love may not last but while it's on it's impervious to argument or reason. It is temporarily, at least, the biggest thing in life. That's why people marry—for better or worse."

"Usually for worse," she murmured.

"And even if they know it's for worse. It is a form of insanity, you know."

"It is; and it's no wonder that marriage is a flop!" she agreed. She was no longer flippant. Her eyes and voice were sober.

"Marriage is—and again it isn't," he objected. "It depends on what you expect. Why should anybody believe that matrimony will provide nothing but happiness? It stands to reason that you'll get your bumps in marriage just as you will get them in every other human relation. You get them in business. Or in running for office or in playing golf."

"Marriage is a compromise," he continued. "What one gets out of it is what one puts in. It requires sacrifices but presumably there are some compensations. Those who are not willing to take the bumps along with the blessings should never marry."

Nancy shot a satirical glance at him. "Where did *you* get all this?"

"Out of a book mostly," he confessed. "But it sounds logical just the same. Human beings of opposite sex and often opposing viewpoints feel the urge to live in couples. Marriage merely gives them the opportunity to try it out. The rest is up to them."

THEY had been following a path that led to the sea. As he finished they reached the sand dunes. The ocean lay before them.

"And people used to believe that marriages were made in heaven!" she remarked as they turned back toward the house. "While the herald angels sang."

"That was merely the romantic school. In a great many countries, marriages are arranged by the parents, you know. Love has nothing to do with it."

"I shouldn't like that!" objected Nancy. "A man might be absolutely abhorrent."

"Not necessarily. Although he would be selected for other factors than physical charm. The latter has often proved a poor basis for marriage in the long run."

"But it's a darn good thing to start with," persisted Nancy. "A man who wasn't attractive—ugh!"

Tommy grinned. "Evidently you are something of a romanticist yourself. Well, you may even find physical charm as well as the other qualities required. It is not impossible."

"I don't believe I'll ever marry!" announced Nancy, her voice vibrant.

ANNOUNCING

A NEW HELP IN SOLVING THE HOUSEWIVES' PROBLEMS . .

For sixty years Heinz has been making fine foods—foods of unmatched flavor and goodness, yet priced so reasonable as to be within reach of all. Only the finest of fruits and vegetables and spices go into Heinz products. So there are no substitutes for Heinz foods—all are flavorful—*good*—all kept that way by endless experimentation and development.

Now—as another step forward in this great food enterprise—Heinz announces a new department devoted to helping the housewives of the world in their never-ending problem of the family's daily meals.

This department, called the Home Economics Department of H. J. Heinz Company, is in charge of Miss Josephine Gibson, who will tell women new ways of serving the old familiar dishes, how to make many delightful new dishes, and who will give them complete menus that are not only appealing to the appetite, but healthful and good as well. It is a lecture department, for already each day in the big auditorium at Pittsburgh, Miss Gibson advises thousands of visiting women on their problem of meals; it is a correspondence department because Miss Gibson answers any questions directed to her; and it is a radio broadcasting department. Altogether, this department's purpose is to give a worthwhile service to *all* women in *all* parts of the land. It is a connecting link between the scientific preparation of foods in the great Heinz kitchens, and the planning and preparing of meals in the kitchens of housewives the country over.

She broadcasts each Tuesday and Friday morning at 10:45 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ, KDKA and many other important stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, direct from the Home Economics Model Kitchen of H. J. Heinz Company, in Pittsburgh.

57

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LA SALLE

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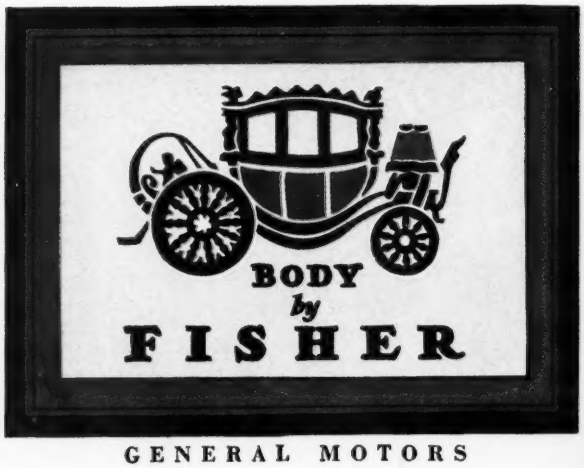
VIKING



GENERAL MOTORS

MARQUETTE

BODY

+ + + on these cars —

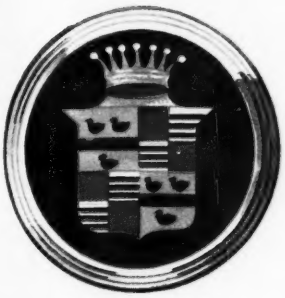
No motor car buyer need sacrifice body quality to price. Notwithstanding their definite and marked superiority, Fisher Body cars are obtainable in every price field.

All the cars whose emblems you see above, also bear, forward at the lower right exterior of the body, the signature plate of Fisher Body craftsmanship—sign and symbol of authentic style, more luxurious comfort and greater durability.

For General Motors cars, Fisher manufactures more than 75 different and distinct body types. In upholstering these body types, Fisher uses the highest grade of broadcloth, Bedford cord, mohair, plush and leather for upholstery materials, and finishes these bodies in an extremely wide variety of colors. These varied colors and materials, multiplied by their many combinations, result in literally thousands of individualized selections—truly a car for every purse and purpose.

Fisher Bodies are mounted upon the greatest chassis in their various price fields. In point of reliability and brilliant performance, combined with low cost of upkeep, General Motors cars have attained the highest mechanical development.

The emblem, "Body by Fisher", appearing in company with the emblem of Cadillac, La Salle, Buick, Viking, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Pontiac or Chevrolet, is,



CADILLAC

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BY FISHER
and these cars *only*

therefore, double assurance, not only of a better car, but of a better motor car *investment* as well.

How is it possible for Fisher Body to provide values so much greater? Three fundamental and all-important factors enable Fisher to build far better quality and far greater value.

The first factor is the enormous resources of Fisher. Owning its own lumber, fittings, hardware and glass manufactories—among the largest of their kind in the world—Fisher closely controls every manufacturing step, from raw materials to finished product.

The second factor is Fisher's permanence of market, that market consisting of General Motors cars and *only* those cars. Fisher, therefore, is able to set its manufacturing program well in advance. It has no fear that the expensive machinery busy this year will be idle next year. Fisher's costs are thus held to a minimum. Fisher is able to save importantly, also, in transportation expense, because its plants are units of the great factories of its customers.

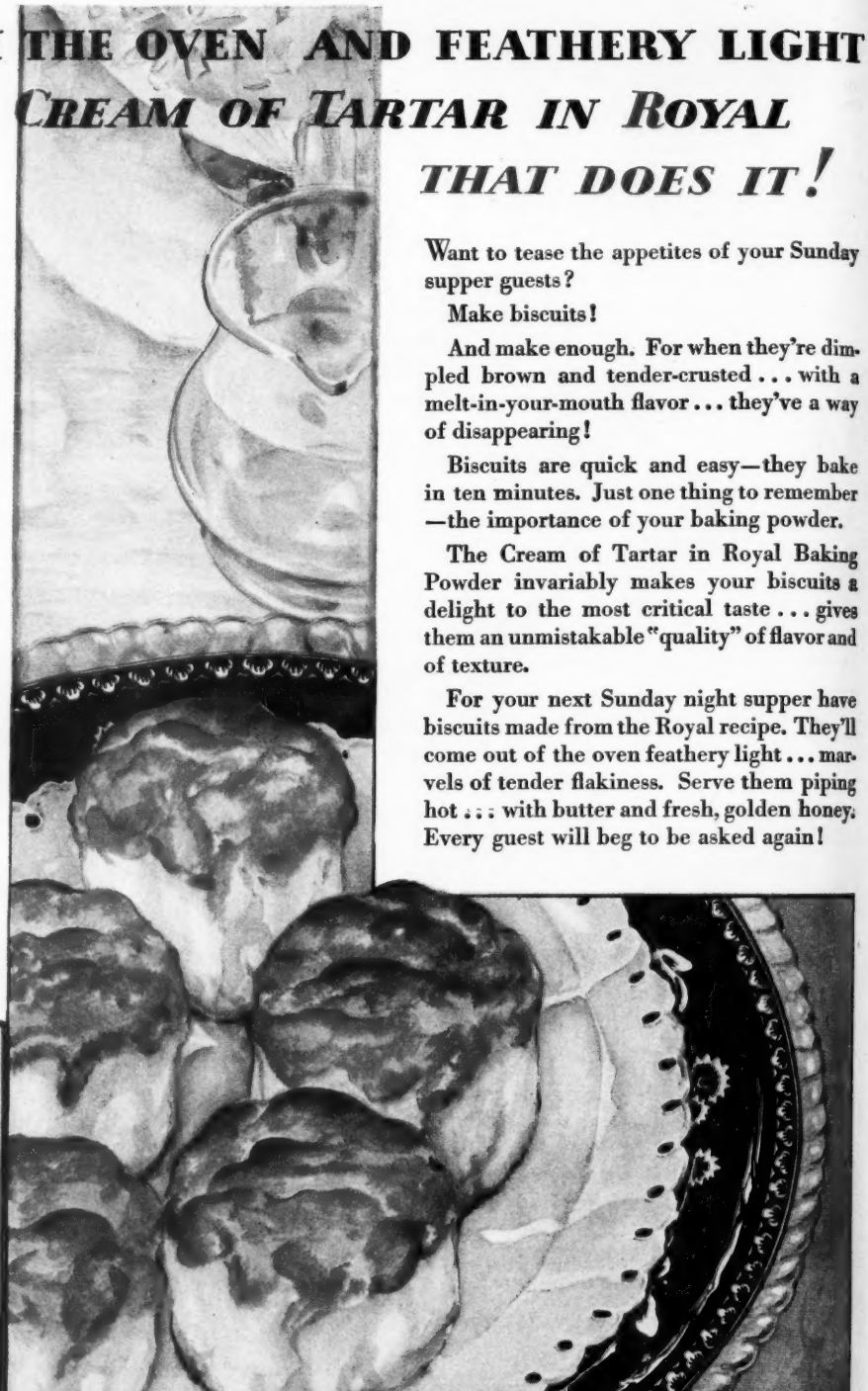
The third factor is Fisher Body's unequalled production. Fisher Body builds more closed bodies than any other body manufacturer, thus realizing economies possible only to such production.

Let these facts help and guide you when you select a motor car.

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for February 1930

HOT FROM THE OVEN AND FEATHERY LIGHT

IT'S THE CREAM OF TARTAR IN ROYAL THAT DOES IT!



Want to tease the appetites of your Sunday supper guests?

Make biscuits!

And make enough. For when they're dimpled brown and tender-crusted . . . with a melt-in-your-mouth flavor . . . they've a way of disappearing!

Biscuits are quick and easy—they bake in ten minutes. Just one thing to remember—the importance of your baking powder.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal Baking Powder invariably makes your biscuits a delight to the most critical taste . . . gives them an unmistakable "quality" of flavor and of texture.

For your next Sunday night supper have biscuits made from the Royal recipe. They'll come out of the oven feathery light . . . marvels of tender flakiness. Serve them piping hot . . . with butter and fresh, golden honey. Every guest will beg to be asked again!

BISCUITS AND HONEY for Sunday supper. Royal biscuits can be baked immediately after mixing, or covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later, or even the next day. Because two acid reacting ingredients, cream of tartar and tartaric acid, are combined in Royal, the dough begins to rise as soon as mixed and continues to rise when put into the oven. This is what is meant by "double acting."

●

ROYAL MASTER RECIPE for baking powder biscuits: Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and ½ teaspoon salt. Using steel fork, mix in two tablespoons shortening lightly and thoroughly with the dry ingredients. Slowly add ¾ cup milk (or half milk and half water) to make a soft dough, mixing lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board. Roll or pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch in thickness. Cut out with biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour. Place on slightly greased pan and bake in hot oven at 475° F. ten to twelve minutes. Makes 14 biscuits. If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening instead of 2 tablespoons.

●

LIGHTNING BISCUITS: Follow Master Recipe, using more milk to make soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet or in muffin tins and bake immediately in hot oven at 475° F. for 10 minutes. Makes 15 biscuits.

*Be sure to use only Royal, for which this recipe was planned.

THE CREAM OF TARTAR in Royal comes from luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder. That is why Royal, for sixty years, has been recognized throughout the world as the standard of purity, wholesomeness, and dependability.

Free!

New edition of the Royal Cook Book, containing sandwich suggestions, cooking temperatures and other new features . . .

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. 101,
100 East 42nd Street . . . New York City

Please send me the new revised edition of the Royal Cook Book, containing over 360 recipes.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"I would hardly care to take a bet on that," replied Tommy.

"I mean it. The trouble with me is that I'm too darn sophisticated. That's the curse of the age. I just can't let myself go. I—I might want to but my head is stronger than my heart. And the dickens of it is that being a woman I'll get cheated either way."

"Only if you expect too much from life. You can't have everything. And you can't beat nature. At the moment you've had to decide between Gerry and the success you hope for. You may get it but it won't turn out just as you expect. Think it over. I'm through."

They remained silent until the house came into view. Then Nancy spoke.

"The funny thing about it," she remarked, "is that had Gerry appeared five years ago I'd certainly have married him and gone off with him to Brazil. The romance would have appealed to me."

"I doubt if Brazil would prove so very romantic," Tommy objected. "Man has got into the habit of taking his comforts with him nowadays. Electric lights, running water and other adjuncts are being transported even to jungles."

She gave him a swift, almost angry glance. "You are certainly an awful wet blanket," she said, and added: "A great deal of what you say is true. But I may surprise you yet!"

"I doubt it. Ask me sometime—not now—to show you a little memorandum I made last night."

She eyed him, thoroughly baffled. "Are you going to see Gerry off tomorrow?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of it. Why should I?"

"I just wondered."

"Have you some message for him?"

"Oh, no. Only——" She bit her lip.

"You are a bit conscience-stricken?"

"A little," she confessed. "It seems sort of too bad, his sailing this way. I suppose he isn't any too happy."

"Probably not. Still, Gerry is thirty and this can't be the first time he has loved and lost. Or decided that he who loves and runs away, lives to love another day. He will probably benefit from the voyage, anyway. There's something about shipboard, especially when the Southern Cross shines overhead——"

"And another girl is available?" suggested Nancy.

"You get the idea perfectly."

They had reached the house.

"I think you are the most complete cynic I ever met," said Nancy.

Tommy swung open the door so that she might enter. "And that is gratitude," he remarked. "Well, go find Bill Noyes. I suspect he's on his way to becoming a complete romanticist."

FOLLOWING her in, he was informed that New York had been trying to get him on the phone. It was Gerry. "How is Nancy?" he asked at once.

"In splendid health," Tommy assured him. "We've just returned from a walk and she came in glowing. I think she's a bit irritated with me."

"Do you think I have a chance?" asked Gerry feverishly.

"I'm afraid you haven't a chance in the world, Gerry," said Tommy.

"What?" wailed Gerry.

"Now hold your horses for a minute and I'll explain why I think so."

It took him not a minute but nearer ten. Even then Gerry wasn't convinced.

"I don't believe it," he said. "Don't you think I'd better stay another week? Cancel my reservations for tomorrow?"

"You will sail tomorrow if I have to give orders to have you shanghaied," said Tommy grimly. "I've done my best; now take your medicine like a man. It's going to require a lot of courage."

He hung up, deliberately cutting Gerry off. Then he put through another call to New York. As soon as the connection was made he said:

"The ship sails at eleven and I want it delivered at precisely ten-forty-five. Understand?"

Emerging from the phone enclosure he discovered that the sun had appeared and that Nancy had disappeared. He saw her again at luncheon. Bill Noyes was in attendance. A plan for a party was being discussed. Evidently it carried on beyond dinner and even Tommy's bedtime, for most of the house party, including Nancy, were still absent when he retired.

The morning dawned serene but hot. New York would be insufferable, he suspected. But for New York he was headed. To see Gerry off, in spite of what he had said to Nancy.

He drove into New York just after ten. At ten-thirty he was at the pier. He was told that Gerry was aboard. He was not in his stateroom, however. He was on the deck and—he was not alone.

"Good morning," said Tommy.

"Oh!" gasped Nancy, blushing beautifully as she recognized him.

"So you decided to see Gerry off yourself, after all?" Tommy remarked quizzically.

"I came up yesterday afternoon to—to attend to some business," she babbled. "And I—I just called Gerry up at the Admiral and——" She broke off and glanced at Gerry appealingly. And:

"We're married!" announced Gerry triumphantly. "This morning. I wish I could have had you for best man, Tommy, but we had to do it in a hurry."

Tommy glanced at Nancy. "Did you or did you not tell me that you didn't believe in either love or marriage? I hate to ask at such a moment but, after all, you said——"

Nancy looked confused. Deliciously so. And never lovelier. "I told you I might surprise you," she reminded him.

"You mean surprise yourself—not me!" amended Tommy. "Remember that I suggested you might ask me to show you a memorandum I made night before last? Well, here it is."

From his pocket he took a notebook. He opened it, so that she might read.

> Have flowers sent to Mrs. Gerald Norton, sailing Saturday, S.S. Salmores.

Her wide and lovely eyes lifted from this to meet his. But before she could find her voice a messenger boy approached, bearing an enormous basket.

"Mrs. Gerald Norton," he was yodeling. "Mrs. Gerald Norton!"

Tommy beckoned to him. "And here are the flowers," he announced. He glanced at them and added contentedly, "Orange blossoms and everything."

He paused to sign for the flowers and tip the messenger boy. The basket he presented to Nancy with a bow.

Nancy stared at the flowers, then at him. "It was sweet of you," she acknowledged. "But how did you ever know? You couldn't, really. I didn't know myself Thursday night that——"

"I hadn't finished with you Thursday night," explained Tommy. "But I had you on the run and my heaviest arguments were still to come."

"Arguments!" she protested. "Why, you said that love didn't last and that marriage was full of bumps——" She stopped short there. Then: "You *are* very clever!" she assured him. "If you had argued with me I would have disagreed violently. But you took the words right out of my mouth—the things I might have said myself, and——"

"And you just naturally had to disagree," grinned Tommy.

"How did you ever learn so much about women?" she demanded.

"It's a gift," he said. "But you have only done what you wanted to most, remember. You just wanted to be convinced that your heart wasn't running away with your head. That was what I counted on. So much that I told Gerry Thursday night that he had better reserve the bridal suite."

"And," contributed Gerry blissfully, "he told me yesterday over the phone that I hadn't the slightest chance of escaping you. To take my medicine like a man."

He grinned as he said it but in his eyes there was that which would have made any woman who loved him forgive him. Nancy did. Instantly. Yet:

"Did you call up Thursday night and ask for a shaving brush you'd left behind?" she demanded.

"Shaving brush?" echoed Gerry.

THAT was enough for Nancy. She turned to Tommy. "You are an awful liar, aren't you?"

"Awful!" he admitted. "And conscienceless when the ends justify the means."

"But if you don't believe in love or marriage?"

"I never said that. I merely said that people expect too much of both."

From the lungs of the ship came a warning bellow. It was about to sail.

"I think, anyway, that you two have a chance to make a go of it," Tommy resumed, when silence was restored. "If only because you"—his eyes met Nancy's—"are modern enough to know what marriage is, clever enough to make a business and a success of it. And so—God bless you, my children."

He held out his hand to Gerry, who gripped it hard. Then he turned to Nancy. She was disentangling a rose from the flowers in the basket. She pinned it to his lapel. Then, lifting her lovely lips, she said:

"You may kiss the bride, if you choose."

And Tommy did. And though she was Gerry's, for better or worse, he felt the subtle intoxication that flowed through her as her cool sweet lips met his. And knew, whatever he or others might say, this was a miraculous moment.

A quartermaster came along the deck. "All ashore that's going ashore."

From the pierhead Tommy waved his hat toward both as they stood at the rail. But it was Nancy who filled his vision and his thoughts. She was modern to her competent finger tips. And yet, as the steamer swung out into the stream, a Bible verse came strangely to his mind:

> Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go . . . thy people shall be my people . . .

So spoke the Ruth of what is sometimes called the first and best love story ever written. And so, in effect, Nancy had spoken. Rounding out what he supposed some chap might make a thoroughly modern love story out of.

"Except that a lot of people would never believe that she'd do it," he realized, as he walked back to his car.

Then he grinned at an afterthought. And that was:

"Well, I wasn't so *darned* sure myself that I wouldn't have to sidetrack that messenger boy and keep him from presenting a basket of flowers to a still brideless bachelor!"

Bad Men and Good *by Frederick R. Bechdolt* (Continued from page 63)

plain gave forth heat waves like the top of a stove; small clumps of creosote and candle cactus were distorted by the haze into strange, wavering phantoms which sometimes reached into the burnished sky. A fog of fine gray dust hung over the horses as they plodded forward at the running walk; it settled down upon the riders in a thin film. The afternoon shadows were growing long, when the trail of the fugitives swung toward the north.

"What do yo' make of that?" The cowman swore. "They're headin' fer the railroad!"

"I may be wrong. I hope I am." The sheriff's voice was heavy with foreboding. "But I have an idee that I know whut it means. The westbound Limited goes through Steins Pass at half past eight—jest after dark."

"Yo' don't reckon they'd have the nerve to stand up a train with us hot after 'em?" Lum demanded.

"Why not?" Jack Flood retorted bitterly. "They've got fresh hosses and three hours' start. Ef she comes through on the dot—which she always does—they ort to make the station jest about in time to handle the agent and to flag her. Give 'em half an hour fer the express car. Then they got their ch'ice between the Mogollon and old Mexico. We're bound to lose a heap more time at pickin' up their trail ag'in than they lost at the robbery. Ef I was them, it's whut I'd do."

"An' me an' yo' are bound to look plumb foolish when the news gits out," his companion muttered disconsolately. "Hello. What's this?" He reined up his pony and swung from the saddle. "More tracks. Looks like somebody else was headin' for Steins Pass."

The new hoofprints came in from the south, joining the others at a sharp angle, obliterating them in places. When he had followed them afoot for a few yards Lum raised his face and there was a hard light in his eyes.

"That's Nancy's sorrel. I shod him myself last week. An' the other is Bob West's big bay."

"Sho!" Jack Flood stared at the road. "Be yo' shore?"

"I'd know that cross-gaited brute's trail anywhere." The old-timer mounted and shoved the spurs home.

"Easy now," his friend admonished; "runnin' a tired hoss don't git yo' nowhere."

Lum drew rein. "I might of knowed it," he said at length, "the way them womenfolks of mine has been actin' fer the last two weeks. Bob West!" He swore in a low monotone and pointed to the hoof-marks in the sand. "Headed fer Steins Pass. They'll take the eastbound Overland to Lordsburg an' be married by midnight ef we don't catch 'em."

Jack Flood said nothing. It had occurred to him that the situation promised to bring complications enough of its own, without his adding any more by idle remarks. But, as they rode on in silence, he shook his head.

"Who will catch who," he asked himself, "and when they do, whut's going to happen?"

A man's good resolutions are seldom realized in this world of complications and Bob West's were no exception to the rule. While the sun was still hot on the wide plain that afternoon—and with the hope of his wedding still ahead of him—he found himself breaking one rule which, like many another prospective bridegroom, he had made. For it was his idea to deal fairly with his wife; and now, before she was his wife, he was beginning his first lie to her.

His eyes had been on the tracks of those two horses for some time when Nancy reined her pony closer to his side and asked him what was in his mind.

"I was jest thinkin'," he said, "how lucky I am, sweetheart. Three hours from now to the station and then the train to Lordsburg. By eleven o'clock tonight we'll be married and nobody kin come between us."

Hearing the soft note in his voice, the two horses edged still nearer to each other, according to their habit at such times; and the riders leaned from their saddles while their lips met.

But as they traveled on, talking of the happiness which lay ahead of them, his eyes went back to the road and he fell silent, studying the tracks in the sand.

"Them fellers is shovin' their hosses hard. And that was blood beside the road." He glanced up and met Nancy's troubled look.

"You've something on your mind," she told him.

By way of answer he kissed her once more and talked of the future. But before long he was again gazing at the hoof-prints.

"The chances is," he apostrophized the silent tracks, "yo' fellers are on the run with somebody ridin' after yo.' Now I wonder whut is up."

The dusk came on; the ash-gray mountains had turned dark purple and the line of telegraph poles beside the railroad was barely visible when they reached the foot of the pass. Darkness overtook them while they were climbing toward the summit. Where the sharp peaks drew apart at the sky line an old adobe building stood beside the wagon road two hundred yards or so from the lonely little depot. In bygone days the stages had used it for a road house; now the station agent and his wife dwelt there and added a few dollars to their modest income by serving meals to such occasional travelers as came their way.

"Tired, dear?" Bob asked as they drew rein before the house.

"A little." He caught the weary note in her voice. "But I'll be all right when I git a cup of coffee and a bite to eat."

He dismounted and when he helped her to alight he held her for a moment in his arms.

"Now run along inside," he bade her, "and I'll put up the hosses. Tell Mrs. Kennedy I'm plumb famished fer some ham an' aigs. Yo've got two hours before train time to rest up in." As he was departing for the corral with the ponies he got a glimpse of the agent's wife kissing Nancy in the open doorway, and the voices of the two women followed him through the darkness; then the door closed and there was silence.

The whinny of a horse broke the stillness while he was unsaddling. He looked toward the railroad whence the sound had come and thought of the hoof-tracks he and Nancy had been following. A light shone in the depot window.

"Kennedy would be there until the westbound goes by," he told himself, "and them two fellers——"

He laid down the saddle and stood gazing at the lighted window two hundred yards away. He was frowning now.

"I don't jest like the looks of this," he mused. "It wouldn't be the first agent to git stuck up at Steins. And them two——" He was remembering the blood beside the road now. His weather-stained young face was hard and his eyes were narrow as he crossed the interval between the dwelling and the railroad track.

The little depot building stood before him, a bit of blackness in the blue night, and in its midst a patch of yellow lamplight. The jingle of a bit chain came to his ears and the rattle of stirrup leathers where a horse was shaking itself near by. He stole on tiptoe across the platform to the window and looked within.

"I shore guessed right," he reflected as he stepped back into the shadow. "No wonder the company cain't keep an agent at Steins Pass."

Three men within the cubicle of a room; and two of them were busy with a reata, which they were winding round the limbs and body of the third, binding him into the wide-armed chair where they had found him sitting before his telegraph instrument. A case-hardened pair, those two, dust-stained from head to foot and the younger man's left arm was in a sling made from an old bandanna handkerchief; his flannel shirt was stiff with congealed blood.

The elder was gray-haired and his lean face was seamed with the lines which come from years of reckless living. All of those lines were tightened now and the eyes were ugly with cold purpose. It was evident that interruption was the last thing they expected in this lonely place, for their revolvers were in their holsters.

Bob West's six-shooter slipped from its sheath; and while his thumb was pulling the hammer back, his finger squeezed the trigger; so the weapon came to the full cock with no click to betray his presence.

Where those two were standing, in profile to the window, he could shoot them both as was his right according to the statutes. But in this country where the old-timers had abided by a sterner code of action than the printed laws, the traditions of their deeds still lived.

What he had to do was simple enough according to his way of thinking: just get the drop on them—and keep it if he could.

The door between the telegraph office and the waiting room was open; he had noted this and the fact that their backs were toward it; their voices came through the open window as he stole away. They were assuring the luckless agent of his personal safety so long as he behaved himself.

They were still on the subject and the older man had dropped on one knee to take a turn of the rope about the victim's ankles, when Bob West crossed the tiny waiting room on tiptoe and stepped into the open doorway of the office.

"The man that moves gits killed," he said quietly.

In the passing of the instant during which they remained frozen in the attitudes where his announcement had caught them, he spoke again. And this time his voice was raised as if he were addressing one outside the building.

"Ef either of 'em bats an eye, give him both barrels, Jack." He took a step nearer. "Now, boys, stand over there ag'in' the wall and put up yo'r han's. The's eighteen buckshot in each barrel outside the window and the feller that tries to start anything is plumb shore to git the most of 'em." He was relieving them of their six-shooters when he added this bit of information.

After that, proceedings went more

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expeditiously and the pallid agent was hard at work binding the two prisoners when the westbound Limited passed with a roar which shook the little building.

It was two hours later when Jack Flood and Lum Grey left their wearied horses beside the depot platform and entered the tiny waiting room to find a worried operator, bending over his key in the endeavor to transmit the full tidings to a distant superintendent's office between receiving train orders, and a companionable trio—two of whom were tied hand and foot—discussing the minor details of the capture.

The sheriff's eyes widened as he comprehended the scene; then they took on a look of quiet satisfaction.

"How come yo' got 'em, Bob?" he asked.

It was the elder of the prisoners who supplied most of that information and he gave it with profane comment on the cold-bloodedness of the deceit which, he maintained, had been their undoing.

"Me," he wound up, "ef I had his gall, I'd be richer than Jesse James ever was."

"Well, I am glad yo' fellers come along," Bob said. "I was a-wonderin' what I was a-goin' to do with these two here." His face, however, did not show the relief his words betokened, but he let his eyes meet Lum Grey's as he spoke. The cowman's brows contracted.

"Where's Nancy?" he demanded.

"She's over to the house with Mrs. Kennedy," Bob answered steadily, "and it's time I went to git her. We aim to take the Overland to Lordsburg and git married."

Lum started to speak. But for the first time in his life he hesitated. He caught the sheriff's eye and there was a disconcerting twinkle in it.

"An idle, wuthless bunch," Jack Flood murmured. "Ain't got no sense nor sand. Was that it, Lum?"

A frown was all the answer he got, for his friend belonged to a stubborn breed. It was at this juncture that the elder outlaw uttered a joyous oath.

"Lum Grey!" He added more oaths to express the depths of his gratification. "I ain't seen yo' for twenty-five years. Not sence the days when us two was punchin' cows an' we used to shoot up the dance hall in ol' Fort Griffin."

Bob West was on his way to the door. The cowman stepped in front of him.

"See here, young feller"—his voice was harsh but his lips were unlocking into a reluctant smile—"never mind ketchin' that train. Better yo' two come back to the ranch. As long as there is goin' to be a weddin' I aim fer me an' Nancy's mother to be in on it."

Youth *by Sinclair Lewis* (*Continued from page 29*)

parlor with its red plush sofa and patent rocker. She was still slim, but somehow her slimness seemed to Youth less the delicacy of girlhood than the meagerness of an old maid. She gazed upon him so gently that he burst out:

"You're the only one that understands me! I'm going to inaugurate the Must Drool again. I know you'll help me. I'll make you assistant editor. Of course I hate home and families and all that age-ridden stupidity, but still, I *must* have somebody who understands me and—— Let's get married!"

She looked apprehensive. She sighed. "Oh, dear Youth, I'm so sorry but I'm afraid you're never going to settle down and be responsible."

"Of course I'm not! What the abominable Old Generation calls 'responsibilities' are just bonds."

"Yes, I know. But I'm twenty-six, and we're kind of poor, and I'm not clever about getting a job and—I'm going to marry Roy Orton!"

He hissed, "Snake!"

He really did say it—he really did hiss it—and he really did go forth into the night, splendidly tragic and betrayed.

From twenty-six to thirty-four, Youth Carringham went on trying to found a Youth Movement in the crass and unappreciative city of Zenith. And he founded it, again and again, but the trouble was that as soon as he had it founded, all the group went and got older and left him.

At thirty-four, he was still wearing the latest thing in Smart Clothing for the College Man, still looking like a freshman, till you got near enough to see the beginning of puckers round his eyes, gray hair on his temples. He was still associating, after unwilling hours of grinding in his law office, with boys of eighteen and twenty.

And now and then he accomplished something sufficiently sensational for the Cause of Youth to get his name in the papers. He got up a Little Theater which presented "Candida," with Youth himself (now thirty-four) prancing about the stage as a passionate boy of eighteen.

The newspapers made fun of it. Indeed, most of the elect of Zenith began to make fun of Youth's perpetual though creaky youth. And now he rarely saw Roy Orton and Agnes. They were married; they had two daughters, Patricia and Betty, and lived in a contentment which, Youth screamed at them, was the death of their souls.

But he was lonely without them, and hurt under the sneers of everyone he knew in the busy and insensitive city. Suddenly, at thirty-four, he applied to the local Congressman, who was his second cousin, for influence in getting him a consular post. He would go to that Abroad where people did stay young; where even men with long gray beards still "played like puppies," as Agnes had so vilely put it; where everyone, from ditch-digger to king, loved and actively produced music, poetry and revolutionary propaganda.

He got his appointment, but it was in Essen, and in Essen the Germans seemed less interested in music and youthfulness than in selling iron. He was moved to Barcelona and, instead of Spanish cavaliers, mantillas and serenades by moonlight, he found trolley cars full of factory hands in South Chicagoesque clothing.

So at forty he fled from the consular service and rented a tiny villa at Portofino, on the Italian Riviera. There, at last, he discovered a world where everyone (except that inconspicuous ninety percent of the population who were merely Natives) did remain young and poetic and free of dusty responsibility.

He found about Portofino and the neighboring Rapallo a whole colony—Yankee and British and Finn and Russian and Afghanistan—who with the most beautiful energy did nothing whatever; who had escaped from annoying duties toward jobs and wives and fathers and work; who lived in a make-believe world where the only rule was "I'll believe your bluff if you'll believe mine." There were painters who didn't paint and geniuses in stained glass who were never known to stain glasses with anything except vermouth.

Such jolly, sophisticated friends he found there! Always in and out of one another's villas, for tea, for cocktails, for talk.

For five years that slid by like one golden morning, Youth Carringham was allowed to be youthful, though by the calendar he slipped from forty to the not-very-infantile age of forty-five. Over all the Riviera there is a haze of improbability. The blue Mediterranean is never quite real. The plaster houses and the unexpected churches up alleyways and the theater-backdrop mountains and the casinos where grown men with beards pretend that roulette and *chemin de fer* are important occupations, all this is as charming and foolish as the play of children on a long dreaming August afternoon, when daisies are unending hordes of pirates and there are always nautical cutlasses to be cut from the nearest willow.

But toward the end of the fifth year, Youth began, with some astonishment, to find himself homesick for American streets, for skyscrapers and revolving doors and hot electric signs; found himself weary of perpetual halcyon airs and a little seedy with the want of a North American blizzard. Northerners, like celery, need chilling now and then to keep fresh.

He began to remember his friends back home, to remember letters which, when they had come, he had scarcely read.

His classmate Useless Bailey was a bishop and Tim Eagle a surgeon. Roy Orton had become a judge, and three years ago, Agnes had written, Roy had died. Heavens! Agnes must be forty-four or -five now, and her daughters perhaps eighteen—the age of the Youth Carringham who had first discovered youth. Be *awfully* good to see Agnes again, for a day or two.

He sailed for America, announcing to all the sympathetic geniuses within a radius of sixteen miles that he would certainly be back within three months—and that the trouble with America was not youthful crudeness but just the opposite; it was ruled by a lot of old fogies whom he was going to expose.

The expatriate, accustomed to the stilly sunshine of Italian villages, was terrified by the clangor of New York and the pushing, contemptuous crowd. He had intended to spend a week in New York; he fled in two days to Zenith—and found its streets quite as insane with streaking traffic, its buildings beginning to vex the sky as harshly as Manhattan's.

And he was lonely.

Roy Orton was dead; Agnes and her two girls, Pat and Betty, had gone to a lake in northern Minnesota for the summer; and as for all the other people he knew, they were like closed doors—there they stood, solid and visible as ever, but in his long absence he had lost the key and they were, to him, no entrances now to warm and secure comfort but only blank wood.

He dined with the large and ruddy-faced Ulysses S. G. Bailey, who had once been "Useless" Bailey the football captain and was now the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bishop Bailey, and after agonized silence, peering at each other while they tried to think of something to say, Youth got out the sage remark that college had been grand, and the bishop profoundly observed that European Gothic cathedrals were—well, they were grand.

Youth looked upon the bishop, noted his wrinkled throat, and groaned, "Am I as old as that, too? I won't be!"

While the bishop droned about his troubles, Youth Carringham in a tense, mystic soliloquy sought to fight off, by

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will and courage alone, the enemy of age—resented it, refused to yield to it, and felt in a sudden lightning of triumph that he had conquered it.

But still he was lonely in the Zenith that was so—so—so brutally young!

He had a hasty note from Agnes Orton. Her girls and she had a log cabin on Lake Winifred, among the pines of northern Minnesota. He must come to them. The girls spoke so often of their "Uncle Dicky."

He winced at the "uncle," packed a bag, and fled to Minnesota, to cool lakes and quiet pines and the Agnes Orton who, like himself, could never grow old.

He had, on the train, a picture of what would happen when he came to Lake Winifred. He would be met at the station by a girl with ringlets whom he would recognize as the Agnes of more than twenty years ago. But as he hesitatingly kissed her, as he cried, "Agnes!" she murmured, "No, I'm her daughter, Pat. But you—you can't be Mother's age! You're still a kid!" So he fell in love with Agnes all over again in the person of Pat, and Pat and he were married and——

As he hesitated on the platform at Winifred, he saw a girl slim as a steel pipe, glittering like steel, with ash-blond hair so short that it seemed painted on her skull. She said quietly:

"Mr. Carringham? I'm Pat Orton. Frightfully nice to see you. We have the station wagon here. This is my sister, Betty — known as the Dumb-bell — and Billy Magnus and Claude Pierce."

"Let me take your bag, sir, and Willum will pinch your trunk off the station agent; he eats 'em, that guy," caroled Claude Pierce.

Youth was distressingly conscious that Pat Orton had not kissed him, had given no indication that she regarded him as "still a kid." He sat in the back of the station wagon with Billy Magnus, a peculiarly silent and bulky young man. Pat, the driver, and Betty and Claude Pierce were packed together on the front seat in a closeness which, felt Youth, would have been considered shocking in his y—in his *younger* days.

Having collected him and the baggage, they delivered both, with equal inattention.

He listened uneasily to the three in front. They were discussing the mysteries of birth and death with a freedom which would have dismayed the cosmopolitan roués in the villas at Portofino. And their vocabulary irritated Youth. The lovely silver Pat had only four comments—"Oke," "Oh, boloney!" "Mayonnaise!" and "You're all soaked!"

Youth felt like a venerable Newfoundland into whose respectable kennel had been introduced a pack of terrier pups.

Hang it, in Europe such of his æsthetic friends as did have children, which they had the good taste to do rarely, kept them out of sight.

It struck him, hastily and horribly, that his reflections might, to some people, almost indicate that he was growing older. He was so bothered by the discovery that he scarcely noticed the fragrant beds of dry pine needles in the forest, the little lakes and cool groves of silver birch. Older? No! He was still twenty, at heart! Then he had it triumphantly:

"The fact is, it's I that am young; these brats were born old! The way they talk about subjects that no young person should know! And they have no youthful enthusiasm. 'Oh, boloney' is their nearest to ecstasy!"

So he was greatly comforted and had a splendid new theory. Agnes, too, would have remained young, and they two would smile sometimes, and sometimes sigh, at the premature senility of the old-young children of the new generation. Again he looked forward to seeing her, diffident in his youthful excitement.

The station wagon barged into a pine clearing on the shore of a lake. The air was lively with the smell of fresh water. Midway in the clearing was a hotel of peeled logs, like a honey-colored castle, and on either side of it were rows of log cabins. Youth announced to himself that his recent depression was due to the dusty road, the dead air of the forest, and as they drew up at one of the cabins, he leaped out of the station wagon with boyish energy.

On the plank porch of the cabin stood a tired, kindly-looking woman. Her hair was bobbed, but she was indisputably middle-aged, a little battered by life.

For three seconds Youth was not sure that she was Agnes Orton. The narrow face, no longer shadowed by caressing ringlets, seemed to have lost a layer of youthful skin; its texture was faintly roughened; and there were depressed lines beside her mouth, a visible graining of the flesh beneath her chin. He shuddered away from kissing her; he shook hands, like a too-brisk salesman, and grunted, "Well, well. Mighty nice to be here!"

He looked back toward the station wagon; looked for protection, in the loud gayety of the four young people, against the embarrassment of talking alone with Agnes. But the four had already vanished, and could be heard yawping behind the house, "What the heck did you do with my bathing suit?"

"So sweet to see you again, Youth!" said Agnes. "Let's sit down—too hot to unpack yet. Let the children bring your things in. Adorable little monsters, aren't they?"

"Yes, yes, lovely girls!"

"Just think, we were their age when we first met!"

"Yes, we—— Agnes! You haven't said yet whether—— Have I changed much since—it must be ten years since I've seen you."

"No; surprisingly little. Oh, of course, we're neither of us as young as we once were. But honestly, you're remarkable. Let's see; you must be forty-four now, but I'd scarcely think you were more than thirty-eight."

He winced. It was his credo that no one would take him for more than twenty-five. And he winced again as she mused:

"Do you remember—we were so funny!—remember how we used to insist that we'd stay perpetually young, and we were going to demand that everybody commit suicide at the crusty age of thirty? How many years is it now since you've announced that you were going to start a Youth Movement?"

"Oh, quite a while, I guess."

He longed to flee. He felt as though, gayly bound for a wedding feast, he had swooped into the wrong house, found a funeral, and forced himself to sit unmoving through its drab horrors. Only by clutching will did he compel himself to ask the proper questions about Roy, about Agnes' health and plans and opinion of Prohibition.

When he had escaped to his bedroom, pleasant in its surfaces of new-cut pine, its forest-made pine bedstead with an old-fashioned blue candlewick spread, he sat in a rocker, combing his hair with his fingers and——

Did his hair really feel a little thin? No! Had too short a hair-cut on that dratted steamer. No! *She* was old, Agnes! She'd betrayed him.

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He did belong with Pat and Betty and young Pierce and young Magnus, after all! A little hard to understand their yelping speech, but he'd get used to them. That was just one of the things that showed how eternally young he was, the way in which he could adapt himself to anything, even the wildest gaucheries of youth.

Late in the afternoon, while he was still hiding in his room pretending to unpack, Pat came knocking with a polite, "Mother says you might like to play tennis. Bill Magnus has sneaked out on us—he's got a date with some cutie, and believe me, there'll be blood on these fair young hands before midnight—and we want to get up doubles."

"I'd be delighted to play. Just take me ten sec to jump into my flannels!" cried Youth—youthfully.

Now the tennis court was hot. It was very hot. And the three brats did not play with the delicate cheerfulness of the artistic and not-very-juvenile expatriates at Rapallo, where the fashionable serve was one terrific smash that always went outside the service court, tactfully followed by a gentle ball that you couldn't help returning unless you tripped over your own shoe laces.

Pat leaped into the air and swatted the ball as though she were a leopard springing on a partridge, and Betty, looking bored and delicate, took care to place the ball just where you not only weren't but, on a hot afternoon, couldn't ever be. Claude Pierce pleasantly combined both.

The girls took him on as partner in turns, with glances which indicated that there had been a preliminary arrangement to that effect.

After three sets, he hinted that he must finish unpacking, and they let him go without visible grieving.

As he staggered from the baking court, his silk shirt uncomfortably clinging to the small of his wet back, his gorgeous tie twisted, his eyes sick with the glare that seemed to rise from the earth and pierce through his eyeballs into his brain, he tried to wave his racket gayly, but his tired arm trembled.

Agnes was on the porch of their cabin, cool in white dotted Swiss. She did not, for the moment, seem worn and restrained, but serenely wise. He longed to droop down beside her and be content with middle age.

He vowed, "No! There's *one* man in the world who isn't going to let himself get slack and seedy and old just because his wind and his muscles aren't perhaps quite as good at forty-four as they were at twenty. I meant it when I said 'Youth must rule,' and I am Youth—or else I'm nothing!"

Then he flopped on his bed, unwashed, and was instantly in an exhausted sleep.

He awoke to a bewildered confusion, a foreboding that something tragic had happened or was going to happen.

Was he really beginning to get a little older?

Drowsily he wavered up from bed to the long mirror on the bathroom door, and for the first time in many months he really looked at himself.

He saw that, with his hair standing straight up, there was a distinct arc of approaching baldness to be seen through the thin thicket. It was easy to imagine himself bald clear to the top of his head. His eyes were red with sleeping; his lips hung a little lax; his skin was no longer smooth as an apple but faintly roughened; and suddenly the little pod that was the result of years of earnest eating, and that had seemed rather dignified and respectable, struck him as abominable.

"I look soft. Almost middle-aged!" he snarled. "I'll exercise. Cut out smoking. Take cold plunges. Get back my wind and get thin. I will be young again! I think Pat likes me. I'll show her I can be younger than any of her idiot boys. Take a cold swim right now. No, start it tomorrow. Little tired from the train journey."

There was a hotel dance that evening in a log pavilion open to the lake breeze. If Youth Carringham had not looked impressive on the tennis court, he recovered his self-respect by perceiving that he was easily the most elegant figure at the dance.

He knew how to wear his dinner clothes, and he had danced at Rapallo with Russian ladies of defter grace than was customary among these flappers and college roughies. And he was not unacquainted with the latest jazz, the latest night-club steps—these Americanisms penetrated the Riviera even though the natives failed to become educated about skyscrapers and the electric dishwasher.

He danced with Pat, and she said wittily, "Gee, you certainly can shake a mean hoof, unk."

He danced with Betty, Agnes' second daughter, and she observed, "Where have you been all my life, unk?"

He danced with Ann Wilson, their bosom friend, and she remarked, "Gee, you certainly dance something swell. Honest—I mean, you're the slickest dancer I've teamed up with since three years come Michaelmas."

He was a success. He was young again.

In the open pavilion, the air came singing from the lake, and round it the alligator-skin trunks of Norway pines shone a warm brown. There was cool vigor in the night, the natural unalcoholic gayety he had known as a boy.

Why! already he was one of the youngsters, and the adorable Pat admired his dancing. He was young; he was Youth.

Agnes had come with them. Once she danced, with Youth, but she danced awkwardly, with no sense of flowing to the rhythm of the music. She sat now, a wallflower. He went dutifully and talked to her, but he wanted to be out on the floor, entwined with the young slimness of Pat, white and gold.

Not till eleven was Youth able to lure Pat out to a bench above the lake.

She seemed to him aureoled with pale flame. He thought of a lily—of a humming bird—of a ray from the northern lights. He wanted to tell her about it, but in her sacred presence of a taut young priestess, he lost all the glib small talk he had been accumulating these years at Portofino. He could have talked to the Princess Labretskov about the Russian ballet, but now he shivered with embarrassment beside a raw girl on an idiotic bench among northern pines.

She was not, apparently, anything like so embarrassed. "You certainly have got some steps that got our Patricia guessing," she drawled.

Her voice was a little harsh. He would attend to that. When they were married, he would send her to a teacher of the voice in Milan or Vienna or Paris. How gorgeous it would be to show his Europe, his cities, his private treasures, to this receptive young mind and——

"Getting sleepy, unk?"

"I am not! Decidedly not! And see here, my dear child, you must not call me 'uncle'! I admit that to the unimaginative eyes of the calendar—if you will permit a metaphor which is, I suppose, rather mixed—I am quite as old as your mother, or your dear father, who was such a superb friend of mine. But you must understand psychology. Age

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is not a matter of arteries and hirsute growth but of the radiant spirit that . . ."

It was quite a while after this that he wound up triumphantly: "We are essentially of the same age, Pat. Be proud of guiltily remaining young! For the trouble with America isn't youthful crudeness but just the opposite; it's under the dictatorship of old fogies whom you and I, my dear, must expose!"

She thought about it, lily in the dark, and thoughtfully she said, "Gee, maybe that's so. I guess we better beat it back now, unk—Dick."

And he rejoiced that she understood his theory of Youthful Crudeness, even though she did express it with a certain amount of youthful crudeness.

At first, perhaps regarding him with a small awe, the college brats had not cut in on his dances, but toward midnight they became used to him. Youth was horribly annoyed that every time he sailed splendidly forth with Pat or Betty, some unbaked hobbledehoy would swagger up, annoyingly pat his shoulder and remark "Pardon *me!*" with an airiness which seemed, to Youth's growing irritability, slightly contemptuous.

Well! he'd show 'em he was as young and wild as they! He danced like a kitten chasing its tail.

Then his head began to whirl; he was for a moment blind with dizziness. He sat down hastily, feeling his heart pound. He realized that at the rather hectic dances he had attended on the Riviera, the sportive wantons usually began to keep up their strength by gulping a few whisky-sodas at eleven, and furthermore made the dancing easier by not dancing. He was tired; even with his renewed youth, he was tired and——

Well! Of course! It was the journey!

He felt boiled with weariness when Pat pranced up with a new girl, rattling, "Oh, Dick, I want you to teach Ruth Carter that Russki step—that kind of a slide-trombone quiver you showed me."

He looked up desperately. Miss Carter was a powerful young woman, the kind who would be good till dawn. Beyond her, across the room, he saw Agnes.

He rose brightly. "I'd love to, Pat, my dear, but I was going to take your mother home. I'm afraid she looks tired. Then I'll be back, and I'll teach you Russian, Assyrian, Tibetan, and perhaps, if you're very good, a few North Berber steps."

"Gee, your uncle is a regular professional," breathed Miss Carter.

"He's not my uncle—he's my new boy friend," gurgled Pat. "Come back after you check out, Richard, my pie of pies."

"You bet!" said Mr. Richard White Carringham.

Agnes required no huge amount of urging to go home with him. He was silent, in a secret, close-hugged delight that, though probably just in fun, Pat had called him her "boy friend." It was Agnes who talked quietly, and who mused, "You dance so magnificently! But you mustn't let my girls tire you all out. They're thoroughly nice girls—and completely selfish young brutes!"

"Oh, they're darlings! Somehow, I feel almost as young as they."

"I wish I did, Youth! . . . If you don't mind," she said at the cottage, "I think I'll pop right off to bed."

"I'm going to sit here on the porch and enjoy the breeze," he said brightly.

He was rested enough, now, to dance with Pat again; possibly even to instruct the athletic Miss Carter. He would sneak back there the moment Agnes had retired.

He sat down a bit heavily in a hickory rocker on the porch; he sighed as his head rested against the back. Drowsiness crept over him like a warm blanket.

He was awakened by the gay screams of Pat and her cohorts as they returned at dawn and he escaped into the cabin before they caught him asleep on the porch.

For a week Youth repeated that day. With Pat and Betty and their gang, he swam, he played tennis, he rowed hot miles looking for the black bass which he didn't want to catch. At all these "sports," as they were jocularly called, he seemed to himself very bad, and all day long he looked forward the more to dancing, the one exercise in which he excelled the young louts.

Graceful dancer though he was, he had always been modest about it. He had never cared for doing exhibition steps. Now, a little horrified at his conspicuousness yet proud that he was so youthful and noisy, he insisted on inventing new dances and showing them off, with Pat as partner. He had to impress her! They would go back to gardens and quiet hours and good sound talk about the Triumph of Youth as soon as he had her safely married.

This lout might be the best tennis player at Lake Winifred, and that might be able to swim the six dreadful miles across the lake, but he himself was certainly the most prominent person in the camp. The belief stirred him to such briskness as he had not known since the first publication of the Must Drool.

There was a danger of his becoming that bustling, overripe amateur Master of Ceremonies who infests every summer camp and who drives more judicious people to suicide by ambushing them and shouting that they must join the amateur dramatics, the regatta, the picnic, or some other horrible enterprise. There were times when Youth was showing off his best steps when some of the louts huddled in a corner were heard to snarl that they'd like to do a little dancing themselves.

Youth never heard them—nor did Youth again risk looking into his mirror when he came back panting from tennis.

The swimming was the worst of all. Youth was accustomed enough to a leisurely paddling in the Mediterranean in summer, when it was like warm milk, but the cold water of Lake Winifred tore like fangs at his flabby skin, bleached as a potato sprout in a cellar.

He had read so much of American flappers with gin flasks that he had expected Pat and Betty to gobble cocktails before dinner daily. Once or twice, at special dances, he did see Claude Pierce or Billy Magnus passing around a pint of prescription rye, but in general there was no more drinking than he had known as a boy, and he had a perverse regret that he had no chance for such gay wildness with lovely Pat as the sight of the movies had promised him when he returned to America.

Slow at tennis, mocked for his swimming, he turned daily the more to courtship by dancing.

The liveliest affair of the season was the Staff Ball, known to the coarser guests as the "Hired Girls' Hop." Youth was the chairman of the floor committee.

He wore a pierrot costume, with a ruff. He rushed. He congratulated Pat on her dancing, and he danced with her himself, and he took aside Oscar Tjernagel, the Bell Captain, to whisper that Oscar's manner of dancing with the chambermaid popularly known as Big Foot Bertha wasn't altogether refined.

"I'm giving 'em all a grand party," Youth smiled to himself as, a little winded, he went outside the pavilion for a coolness. He sat alone on a bench. He noticed, presently, a group of half a dozen young princesses about Pat Orton and Betty, just visible in the light from the pavilion. He had an arch idea: he would creep up, unseen, and in a jolly, youthful way kiss two or three of them.

He slipped toward them, hiding behind trees, playing Indian Scout. He came near enough to hear Pat wailing, "No, he's not my uncle. I wish he were, and then I'd tell the old ham to lay off this Gee How Young We Are stuff. He'd be a pretty good egg as the kind old bachelor unk that slips you a check, and he certainly is a swell dancer, but when he holds your hand and gives you that line about what a playful pup he is, he gives me a fat pain in the neck!

"Honest, I like this dog-gone old Elder Generation to have a little dignity, something you can—oh, *you* know—kind of look up to. And believe me, lil Pat ain't going to get her lil mind improved none doing a Dolly Sisters with old Dicky. Be your age, boy; be your age!"

Youth was standing behind his sheltering tree long after the girls about Pat had returned to the dance. He had torn with shaky fingers at his collar till his white ruff was ripped loose, lay like a broken wing.

The chairman of the floor committee suddenly left the committee flat and staggered in a curious tired way toward Agnes' cabin. There was a bus to the late-night train from Winifred. He would be on it. In a fortnight he would be safely back in Portofino, where youth did not blaspheme youth.

He came up the walk with his ruff torn and dangling. He had furiously thrown away his pierrot cap, and his head was shiny with hinted baldness.

Agnes Orton was sitting on the screened porch reading by lantern light as he dragged his feet up the path.

"What ever *is* it, Youth?" she begged.

"Oh, just tired. Dancing pretty hard." He flopped into a wicker chair. He would rest a moment before he packed and fled. He ran a hot finger between his hot neck and collar and for the first time realized that he had torn his ruff. "Hm, funny! Caught this foolish thing on a nail. Must look kind of foolish."

"No, it just looks torn. You couldn't ever look foolish to me, Youth!"

"Honestly?"

He stared at her in the lantern light. Suddenly he saw that she was beautiful.

Where Pat was sleek and hard and inhuman as a knife blade, where Betty was soft and callow and uninteresting as a puppy, Agnes Orton's eyes were full of a tolerant wisdom. The lines beside her mouth had almost vanished in that amber light, and what remained of them suggested only the sadness which comes not from bitterness but from courageous yielding to all of life's adventures.

"You're wonderful, Youth," she was reflecting. "I can't keep up with the barbaric horde of children as you can. But they *are* darlings. Yes, youth is beautiful."

"It is not! Young people are the most cruel, the most selfish, the most conceited animals the Lord ever created! They understand nothing; they love nothing; they admire nothing but melodrama!"

"Why, Youth!"

"Even your two brats—oh, some day they'll be beautiful and thoughtful women, but just now they prefer a taxi-chauffeur to a philosopher, and a swimming master to a poet! They have no reverence for gentleness or good manners or any wisdom that doesn't deal with motor cars!"

"Why, Youth! I thought——"

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE
"No doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

A $25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this simple truth:

Superficial cleansing is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depth every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly. He knows that greasy preparations, while softening for the skin, are not efficient cleansers. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores and floats out the deepest dirt, leaving no clogging sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened by neglect soon becomes naturally fine with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

If the skin is dry it will be softened by a smooth facial cream, but only after every particle of soil has been removed by liquid Ambrosia. Correct treatments for each type of skin, endorsed by New York's leading dermatologist, given in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle. At all important department stores, drug stores and specialty shops, $1, $1.75, $3. Write for generous free sample.

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Pebeco's Tang Has a Meaning!

If you buy a tooth paste simply to taste pleasantly, and polish your teeth, you deceive only yourself. You are getting cheated. Pebeco tooth paste offers *triple* value. It cleans. It whitens. It checks "acid-mouth," forerunner of tooth decay. Pebeco is not a candy; it is a scientific dentifrice. Use it persistently at least a week. *Then* you'll note the difference and like its sharp tang.

A Product of LEHN & FINK INC.

"Thank the Lord I'm middle-aged! Thank the Lord I've found some richness, some quietness, some contemplation in life! I've learned that Anatole France is more amusing than the latest wise-crack out of a night-club show."

Ignoring their exposure on the lighted porch, he slid to the floor, burrowed his cheek against her knee, while she stroked his hair, as though these twenty-odd years of separation had never been. Then, musingly she said:

"Do you remember what fun we had with the Must Drool?"

"Yes. Ripping! And how hard old Roy worked on it?"

"Yes."

"Agnes! We weren't thoughtless, idiotically rebellious kids like these youngsters today!"

"No?"

"No, we weren't! We were interested in all the higher and finer things."

"Ye-es."

"And that's why we can be so calm now that we're—now we aren't quite so young. I *am* young!"

"Yes."

"Will you——"

"Youth! Stop talking! Rest!"

And with her he dared to rest, to forget his long conviction that for him alone among human beings there ought to be a miracle whereby time stopped.

"It's rather wonderful," he sighed, "to stop struggling and be one's self." Then he sat up abruptly. "But honestly, when we're married and go to Portofino, don't you think we ought to start the Must Drool again?"

"Yes, yes," she said placidly. "You must put on a warmer coat now, Youth."

The Folks that Fear Us (*Continued from page 87*)

between us. After nightfall the trip to or from the municipal center cost us around seven dollars for taxicab fare, exclusive of the tip.

Remember, please, that this meant seven Uruguayan dollars; and Uruguay is the only country I know of where the American dollar is at a discount as compared with the local brand, its value on an exchange basis being then approximately ninety-seven cents; and likewise Montevideo is the only city I ever saw where anybody's dollar—theirs or ours either—buys even less than it buys in New York.

While we're on the subject of finances I'd like to cite one or two small instances in illustration of the gallus fashion after which the customer is assessed for this and that by the resident hotel managers. For a manicure—not a fancy manicure but just the common, stock manicure—I paid a grandniece of the late Jesse James the sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents. In the same establishment one of my companions had a hair cut and a shave and a shampoo and a shoe shine and the total came to right around five dollars.

One evening Palmer and I reached our hotel just about ten-thirty. We had dined downtown but Mr. Palmer thought that before retiring he'd slip into the dining saloon and have a helping of vanilla ice cream.

It was an unusual thing for Mr. Palmer to be caught without the makings of a snack on his person or in his billets. Out sight-seeing, we would miss him but we always knew where to find him. Around the corner he would be standing englamoured before the art exhibits on display in the shop windows of the district devoted to delicatessen stores. And he would lug so many canned edibles and so many cuts of cold meats to his room, to dispose them about his couch in case of hunger during the night, that his bed looked like a new-made grave in a Chinese cemetery.

But on this occasion he unaccountably was without an available store of sustenance and anyhow he particularly craved ice cream. So he went and had it and when he got his bill there was an entry of two dollars and fifty cents—two dollars for the single helping of ice cream and fifty cents additional for some mysterious service charge. Palmer paid it. We were getting used by then to paying. Besides, we knew we were not being singled out for extortion merely because we happened to be foreigners. The prosperous Uruguayan is perhaps the most care-free spender in existence. He has plenty of cash and he lets it go in a golden stream, and the local purveyors of the luxuries of life naturally govern themselves accordingly.

It is not in prices alone that urban Uruguay rates high. For years past, Montevideo has been able to boast—and boast truthfully—of having a greater mileage of modernly paved streets than any other city of like size on earth.

The country itself has as nearly perfect an all-the-year-round climate as you could ask for, since there is a practical uniformity of temperature. Likewise it is said to be the healthiest climate of them all, endemic diseases being unknown and epidemics exceedingly rare.

The city markets are famous for their picturesqueness—a picturesqueness which in this case marches hand in hand with excellent sanitation. The city streets are handsome; the homes of the wealthier folk are in many instances of majestic and expensive proportions.

There is a municipal gallery dedicated in considerable part to examples of national culture but personally I did not visit it. Following my usual custom when in foreign parts, I sent one of my agents to view it and file a report in writing. However, his report, on the whole, seemed slightly inadequate. Next time I go abroad I'm going to buy my agent a book telling all about art.

For the members of our party, the architectural ambitions of an Italian-born gentleman named Salvo furnished a fascinating game when sight-seeing palled. We would sit at sidewalk tables drinking cups of the most delicious coffee we had ever tasted—not even in Brazil is better coffee brewed than in Uruguay—and hour after hour we would look across an ornamental square to where one of the strangest edifices of creation reared against the soft blue sky line, and wonder what the big idea was.

It seemed that this Salvo, being a person of great wealth and eke a person of great secretiveness, bought a commanding site in the center of the city and cleared it and then, telling nobody what his ultimate purpose was, started putting up a handsome structure which might have been intended for an office block or for a hotel or for an apartment house. At the front was a tower effect in concrete—all concrete.

Well, so far so good. But when the main building was roofed over, the tower kept on climbing, floor by floor, toward the zenith. In obedience to the owner's fancy, it now blossomed out with curious bulbous excrescences like warts or goiters. It kept on ascending and it kept

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From your own home you can telephone to any neighboring city as clearly as across the street . . . you can keep ties of family and friendship alive . . . and with various long distance rates again reduced on January 1, the cost is low indeed.

* * *

It's SURPRISINGLY easy to telephone from one city to another. Just give the telephone number and city to the operator, or the name and address, if you do not know the number. In a few minutes—or, more likely, a few *seconds*—you will be talking.

Women are using the telephone for their out-of-town calls, just as their husbands do at the office. A telephone call will bring pleasure to you and those you love. Children away at school, or in the city, and a bit lonesome. *Wouldn't it seem good to hear their voices?*

Friends you haven't seen for a long time. Birthdays rolling around, as birthdays do. The folks back home, who would welcome your cheery "hello." *A telephone call always carries your personality with it.*

And telephoning really costs very little. Here's the test: Think of some friend you would like to talk with. Look in the directory for the station-to-station rate, or ask the operator. Not so expensive as you thought, is it? Why not place the call right now?

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on putting forth those awesome concrete wens.

When we arrived, it was not yet completed but already it was said to be the loftiest all-concrete structure on earth. Certainly it was by odds the tallest thing in town. It morbidly dominated the horizon; was visible for miles and miles. And still nobody knew to what usages, if any, it would finally be dedicated; but guessing about it had become the favorite local pastime.

Right here would be a good place, I think, to scold my compatriots who are holding down jobs in South America, for remaining so characteristically insular. As business mercenaries they are highly successful but they cling to the typical Yankee habit of devoting their energies so exclusively to the task of mastering the tricks of their own trades that they neglect to acquaint themselves with what lies outside their particular orbits.

From the average English-speaking resident of any given South American country you can in one hour get more well-meant, innocently offered misinformation touching on things in the country next door than you could derive from studying an encyclopedia entirely made up of erroneous statements.

Let us take my own experience in endeavoring to learn a few rudimentary truths about that gawky, long-legged, long-necked bird which is the most characteristic living feature of the Argentine pampas. From various sources I elicited these details: He is a rhea; he is not a rhea, he is an emu, and therefore very popular among the originators of crossword puzzles; he is neither a rhea nor an emu but a true ostrich.

He is liked by the rancher over whose fields he ranges, because he feeds on the ticks which infest the cattle; he is universally hated by the ranchers because he tramples the grain and never by any chance eats a tick. He has three toes; he has four toes; some authorities think only two toes or possibly just one, but aren't dead sure about it.

His wing feathers are quite valuable; on the contrary, his wing feathers are of practically no value at all. When pursued he hides his head in a hole in the sand; he never hides his head in the sand, because once he did that and got a severe kick in the pants. He remains mated for life, which would seem to bear out the theory that he is, indeed, a true ostrich; he is an incurable polygamist, which would tend altogether to upset the theory. And there you are!

That brings me to another small cause for criticism of my fellow countrymen. We have gone a good distance in building up a code of commerce diplomacy in South America but there is crying need for a school where the domiciled North American might learn what points of interest the visiting North American would in all likelihood enjoy seeing.

Animated by the best intentions in the world, he crams you into his car and scoots away with you to the plant or the factory or the warehouse or whatever it is that he's managing. En route there, he hurls you headlong through a picturesque street, with such impetuosity that the yellow houses and the white houses merge together in a sort of succotash effect. He whirls you past a whole pack train of llamas or a quaint open-air market or a religious procession which fairly drips with local color.

Wistfully you murmur a hint that perhaps it might be advisable to slow up a bit and look the adjacent territory over. But he waves that aside:

"Just a lot of native junk," he says; "stuff that goes on all the time here. You just wait—I'm fixing to show you

something worth while—something that'll make you homesick for the U. S. A."

And presently, having halted at the spot where his company operates, he is, with pride in his voice, saying to you:

"Now, just look at those smelting works, will you? Why, boy, you can stand right here and imagine you're in Youngstown, Ohio, can't you? Isn't that a wonderful sensation, though—to land away down here and be able to see something that's like a slice out of good old Youngstown, or even Pittsburgh?"

Something ought to be done about this right away. Something ought to be done about quite a number of things in which our country has an actual interest already and a growing potential interest. Far be it from this unworthy scribe to endeavor to project his feeble and halting dogmas into the realm of statecraft and international politics, and farther be it from him to try to tell our captains of industry how to run their foreign branches and their foreign agencies, and most of all far, far and farthermost be it from him to meddle in the ticklish and sensitive field of religion. All the same, I feel it a bounden duty to offer for consideration to whom it may concern the fruits of a few free-hand observations, to wit, viz., as follows:

If I were in charge of the present plan of bringing annually to the United States picked students of South American schools and universities, I'd broaden the program on reciprocal lines, and organize parties of North American students to visit South America and see the countries whose destinies, political, commercial, cultural and sentimental, must inevitably be interlocked with ours.

If I were the father of a promising son —and could afford the expense—I would regard it as an essential part of that son's education to send him on a tour of lower South America. I think I'd send him there in preference to sending him to Europe even, because if that son, on growing up, is to go into any large phase of business, there will almost surely be angles and slants to that business in which some knowledge of South American affairs will prove of value to him.

If I were a distinguished director of public relations—or, in other words, a glorified press agent for Big Business—I would regard it as a patriotic obligation to endeavor to interest my principal clients in a financed campaign for offsetting and counteracting the anti-Yankee propaganda which certain European nations—or at any rate, certain European interests—carry on, day in and day out, in sedulous efforts to undermine our trade relations with South American buyers and discredit our prevalent standards of honesty in those quarters.

If I were a clergyman scheduled for service in South America, I would endeavor to cultivate a tactfulness which, according to what I heard not once but several times, often is lacking among our theological brethren down there.

Religious bigotry, as we know it, is not a frequent attribute of the educated citizen of Argentina or Chile or Brazil or Peru or Uruguay, to cite the most progressive nations. Barring the hostility of certain ultra-clerical groups, the apostle of whatsoever faith is given full opportunity to preach his creed and, if he can, to win disciples.

But while he is proselyting it behooves him, I would say, to refrain from uttering loud-mouthed criticisms of institutions which under the ministrations of another church centuries ago rooted themselves on that soil.

If I were a resident Yankee I'd refrain from vain yawpings merely because our great news-distributing agencies send the

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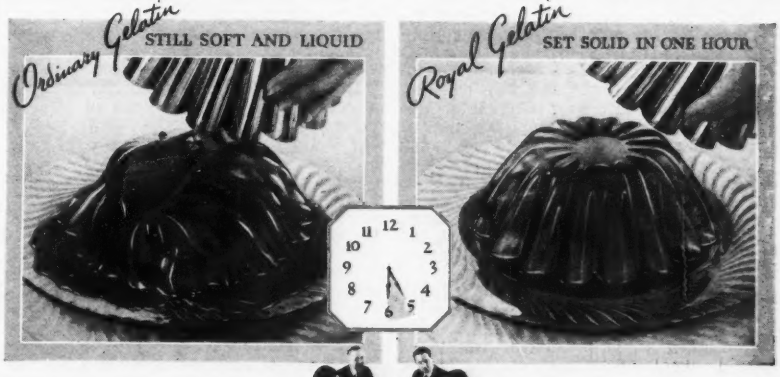
America's *Quickest Setting* Gelatin Dessert



HAVE you heard the latest news? About the new quick setting Royal Gelatin Dessert?

We've discovered a new process—that makes Royal Gelatin actually jell in half the usual time. And with modern electric refrigeration, or by using cracked ice, the time can be shortened to an hour . . . or less.

Just think what this means to you in the preparation of meals. No more anxious moments waiting for your gelatin to set. It's ready at dessert time . . . tempting and colorful . . . smooth and quivery.

Royal flavors are true to the fruits—much more delicious than any gelatin dessert you've ever used before. You can actually taste the difference.

Always fresh on grocer's shelf

Gelatin dessert, to retain its natural flavor, must be fresh. Royal is always fresh on your grocer's shelf.

It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by Standard Brands, Inc., nation-wide delivery system.

You get the natural flavor of deep red raspberries . . . of scarlet strawberries . . . golden oranges. The rich juiciness of cherries . . . the sharp tang of lemon.

Good for your children

Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin. Especially for children—because it promotes growth and is so easy to digest So be generous with Royal Gelatin Dessert. Serve it frequently.

It's so easy to make. Just dissolve in a cup of boiling water . . . add one cup of finely crushed ice or ice water to cool . . . then into the ice box it goes.

But remember—all gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick setting kind—that tastes like real fruit—ask for Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

In the red box — the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

South American papers subscribing for their cable services reports of crimes, race-troubles, divorces, religious rows and other unpleasant events occurring in the States. The managers of our press bureaus are good Americans. They are not inspired by any desire to give the United States a bad name at home or abroad. But news is the commodity which they have to sell and they would not dare to censor that news in the case of a publisher who, having bought all of it, is entitled to receive all of it.

To begin with, they would lose a patron, and in the second place, the paper would employ other means of getting the news; and in such event it possibly would be colored and distorted to the hurt of our reputation as a nation. European rivals would be glad to peddle to them in twisted shapes the current information which our press associations sought to withhold.

If I were an educator of national influence, I'd set afoot a movement having for its chief purposes, first, the teaching of Spanish as a language course in our public schools and our colleges, giving it the call over French if not over German; and second, the use of textbooks which should give to our youth a fuller picture of South America—in other words, a movement to stimulate in the classroom a healthy curiosity concerning the countries which are affiliated with us and are sharers in the moral, the intellectual and the physical elements of this New World civilization.

Finally, and most important of all, if I were a mouthpiece for our governmental policies, I'd work in season and out to impress upon the Latin-Americans a true conception of the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine. I'd seek to make them understand that primarily the Monroe Doctrine is a shield for our own national and their hemispheric defense and not a mandatory sword held at their throats.

I'd strive to convince them that the United States is not the "Octopus of the North," forever plotting to extend an imperialistic overlordship at the expense of less strong Pan-American nations, forever plotting forcible domination of our sister republics. And this is going to be a hard job.

The average reasonably well-informed adult among us may be hazy regarding the methods employed for bringing Florida and Texas and California into the Union and for bringing Cuba and the Philippines and Porto Rico and the Panama Zone into our sphere of control, but every grammar-school youngster in South America will tell you that almost always our territorial and extraterritorial boundaries have expanded at the expense of Spanish-colonized countries, giving dates, names and circumstances. He knows that part of the story by heart, and especially well does he know it in the lusty, ambitious Argentine Republic and in little, compact, jealous Uruguay.

In either of these countries it will be difficult indeed to convert the citizen to the knowledge that our dreamed-of conquests are the peaceful conquests of business; that our aim is to take unto ourselves power by trade and not by bayonets, and that in putting him behind the buckler of the Monroe Doctrine, we are not regarding him as a policeman might regard a rebellious and naughty boy, as an overzealous and bullying nursery governess might regard a willful child, but instead are taking him on as a full partner in a plan for the joint and mutual protection of us all against armed aggression or threat of armed occupation from without.

Right along here I would like to speak a good word for the types of visitors from the United States that we met in our wanderings through South America.

Almost without exception, they impressed us as being high-grade and hand-picked. I take it the other kind haven't discovered yet that some of the travel lanes run south; they know only the lanes which run east and west. Those who go down the hemisphere are well-mannered, intelligent persons seeking to broaden their spiritual horizons, not merely persons trying to show off.

As a matter of fact, I recall one out-and-out pest of the home-grown variety who crossed our trail—but only one. On a liner bound for Europe he wouldn't have stood out so conspicuously, for there would have been others like him. Here, though, on the steamer bearing us along the West Coast, he enjoyed the exclusive pesting privilege.

Need I add it?—he was from New York and, to hear him tell it, very prominent there. He went diligently to and fro interfering with persons who craved to enjoy the sunshine and the air, demanding to know what about having some amateur theatricals and what about a fancy-dress ball and what about this, that and the other, while the South American passengers, too polite to speak out, eyed him with cryptic glances, and behind his back gave expressive shrugs.

That wasn't the worst of our nuisance, though. You heard him in the smoking room commenting in clear-ringing tones upon the woeful deficiencies and shortcomings of every other nation as compared with the United States. You heard him referring with a loud voice to the peoples of these parts as "spigotties." You heard him saying to some fellow countryman: "Say, bo, next time you're in N'Yawk look me up and I'll sure show you the sights. You won't have no trouble finding me: my name's in the telephone directory." You got the feeling that the telephone directory was practically written around him.

Going ashore at a nitrate port above Valparaiso, he fell overboard from a launch. The water was good and rough, too, and he couldn't swim, so for just a minute things looked brighter. But some meddlesome busybody had to go and save him. Why can't people mind their own affairs?

Other crops may fail, but our own fair land may always be counted upon to produce a fine annual yield of the blatant, boastful, bumptious breeds of tourists. A strange thing is that you don't seem to find them in any abundance at home. They're like the tumbleweed of the western prairie, which doesn't begin to draw unfavorable attention until after it starts traveling.

Still, I'd not have the reader getting the impression that I claim our country has a monopoly on this plagueful harvest. I'd say that the international championship goes to our English cousins. There is a type of Englishman, lower submiddle clarss to start with, I reckon, and rarely encountered on English soil but frequently met with abroad, who specializes in the art of being badmannered.

On your first trip elsewhere you run into a typical specimen and to yourself you say that the only sure way of admiring the yeoman stock of old England is to read their history but avoid meeting any of them personally. Then some day you stop by in England and find out that these narsty ones aren't often seen there—that they flourish best, as ours do, under distant skies.

I'm grateful that a majority of ours go to Europe rather than to South America. South America should also be grateful for this blessing, along with her many other blessings.

One concluding historical fact about Montevideo: Once upon a time, the British forces took it, but owing to the excitement, forgot to serve tea that afternoon and so the whole thing was declared null and void.

Next Month—Brazil, a land of sharp contrasts and acute paradoxes—in the Final Chapter of Irvin S. Cobb's account of the Folks Next Door

Jeeves and the Old School Chum (*Continued from page 67*)

soft light in his eyes, "and tongue sandwiches and potted-meat sandwiches and game sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs and lobster and a cold chicken and sardines and a cake and a couple of bottles of Bollinger and some old brandy——"

"It has the right ring," I said. "And if we want a bite to eat after that, of course we can go to the pub."

"What pub?"

"Isn't there a pub on the course?"

"There's not a pub for miles. That's why I was so particularly careful that there should be no funny work about the basket. The common, where these races are held, is a desert without an oasis. Practically a death trap. I met a fellow the other day who told me he got there last year and unpacked his basket and found that the champagne had burst and, together with the salad dressing, had soaked into the ham, which in its turn had got mixed up with the Gorgonzola cheese, forming a sort of paste. He had had rather a bumpy bit of road to travel over."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he ate the mixture. It was the only course. But he said he could still taste it sometimes, even now."

In ordinary circs, I can't say I should have been any too braced at the news that we were going to split up for the journey in the following order: Bingo and Mrs. Bingo in their car and the Pyke in mine, with Jeeves sitting behind in the dickey. But, things being as they were, the arrangement had its points. It meant that Jeeves would be able to study the back of her head and draw his deductions, while I could engage her in conversation and let him see what manner of female she was.

I started, accordingly, directly we had rolled off, and all through the journey until we fetched up at the course she gave of her best. It was with considerable satisfaction that I parked the car beside a tree and hopped out.

"You were listening, Jeeves?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"A tough baby?"

"Undeniably, sir."

Bingo and Mrs. Bingo came up.

"The first race won't be for half an hour," said Bingo. "We'd better lunch now. Fish the basket out, Jeeves, would you mind?"

"Sir?"

"The luncheon basket," said Bingo in

Heights of Pleasure

Glittering mountains under a sky of frosty blue . . . the tingle from a brisk climb . . . and the perfect relaxation of a comforting, fragrant cigarette. The outstanding characteristic of Camels is their ability to heighten the pleasure of any occasion . . . they are so wholly, so delightfully refreshing.

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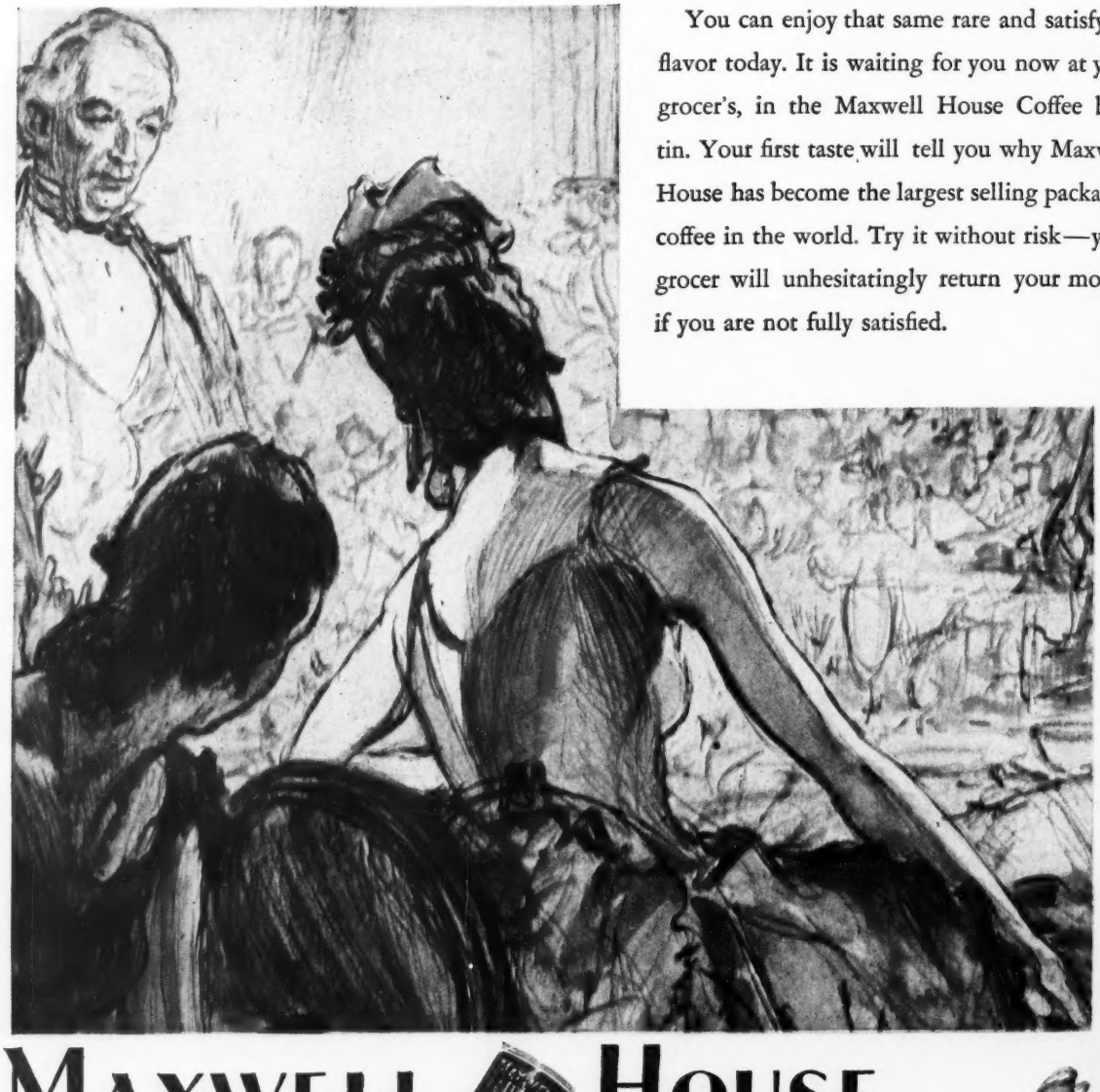
Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for February 1930

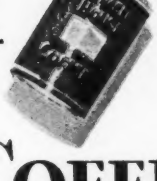
The coffee *that became a* social center

TO the Maxwell House of the Old South came the critical, the cultured, the distinguished—for the fame of this celebrated old hotel went far and wide through that land of good manners and good living. Especially was its wonderful coffee a renowned and potent attraction — a smooth, full-bodied, aromatic blend whose rich and mellow flavor made it a social center on every occasion.

You can enjoy that same rare and satisfying flavor today. It is waiting for you now at your grocer's, in the Maxwell House Coffee blue tin. Your first taste will tell you why Maxwell House has become the largest selling packaged coffee in the world. Try it without risk—your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money if you are not fully satisfied.



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE



"Tune in" to the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast over WJZ and associated radio stations.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

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a devout voice, licking his lips slightly.

"The basket is not in Mr. Wooster's car, sir."

"What!"

"I assumed that you were bringing it in your own, sir."

I HAVE never seen the sunshine fade out of anybody's face as quickly as it did out of Bingo's. He uttered a cry.

"Rosie!"

"Yes, sweetie-pie?"

"The bunch! The lasket!"

"What, darling?"

"The luncheon basket!"

"What about it, precious?"

"It's been left behind!"

"Oh, has it?" said Mrs. Bingo.

I confess she had never fallen lower in my estimation. I had always known her as a woman with as healthy an appreciation of her meals as any of my acquaintance. A few years previously, when my aunt Dahlia had stolen her French cook, Anatole, she had called Aunt Dahlia some names in my presence which had impressed me profoundly.

Yet now, when informed that she was marooned on a bally prairie without bite or sup, all she could find to say was, "Oh, has it?" I had never fully realized before the extent to which she had allowed herself to be dominated by the deleterious influence of the Pyke.

The Pyke, for her part, touched an even lower level.

"It is just as well," she said, and her voice seemed to cut Bingo like a knife. "Luncheon is a meal better omitted. If taken, it should consist merely of a few muscatels, bananas and grated carrots. It is a well-known fact . . ."

And she went on to speak at some length of the gastric juices in a vein far from suited to any gathering at which gentlemen were present.

"So, you see, darling," said Mrs. Bingo, "you will really feel ever so much better and brighter for not having eaten a lot of indigestible food. It is much the best thing that could have happened."

Bingo gave her a long, lingering look. "I see," he said. "Well, if you will excuse me, I'll go off somewhere where I can cheer without exciting comment."

I perceived Jeeves withdrawing in a meaning manner, and I followed him, hoping for the best. My trust was not misplaced. He had brought enough sandwiches for two. In fact, enough for three. I whistled to Bingo, and he came slinking up, and we restored the tissues in a makeshift sort of way behind a hedge. Then Bingo went off to interview bookies about the first race, and Jeeves gave a cough.

"Swallowed a crumb the wrong way?" I said.

"No, sir, I thank you. It is merely that I desired to express a hope that I had not been guilty of taking a liberty, sir."

"How?"

"In removing the luncheon basket from the car before we started, sir."

I quivered like an aspen. I stared at the man. Aghast. Shocked to the core.

"You, Jeeves?" I said, and I should rather think Cæsar spoke in the same sort of voice on finding Brutus puncturing him with a sharp instrument. "You mean to tell me it was you who deliberately, if that's the word I want——?"

"Yes, sir. It seemed to me the most judicious course to pursue. It would not have been prudent, in my opinion, to have allowed Mrs. Little, in her present frame of mind, to witness Mr. Little eating a meal on the scale which he outlined in his remarks this morning."

I saw his point.

"True, Jeeves," I said thoughtfully. "I see what you mean. If young Bingo has a fault, it is that, when in the society of a sandwich, he is apt to get a bit rough. I've picnicked with him before, many a time and oft, and his method of approach to the ordinary tongue or ham sandwich rather resembles that of the lion, the king of beasts, tucking into an antelope. Add lobster and cold chicken, and I admit the spectacle might have been something of a jar for the little woman. Still . . . All the same . . . Nevertheless . . ."

"And there is another aspect of the matter, sir"

"What's that?"

"A day spent without nourishment in the keen autumnal air may induce in Mrs. Little a frame of mind not altogether in sympathy with Miss Pyke's view on diet."

"You mean, hunger will gnaw and she'll be apt to bite at the Pyke when she talks about how jolly it is for the gastric juices to get a day off?"

"Exactly, sir."

I shook the head. I hated to damp the man's enthusiasm, but it had to be done.

"Abandon the idea, Jeeves," I said. "I fear you have not studied the sex as I have. Missing her lunch means little or nothing to the female of the species. The feminine attitude towards lunch is notoriously airy and casual.

"Where you have made your bloomer is in confusing lunch with tea. Hell, it is well known, has no fury like a woman who wants her tea and can't get it. At such times the most amiable of the sex become mere bombs which a spark may ignite. But lunch, Jeeves, no. I should have thought you would have known that—a bird of your established intelligence."

"No doubt you are right, sir."

"If you could somehow arrange for Mrs. Little to miss her tea . . . but these are idle dreams, Jeeves. By tea time she will be back at the old home, in the midst of plenty. It only takes an hour to do the trip. The last race is over shortly after four. By five o'clock Mrs. Little will have her feet tucked under the table and will be reveling in buttered toast. I am sorry, Jeeves, but your scheme was a washout from the start. No earthly. A dud."

"I appreciate the point you have raised, sir. What you say is extremely true."

"Unfortunately. Well, there it is. The only thing to do seems to be to get back to the course and try to skin a bookie or two and forget."

Well, the long day wore on, so to speak. I can't say I enjoyed myself much. I was distrait, if you know what I mean. Preoccupied. From time to time assorted clusters of spavined local horses clumped down the course with farmers on top of them, but I watched them with a languid eye. To get into the spirit of one of these rural meetings, it is essential that the subject have a good fat luncheon inside him. Subtract the luncheon, and what ensues? Ennui.

Not once but many times during the afternoon I found myself thinking hard thoughts about Jeeves. The man seemed to me to be losing his grip. A child could have told him that that footling scheme of his would not have got him anywhere.

I mean to say, when you reflect that the average woman considers she has lunched luxuriously if she swallows a couple of macaroons, half a chocolate éclair and a raspberry vinegar, is she going to be peevish because you do her out of a midday sandwich? Of course not. Perfectly ridiculous. Too silly for words. All that Jeeves had accomplished by his bally trying to be clever was to give me a feeling as if foxes were gnawing my vitals and a strong desire for home.

It was a relief, therefore, when, as the shades of evening were beginning to fall, Mrs. Bingo announced her intention of calling it a day and shifting.

"Would you mind very much missing the last race, Mr. Wooster?" she asked.

"I am all for it," I replied cordially. "The last race means little or nothing in my life. Besides, I am a shilling and sixpence ahead of the game, and the time to stop is when you're winning."

"Laura and I thought we would go home. I feel I should like an early cup of tea. Bingo says he will stay on. So I thought you could drive our car, and he would follow later in yours, with Jeeves."

"Right ho."

"You know the way?"

"Oh, yes. Main road to that turning by the pond, and then across country."

"I can direct you from there."

I sent Jeeves to fetch the car, and presently we were bowling off in good shape. The short afternoon had turned into a rather chilly, misty sort of evening, the kind of evening that sends a fellow's thoughts straying off in the direction of hot Scotch and water with a spot of lemon in it. I put the foot firmly on the accelerator, and we did the five or six miles of main road in quick time.

Turning eastward at the pond, I had to go a bit slower, for we had struck a wildish stretch of country where the going wasn't so good. I don't know any part of England where you feel so off the map as on the byroads of Norfolk. Occasionally we would meet a cow or two, but otherwise we had the world pretty much to ourselves.

I began to think about that drink again, and the more I thought the better it looked. It's rummy how people differ in this matter of selecting the beverage that is to touch the spot. It's what Jeeves would call the psychology of the individual.

Some fellows in my position might have voted for a tankard of ale, and the Pyke's idea of a refreshing snort was, as I knew from what she had told me on the journey out, a cupful of tepid pip-and-peel water or, failing that, what she called the fruit liquor. You make this, apparently, by soaking raisins in cold water and adding the juice of a melon. After which, I suppose, you invite some old friends in and have an orgy, burying the bodies in the morning.

PERSONALLY, I had no doubts. I never wavered. Hot Scotch and water was the stuff for me—stressing the Scotch, if you know what I mean, and going fairly easy on the H_2O. I seemed to see the beaker smiling at me across the misty fields, beckoning me on, as it were, and saying, "Courage, Bertram! It will not be long now!" And with renewed energy I bunged the old foot down on the accelerator and tried to send the needle up to sixty.

Instead of which, if you follow my drift, the bally thing flickered for a moment to thirty-five, and then gave the business up as a bad job. Quite suddenly and unexpectedly, no one more surprised than myself, the car let out a faint gurgle like a sick moose and stopped in its tracks. And there we were, somewhere in Norfolk, with darkness coming on and a cold wind that smelled of guano and dead mangel-wurzels playing about the spinal column.

The back-seat drivers gave tongue.

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"What's the matter? What has happened? Why don't you go on? What are you stopping for?"

I explained. "I'm not stopping. It's the car."

"Why has the car stopped?"

"Ah!" I said, with a manly frankness that became me well. "There you have me."

You see, I'm one of those birds who drive a lot but don't know the first thing about the works. The policy I pursue is to get aboard, prod the self-starter and leave the rest to Nature. If anything goes wrong, I scream for an A. A. scout. It's a system that answers admirably as a rule, but on the present occasion it blew a fuse owing to the fact that there wasn't an A. A. scout within miles.

I explained as much to the fair cargo and received in return a "Pshaw!" from the Pyke that nearly lifted the top of my head off. What with having a covey of female relations who have regarded me from childhood as about ten degrees short of a half-wit, I have become rather a connoisseur of "Pshaws," and the Pyke's seemed to me well up in Class A, possessing much of the timbre and *brio* of my aunt Agatha's.

"Perhaps I can find out what the trouble is," she said, becoming calmer. "I understand cars."

She got out and began peering into the thing's vitals. I thought for a moment of suggesting that its gastric juices might have taken a turn for the worse owing to lack of fat-soluble vitamins, but decided on the whole not. I'm a pretty close observer, and it didn't seem to me that she was in the mood.

And yet, as a matter of fact, I should have been about right, at that. For after fiddling with the engine for a while in a discontented sort of way the female was suddenly struck with an idea. She tested it, and it was proved correct. There was not a drop in the tank. No gas. In other words, a complete lack of fat-soluble vitamins. What it amounted to was that the job now before us was to get the old bus home purely by will-power.

Feeling that, from whatever angle they regarded the regrettable occurrence, they could hardly blame me, I braced up a trifle—in fact, to the extent of a hearty "Well, well, well!"

"No gas," I said. "Fancy that."

"But Bingo said he was going to fill the tank this morning," said Mrs. Bingo.

"I suppose he forgot," said the Pyke. "He would!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Mrs. Bingo, and I noted in her voice a touch of what-is-it.

"I mean he is just the sort of man who would forget to fill the tank," replied the Pyke, who also appeared somewhat moved.

"I should be very much obliged, Laura," said Mrs. Bingo, doing the loyal-little-woman stuff, "if you would refrain from criticizing my husband."

"Pshaw!" said the Pyke.

"And don't say 'Pshaw'!" said Mrs. Bingo.

"I shall say whatever I please," said the Pyke.

"Ladies, ladies!" I said. "Ladies, ladies, ladies!"

It was rash. Looking back, I can see that. One of the first lessons life teaches us is that on these occasions of back-chat between the delicately nurtured a man should retire into the offing, curl up in a ball and imitate the prudent tactics of the opossum, which, when danger is in the air, pretends to be dead, frequently going to the length of hanging out crape and instructing

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its friends to stay round and say what a pity it all is. The only result of my dash at the soothing intervention was that the Pyke turned on me like a wounded leopardess.

"Well!" she said. "Aren't you proposing to do anything, Mr. Wooster?"

"What can I do?"

"There's a house over there. I should have thought it would be well within even your powers to go and borrow a tin of gasoline."

I looked. There was a house. And one of the lower windows was lighted, indicating to the trained mind the presence of a taxpayer.

"A very sound and brainy scheme," I said ingratiatingly. "I will first honk a little on the horn to show we're here, and then rapid action."

I honked, with the most gratifying results. Almost immediately a human form appeared in the window. It seemed to be waving its arms in a matey and welcoming sort of way. Stimulated and encouraged, I hastened to the front door and gave it a breezy bang with the knocker. Things, I felt, were moving.

The first bang produced no result. I had just lifted the knocker for the encore, when it was wrenched out of my hand. The door flew open, and there stood a bloke with an expression of strained anguish on his face. A bloke with a secret sorrow.

I was sorry he had troubles, of course, but, having some of my own, I came right down to the agenda without delay.

"I say——" I began.

The bloke's hair was standing up in a kind of tousled mass, and at this juncture he ran a hand through it. And for the first time I noted that his eyes had a hostile gleam.

"Was that you making that infernal noise?" he asked.

"Er—yes," I said. "I did honk."

"Honk once more—just once," said the bloke, speaking in a low, strangled voice, "and I'll shred you up into little bits with my bare hands. My wife's gone out for the evening and after hours of ceaseless toil I've at last managed to get the baby to sleep, and you come along making that hideous din with your confounded horn. What do you mean by it, blast you?"

"Er——"

"Well, that's how matters stand," said the bloke, summing up. "One more toot—just one single solitary suggestion of the faintest shadow or suspicion of anything remotely approaching a toot—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"What I want," I said, "is gasoline."

"What you'll get," said the bloke, "is a thick ear."

And closing the door with the delicate caution of one brushing flies off a sleeping Venus, he passed out of my life.

Women as a sex are always apt to be a trifle down on the defeated warrior. Returning to the car, I was not well received. The impression seemed to be that Bertram had not acquitted himself in a fashion worthy of his crusading ancestors.

I did my best to smooth matters over, but you know how it is. When you've broken down on a chilly autumn evening miles from anywhere and have missed luncheon and look like missing tea as well, mere charm of manner can never be a really satisfactory substitute for a tinful of the juice.

Things got so noticeably unpleasant, in fact, that after a while, mumbling something about getting help, I sidled off down the road. And by Jove, I hadn't gone half a mile before I saw lights in the distance and there, in the middle of this forsaken desert, was a car.

I stood in the road and whooped as I had never whooped before.

"Hi!" I shouted. "I say! Hi! Half a minute! Hi! Ho! I say! Ho! Hi! Just a second, if you don't mind."

The car reached me and slowed up. A voice spoke.

"Is that you, Bertie?"

"Hullo, Bingo! Is that you? I say, Bingo, we've broken down."

Bingo hopped out. "Give us five minutes, Jeeves," he said, "and then drive slowly on."

"Very good, sir."

Bingo joined me.

"We aren't going to walk, are we?" I asked. "Where's the sense?"

"Yes, walk, laddie," said Bingo, "and warily withal. I want to make sure of something. Bertie, how were things when you left? Hotting up?"

"A trifle."

"You observed symptoms of a row, a quarrel, a parting of brass rags between Rosie and the Pyke?"

"There did seem a certain liveliness."

"Tell me."

I related what had occurred. He listened intently.

"Bertie," he said as we walked along, "you are present at a crisis in your old friend's life. It may be that this vigil in a broken-down car will cause Rosie to see what you'd have thought she ought to have seen years ago: viz., that the Pyke is entirely unfit for human consumption and must be cast into outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"I am not betting on it, but stranger things have happened. Rosie is the sweetest girl in the world, but, like all women, she gets edgy towards tea time. And today, having missed lunch—— Hark!"

He grabbed my arm, and we paused. Tense. Agog. From down the road came the sound of voices, and a mere instant was enough to tell us that it was Mrs. Bingo and the Pyke talking things over.

I had never listened in on a real, genuine female row before, and I'm bound to say it was pretty impressive. During my absence matters appeared to have developed on rather a spacious scale. They had reached the stage now where the combatants had begun to dig into the past and rake up old scores.

MRS. BINGO was saying that the Pyke would never have got into the hockey team at St. Adela's if she hadn't flattered and fawned upon the captain in a way that it made Mrs. Bingo, even after all these years, sick to think of. The Pyke replied that she had refrained from mentioning it until now, having always felt it better to let bygones be bygones, but that if Mrs. Bingo supposed her to be unaware that Mrs. Bingo had won the Scripture prize by taking a list of the Kings of Judah into the examination room, tucked into her middy blouse, Mrs. Bingo was vastly mistaken.

Furthermore, the Pyke proceeded, Mrs. Bingo was also laboring under an error if she imagined that the Pyke proposed to remain a night longer under her roof. It had been in a moment of weakness, a moment of mistaken kindliness, supposing her to be lonely and in need of intellectual society, that the Pyke had decided to pay her a visit at all.

Her intention now was, if ever Providence sent them aid and enabled her to get out of this beastly car and back to her trunks, to pack those trunks and leave by the next train, even if that train was a milk train, stopping at every station. Indeed, rather than endure another night at Mrs. Bingo's, the Pyke was quite willing to walk to London.

To this, Mrs. Bingo's reply was long and eloquent, and touched on the fact that in her last term at St. Adela's a girl named Simpson had told her (Mrs. Bingo) that a girl named Waddesley had told her (the Simpson) that the Pyke, while pretending to be a friend of hers (the Bingo's), had told her (the Waddesley) that she (the Bingo) couldn't eat strawberries and cream without coming out in spots, and, in addition, had spoken in the most catty manner about the shape of her nose. It could all have been condensed, however, into the words "Right ho."

IT was when the Pyke had begun to say that she had never had such a hearty laugh in her life as when she read the scene in Mrs. Bingo's last novel where the heroine's little boy dies of croup that we felt it best to call the meeting to order before bloodshed set in. Jeeves had come up in the car, and Bingo, removing a tin of gasoline from the dickey, placed it in the shadows at the side of the road. Then we hopped on and made the spectacular entry.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," said Bingo brightly. "Bertie tells me you've had a breakdown."

"Oh, Bingo!" cried Mrs. Bingo, wifely love trilling in every syllable. "Thank goodness you've come."

"Now, perhaps," said the Pyke, "I can get home and do my packing. If Mr. Wooster will allow me to use his car, his man can drive me back to the house in time to catch the six-fifteen."

"You aren't leaving us?" said Bingo.

"I am," said the Pyke.

"Too bad," said Bingo.

She climbed in beside Jeeves and they popped off. There was a short silence after they had gone. It was too dark to see her, but I could feel Mrs. Bingo struggling between love of her mate and the natural urge to say something crisp about his forgetting to fill the gasoline tank that morning. Eventually nature took its course.

"I must say, sweetie-pie," she said, "it was a little careless of you to leave the tank almost empty when we started today. You promised me you would fill it, darling."

"But I did fill it, darling."

"But darling, it's empty."

"It can't be, darling."

"Laura said it was."

"The woman's an ass," said Bingo. "There's plenty of gas. What's wrong is probably that the sprockets aren't running true with the differential gear. It happens that way sometimes. I'll fix it in a second. But I don't want you to sit freezing out here while I'm doing it. Why not go to that house over there and ask them if you can't come in and sit down for ten minutes? They might give you a cup of tea, too."

A soft moan escaped Mrs. Bingo. "Tea!" I heard her whisper.

I had to bust Bingo's daydream.

"I'm sorry, old man," I said, "but I fear the old English hospitality which you outline is off. That house is inhabited by a sort of bandit. As unfriendly a bird as I ever met. His wife's out and he's just got the baby to sleep, and this has darkened his outlook. Tap even lightly on his front door and you take your life into your hands."

"Nonsense," said Bingo. "Come along."

He banged the knocker, and produced an immediate response.

"Hell!" said the Bandit, appearing as if out of a trap.

"I say," said young Bingo, "I'm just fixing our car outside. Would you object

to my wife coming in out of the cold for a few minutes?"

"Yes," said the Bandit, "I would."

"And you might give her a cup of tea."

"I won't," said the Bandit.

"You won't?"

"No. And for heaven's sake don't talk so loud. I know that baby. A whisper sometimes does it."

"Let us get this straight," said Bingo. "You refuse to give my wife tea?"

"Yes."

"You would see a woman starve?"

"Yes."

"Well, you jolly well aren't going to," said young Bingo. "Unless you go straight to your kitchen, put the kettle on, and start slicing bread for buttered toast, I'll yell and wake the baby."

The Bandit turned ashen. "You wouldn't do that?"

"I would."

"Have you no heart?"

"No."

"No human feeling?"

"No."

The Bandit turned to Mrs. Bingo. You could see his spirit was broken.

"Do your shoes squeak?" he asked humbly.

"No."

"Then come on in."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bingo.

She turned for an instant to Bingo, and there was a look in her eyes that one of those damsels in distress might have given the knight as he shot his cuffs and turned away from the dead dragon. It was a look of adoration, of almost reverent respect. Just the sort of look, in fact, that a husband likes to see.

"Darling!" she said.

"Darling!" said Bingo.

"Angel!" said Mrs. Bingo.

"Precious!" said Bingo. "Come along, Bertie, let's get at that car."

He was silent till he had fetched the tin of gasoline and filled the tank and screwed the cap on again. Then he drew a deep breath.

"Bertie," he said, "I am ashamed to admit it, but occasionally in the course of a lengthy acquaintance there have been moments when I have temporarily lost faith in Jeeves."

"My dear chap!" I said, shocked.

"Yes, Bertie, there have. Sometimes my belief in him has wabbled. I have said to myself, 'Has he the old speed, the ancient vim?' I shall never say it again. From now on, childlike trust. It was his idea, Bertie, that if a couple of women headed for tea suddenly found the cup snatched from their lips, so to speak, they would turn and rend each other. Observe the result."

"But dash it, Jeeves couldn't have known that the car would break down."

"On the contrary. He let all the gasoline out of the tank when you sent him to fetch the machine—all except just enough to carry it well into the wilds beyond the reach of human aid. He foresaw what would happen. I tell you, Bertie, Jeeves stands alone."

"Absolutely."

"He's a marvel."

"A wonder."

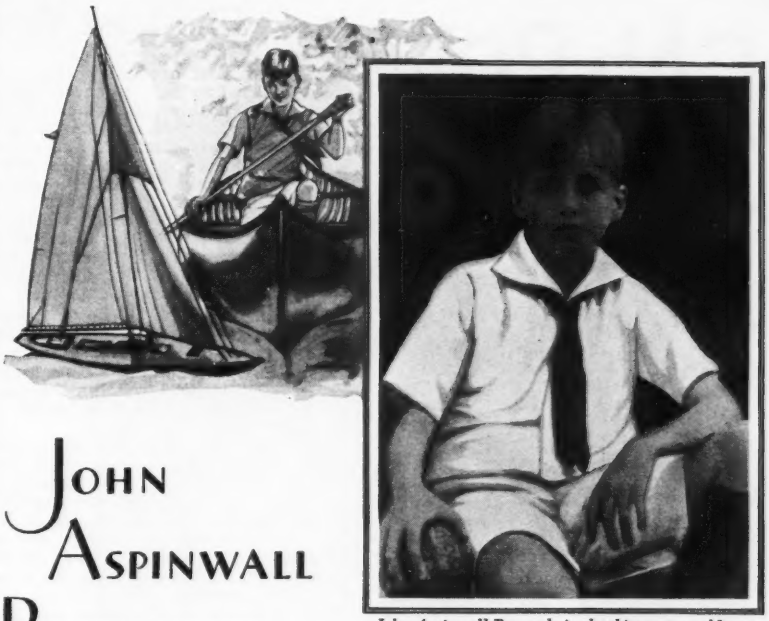
"A wizard."

"A stout fellow," I agreed. "Full of fat-soluble vitamins."

"The exact expression," said young Bingo. "And now let's go and tell Rosie the car is fixed, and then home to the tankard of ale."

"Not the tankard of ale, old man," I said firmly. "The hot Scotch and water with a spot of lemon in it."

"You're absolutely right," said Bingo. "What a flair you have in these matters, Bertie. Hot Scotch and water it is."



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Martini & Rossi Vermouth

The Last Word (Continued from page 77)

arguing with your owners and the port engineer. Don't do that. However, all this warning is probably superfluous. Kendrick informs me you have had a two-year taste of navy discipline and it has done wonders for you. I am glad of it."

Nature will assert herself, however—and Malachi O'Bannion was Irish. "I'll not talk back to him, sor, but that promise doesn't prevint me from havin' me private opinion av that fella. I had him for a second assistint fifteen year ago—an' fired him for incompetince."

"You did. And he holds it against you to this day. He says you're a hard man to get along with."

"Then let him kape out av me ingine room, sor. 'Tis little watchin' he need give me, although if he talks to me 'tis reshpectful I'll be to him."

So he went to sea in the Hispaniola, with a cargo of fir lumber from Tacoma for New York, and off Fire Island had the misfortune to kick off his propeller. He was asleep in his stateroom at the time and the riot of racing engines awakened him; instantly he was on the engine-room howler bellowing an order to shut her down.

The boatswain was heaving the lead off the flying bridge when Mr. O'Bannion came up to report the mishap to the skipper. The boatswain reported the depth of water.

"What are ye talkin' about, man?" Mr. O'Bannion demanded irritably. "Twinty-wan fathom! 'Tis well we lost the wheel off this shaller coast, for we can anchor now an' wireless for help to shnake us into port. Sure, we'll be towed into our berth wit'out a claim for salvage, discharge our cargo an' ship a new wheel whilst ye'd be sayin' Jack Robinson. An' be the same token, the ould girrl was goin' on dhry-dock on the returrn trip annyhow."

In another moment the skipper would have reminded Mr. O'Bannion that he required no advice from the engine room, but with the years Windy had learned discretion. He slapped the skipper amiably on the back and dissipated the low barometric pressure.

"You're right, Malachi. I'll wireless for a couple of tugs."

"Ye'll do nothin' av the sorrt," Mr. O'Bannion protested. "Have ye no reshpect for the owners' bank account? The Mariposa, av this same line, is due to sail from New York this day, wit' a gineral cargo. Sind her skipper a wire to shtop an' pick us up. That laves all the expinse in the family, me lad."

"I'd have thought of that in another minute," the skipper protested, not at all pleased to have the astute O'Bannion indicate his course. However, he intercepted the Mariposa as she came down the Narrows; the Hispaniola was duly towed by the Mariposa into New York Harbor and berthed at Hoboken.

Meanwhile Mr. O'Bannion had wired the port engineer in San Francisco, informing the latter that he had to have a new wheel and requesting information as to where he should order it. Also, he took occasion to suggest a slightly larger wheel with a greater pitch than the old one, claiming he had ample power to handle it.

In reply to his telegram he received curt orders to mind his own business and order a duplicate of the old wheel from any one of five firms in New York, the order to go to the lowest bidder. This made Mr. O'Bannion so angry that he forgot his promise to the owner not to argue with the port engineer; so he argued, expensively, by wire.

He informed his superior that if he, the said superior, remotely knew his business as a port engineer, he would have seen to it that the Hispaniola carried a spare wheel aboard and thus have saved the demurrage that would in all probability be necessitated by the casting of a new wheel in New York, where the robbers of the world, knowing the ship had to have one in a hurry, would charge the owners three prices for it.

He deprecated the port engineer's action in removing the spare wheel to give to another ship of the line in an emergency and asked him what his owners would think of that!

To his message he received the only reply possible in the circumstances. He was informed that upon his return to San Francisco he could pack his trunk and go overside, because his services would no longer be required. And, to add force to the dismissal, the message came addressed to Windy O'Bannion.

However, albeit profoundly shocked, Mr. O'Bannion had a Kiplingesque philosophy, in that he could meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors just the same.

"Faith, he'll get the wheel I'll ordher for him," quoth Mr. O'Bannion. "A proper wheel this ship has niver had but a proper wheel she'll get whilst I have the ordherin' av it."

And she got it, without undue delay and in accordance with Mr. O'Bannion's idea of what that wheel should be both as to size and pitch. And he stayed at the foundry day and night until the wheel was cast. Since he did not intimate that the Hispaniola required the wheel for any purpose other than as a spare, he got it at a price based on a legitimate margin of profit, and when it was done he had it shipped to the dry-dock at Brooklyn and fitted to the tail shaft, while the Hispaniola was being cleaned and painted.

On the return trip to San Francisco with general cargo he lopped two days off the regular running time. He had just finished making out the report of his voyage when the port engineer came aboard with the new chief engineer, and profanely ordered Mr. O'Bannion to hit the dock, which Mr. O'Bannion proceeded to do without a single word.

Only when the port engineer demanded his report of the voyage and the log of his engine room did Mr. O'Bannion protest. He informed the port engineer that the latter had his permission to go to Sheol, and with both documents under his arm, went ashore in his dungarees and straight to the office of the owners.

"Well," said the president grimly, "I hear you're fired, Mr. Windy O'Bannion. You would talk back to your superior! And after I'd warned you not to."

"That port ingineer," said Mr. O'Bannion, "is not me superior. Ye might have noticed the Hispaniola lopped two days off her regular runnin' time, sor?"

"Yes, I have. You had remarkably fine weather, I dare say. No head winds and no head sea."

"We had nothin' ilse but, sor, as ye'll see whin ye read the skipper's log. 'Tis all on account av the new wheel I shipped. That ba-boon av a port ingineer knows as much about wheels as I do about parsin' grammar, so I disobeyed his ordhers an' ordhered the wheel I knew was good for her. An' it was. Take a look at me report, sor, an' ax yerself did the Hispaniola iver come home on less fuel ile."

The president looked at the report

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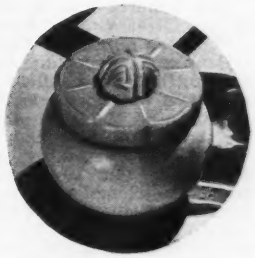

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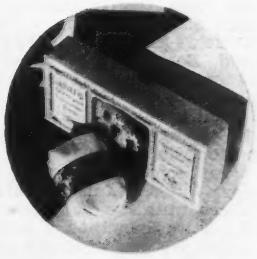

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and then at Mr. O'Bannion. "You've operated on six hundred and ninety-two barrels less fuel oil than she ever did on the old wheel—that is, if you've recorded the barrelage correctly."

"I didn't record it, sor. As ivery gallon comes out av the fuel tanks 'tis recorded on a machine like a speedometer on an automobile, as well ye know. The skipper an' the firrst mate, the firrst assistint an' the second were prisint whin I took the readin' an' rejuced the number av gallons to barrels, an' here's a letther to that effect, signed by thim all." And with infinite pride he thrust the letter under the president's nose.

"Six hundred and ninety-two barrels of fuel oil at a dollar-ninety——"

"Thirteen hunder an' fourteen-eighty," O'Bannion interrupted. "Add to that the pay roll an' board bill av the crew for two days, wather, lubricatin' ile——"

"I imagine, Mr. O'Bannion, you've paid for the new wheel already."

"She'll pay for it ivery voyage, an' she'll make four voyages an' a half a year!" the triumphant O'Bannion almost shouted. "I disobeyed ordhers becase I knew I was right, so for that I'm fired an' the company'll make twilve to fifteen t'ousand a year off the janius av the man they've fired. Good day to ye, sor."

And Mr. O'Bannion rose, bowed politely and walked toward the door.

"Here, here, O'Bannion, not so fast," the president called to him. "I'm not an ingrate, you know, and I do appreciate a money saving wherever I find it. Don't be so high and mighty. I'm willing to forget your rank insubordination and ask the port engineer to take you back, but I warn you that insubordination is subversive of discipline and good order and we must have strict obedience from our employees. The next time you disobey orders I'll fire you myself, no matter what it costs the company."

"Ye were niver much av a readin' man, I take it, sor."

"I haven't much time for reading."

"I have. Life at sea injuces a litherary taste, sor. Napoleon Bonaparte—an' ye'll admit that lad knew his business—wanst remarked that he wasn't particular shtuck on field marshals that was brave in battle, an' he was right. Sure, I've knowed tomcats that was brave in battle. 'What I want,' says ould Boney, 'is field marshals brave enough to dishobey me whin they know I'm wrong.'"

Mr. O'Bannion gazed innocently around the room, then murmured: "I've been born out av me time. Glory be, what a field marshal I'd have made for ould Boney!" He bowed elaborately again. "Good day to ye, sor, an' good luck to ye."

"But I want you to stick on the job," the president called after him. "We all make mistakes, you know."

"An' some av us make thim twicet, sor. Wanst whin we hire a jackass an' twicet whin we kape him on the job afther we know he's a jackass."

"I'll pay you what Kendrick and Son used to pay you, Mr. O'Bannion. Fifty above the marine engineers' scale."

"Make it a hunder an' I'll listen to ye, sor."

"Sold—provided you don't tack a rider onto your original proposition."

"What's that?"

"You mustn't ask permission to take our port engineer apart to see what makes him go."

Mr. O'Bannion smiled broadly. "Sure, I don't have to do that, sor. I took him apart fifteen year ago an' found out. Thank ye for the raise, sor. I'll be goin' back to the dock."

"Remember," his employer warned, "you're forgiven this time, but the next time, right or wrong, out you go for disobedience of orders."

"Hum-m-m!" Mr. O'Bannion murmured, and took his departure.

When Mr. O'Bannion returned to the Hispaniola, he found his belongings out on deck and the new chief engineer ensconced in his quarters. "I'm shtayin' on, me bhoy," he announced to his whilom successor, "an' ye're goin'." And he tossed his effects into the stateroom.

When the port engineer arrived to oust him, the chief engineer grinned at him and referred him to the office.

Mr. O'Bannion made another trip in the Hispaniola to New York with fir lumber and back with general cargo. Then the captain reported that he disliked the chief engineer so heartily that one of them would have to go. He gave no bill of particulars. So the company moved Mr. O'Bannion out of the Hispaniola and sent him shipmates with a voluble old skipper named Thane.

CAPTAIN THANE was never so happy as when indulging in long-winded yarns of his experiences, and the advent of Windy O'Bannion was, to him, as refreshing as a thunderstorm on a dog day in August. For Mr. O'Bannion was eminently fair. If he did his best to outtalk the skipper, he would also listen politely.

So they got along beautifully together, carrying general cargo to the Hawaiian Islands and sugar thence to San Francisco. The steamer—her name was the Makaweli—was a fine, new, comfortable twin-screw craft with a fair turn of speed, and Mr. O'Bannion felt an immense pride in her.

However, bad luck with propellers continued to dog Mr. O'Bannion. En route to Honolulu a year after he joined her, the Makaweli rapped her starboard wheel against a piece of submerged wreckage and broke off about a foot of one blade. Again the dreadful racket and riot ensued in the engine room. Mr. O'Bannion, of course, knew instantly what had happened, so he shut down the starboard engine and continued the voyage at half speed on the port propeller.

As a matter of routine he reported the accident by wireless to the home office and was instructed to ship a new wheel at Honolulu, which he could easily do as he had two spares lashed on deck. He was also instructed to go on dry-dock to do it.

These latter instructions so incensed Mr. O'Bannion that again he indulged himself in an acrimonious wireless to the port engineer. He said: "I know my business too well to require any instructions from you. I will ship the spare wheel my way."

This message created a stir in the office of the Makaweli's owners. They were well aware of Mr. O'Bannion's plan for shipping the new wheel, but they regarded it as very dangerous. However, they did not go to the expense of wirelessing counter-instructions. The Malolo was sailing that afternoon and as the owners calculated she would reach Honolulu before the crippled Makaweli, they wrote the skipper certain definite instructions and sent another marine engineer down to relieve Mr. O'Bannion, to whom they wrote briefly that he was fired for willful disobedience of orders.

The Malolo beat the Makaweli into Honolulu by half a day—and immediately after the first mate had docked the ship, Captain Thane was rushed away to hospital to have his appendix removed. Consequently the letter from the owners lay on the skipper's desk for three days.

On the evening of the fourth day the mate sent the letter up to the hospital, with the result that the following morning a message came down to him, ordering him to report to the skipper.

"What's O'Bannion up to?" the old man queried eagerly.

"He's just finished shipping a new wheel, sir."

Captain Thane's pale face went a shade paler. "How did he do it?"

"Why, simply enough, sir," the mate replied. "He took the matter up with me first and as I considered his plan feasible I told him I'd cooperate. He seemed in a hurry, so to please him I snatched cargo out of the Makaweli's after hold exclusively, while he superintended the job of rigging a staging over the stern. When the after part of the ship was empty she went down by the head and up by the stern, so O'Bannion ran a small barge in under her fantail, unshipped the broken propeller and slipped on his spare.

"The wheel's all keyed in, tight and shipshape, and the cargo's coming out of the fore part of the ship now. We haven't lost an hour's time discharging. What were you worrying about, sir?"

"I have orders from the office not to permit the new wheel to be shipped that way. They were afraid that with the ship out of balance she might turn turtle at the dock, particularly in the event of a storm's springing up."

"O'Bannion and I considered that, so he looked up the data on storms here for thirty years and decided that since they'd never had one at this season the chances were they wouldn't have one—and O'Bannion doesn't think much of a man who will not take a chance. However, he suggested I lash the ship extra tight to the dock and then lash two big barges on her opposite side, which reduced the chances of accident to a minimum. The barges cost us a hundred dollars' rental and ten dollars each for towage. We got off cheap."

The skipper sighed. "What else do you know?"

"Nothing, except that a new chief engineer came down on the Malolo to relieve Mr. O'Bannion, and Mr. O'Bannion told him he could have the job if he was willing to fight for it. So they had a fine fight; Mr. O'Bannion almost got licked and the relief engineer is going back on the Malolo. Mr. O'Bannion says this is his last fight. That relief engineer ruined four hundred dollars' worth of bridge work on him."

"Is O'Bannion happy?"

"Delighted. He's saved the owners a lot of money. Of course he's been fired for back talk and disobedience of orders, but he feels sure he'll be forgiven."

The skipper sighed. "The trouble with Windy is that he's an optimist."

THE skipper was right. To Mr. O'Bannion's terrific amazement he was fired by the president the moment the Makaweli docked in San Francisco.

"For why am I fired?" he quavered.

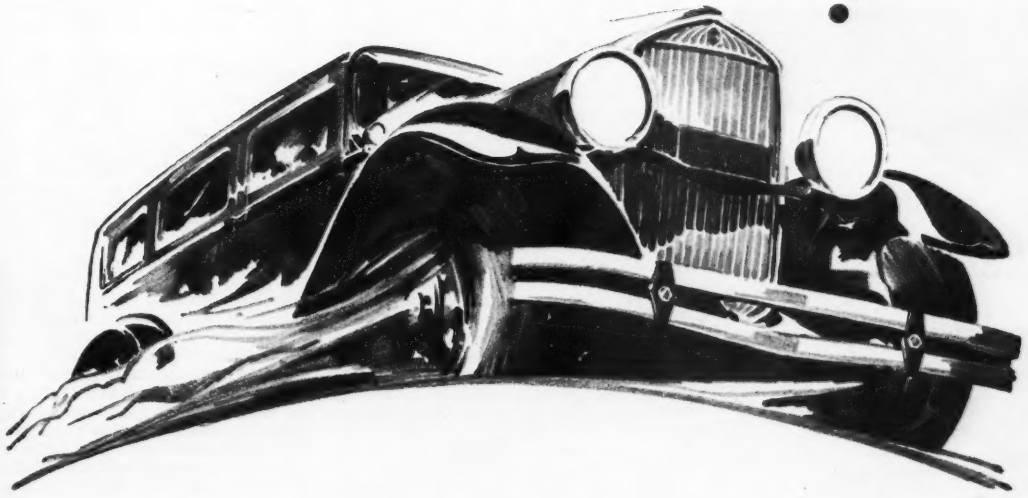
"For impudence and disobedience of orders. I warned you, didn't I?"

"But I niver got yer ordhers not to attimpt to ship the wheel at the dock," O'Bannion protested. "Av coorse that ba-boon av a port ingineer wirelessed me to put her on dhry-dock, but sure he don't know what he's about an' I do. An' for why should I obey his ordhers whin I had differint ordhers from ye, his superior? Ye towld me to kape her out av the shop an' I did it an' saved ye t'ousands of dollars."

"The relief engineer I sent down told you not to do it, didn't he?"

"Listen, sor," said Malachi O'Bannion, "I had that laddybuck wit' me in the

CHALLENGING AGAIN!



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ould Maverick as thirrd assistint an' what I don't know about *him* would fill a book. I——"

"Get out. You're fired."

"Sure, ye're makin' game av me," Mr. O'Bannion protested kindly. "For why should ye bite off yer nose to shpite yer face be firin' a good man like me?"

"No explanations are necessary. Get this and get it straight. You're fired."

Now, Malachi O'Bannion did not relish being fired. He had been happy in the Makaweli. Moreover, he was the highest-paid marine engineer in the world and it distressed him to lose that distinction.

"I'll make a barg'in wit' ye, sor," he urged. "Put me back in the Makaweli and I'll give ye a piece av information that'll save ye a barrel av money soon."

"Nothing doing. You can't tell me anything about running this business."

"I'll be patient wit' ye, sor, little as ye deserrve it. For the last time I tell ye that if ye put me back in me job I'll tell ye somethin' about yer business that'll save ye a barrel av money."

"I do not care to listen to you, O'Bannion. Please trot along about your business—if you have any."

"Very well, sor." Mr. O'Bannion placed the index finger of his right hand and the finger adjoining it across the same fingers on his left hand, thus forming a symbol which might roughly be considered to represent the double cross. Then he reverently raised the whole grimy, greasy lot to his lips.

"The Black Currse on this line," he murmured. "Wit'in t'ree months the t'ing I've currsed ye wit' will happen," and he murmured something in Gaelic. "Ye'll have a disasther an' 'twill cost ye dear; whin it happens I'll come in an' give ye the reason for it."

"Blah," the president murmured.

"Blah, you," the O'Bannion retorted, and went forth to seek a new job.

A month later the S. S. Maverick, which O'Bannion's recent employers had purchased from Kendrick and Son, sent an S O S out into space. Mr. O'Bannion happened to be on the floor of the Merchants Exchange when a clerk chalked up on the blackboard a brief bulletin to the effect that the S. S. Maverick had been heard sending out her distress call and giving her latitude and longitude.

Immediately Mr. O'Bannion hurried to the Hydrographic Office and inquired how far offshore a vessel in that latitude and longitude would be.

"About eleven hundred miles from land," came the prompt answer.

"God is good," Mr. O'Bannion murmured. "Thank ye." Back to the floor of the Merchants Exchange he went and there he found, staring at a blackboard with troubled eyes, the man who had fired him out of the Makaweli. Mr. O'Bannion plucked him by the sleeve.

"I towld ye 'twould happen wit'in t'ree months, sor," he exulted, "an' now 'tis happened. The Maverick's adrift, in a howling shtorm." He glanced up at the blackboard. "An' the Western Chief is goin' to her assistince. Well, the Western Chief'll put a hawser aboord her an' tow her to San Francisco—a long tow av eleven hunder miles. Thin the owners av the Western Chief'll clap a libel on the Maverick to protict the claim. Ye'll have a case in admiralty coort, sor, an' ye'll be shtuck in the long run wit' a fat bill for salvage an' a fat bill from a fat admiralty lawyer, an' I'm glad av it an' could have saved ye it all if ye hadn't proved yerself an ingrate be firin' me for protictin' the company's intherests."

"You appear certain of your ground, O'Bannion. Perhaps you can tell me what's happened to the Maverick."

"Faith, I can tell ye," Mr. O'Bannion keened triumphantly. "I was chief av the Maverick fifteen year an' in Honolulu last time she was acrost the dock from us, so I wint over to visit her chief. He wasn't aboord, so I shlipped down into the ingine room to see how badly it had gone down since I lift it.

"Well, sor, I found the couplin's av the shaft sections foul wit' dirrt an' grease, so I wiped thim off an' examined thim, an' in the afther couplin' av the tail shaft I found a crack I could shtick a knife blade into. But 'twas full av filth, so nobody knew 'twas there.

"Av coorse I knew that in the fullness av time that couplin' would shplit an' raise ructions, wit' the chances shtrong that the wheel, continuin' to turrn, would slue the tail shaft out, an' stuffin' boxes an' wheel an' tail shaft would sink an' the Maverick would be left wallowin' in the trough."

His late employer's face was red with rage. "So that was the information you wanted to trade me for your job, eh? And that was the Black Curse you put on me?"

"Why not? I knew that currse would come thrue if I put it on ye."

"O'Bannion, if you could only learn to mind your own business——"

"Be not mindin' me own business I found out what was wrong wit' the Maverick's tail shaft, did I not? Answer me that. How could I help lookin' her over? Wasn't I chief av her for fifteen year?"

They glared at each other for a minute. Then Mr. O'Bannion, who had a long memory, said distinctly: "Blah!"

Square as a Die

(*Continued from page 81*)

poetry. Gave lectures, too, on the duties of fathers and sons. Chautauqua and that sort of thing. Darned good poetry, too. Not much punch, but good commercial stuff, if you know what I mean. Heaven, Home and Mother stuff, and roses round the door and little hand prints on the wall.

Well, I sent for him and got him up to Minneapolis and he was everything they said. Not only had theories about fatherhood but worked them out in practice. Six sons from two to fourteen. And I don't think he had ever been away from his wife more than a couple of hours at a stretch.

Never drank, never smoked, never looked at an ankle—I guess that's why his stuff didn't have much punch. But it was sweet and satisfying, if you know what I mean. Pretty pretty, tinkle tinkle, goo-goo, and the trade ate it up.

Well, I had the laugh on the rest of the bunch around the office. Thought I was crazy when I fired Mac. Didn't think the old man knew what he was doing. Well, they're not putting very much over on the old man. I wouldn't say this to everyone, but I don't mind telling you, confidentially, I've forgotten more about this business than all those fellows will ever know.

There's Al Evans, for instance; raised him from a pup—and now he's always trying to tell me how to run the business. Some of these days I'll run him right out on his ear. I can stand about so much and then my patience is exhausted. You'll be sorry if you fire Mac, says he. Oh, yeah? says I. You sure

will, says he. Oh, will I? says I. I'll say you will, says he. Oh, I will, will I? says I. That cornered him. There goes that phone again. Excuse me.

On your call to Minneapolis. There's no answer. Shall we keep on trying?

No answer. That's silly. I'm asking you now, Dorothy, isn't that silly? As man to man, isn't that silly? Dorothy is too long, anyway. Let me call you Dot. Can't I call you Dot? Gee, you're a sweet kid. I'm glad I found you. Where have you been all my life? There, isn't that nice? A little closer.

Don't be like that. I won't hurt you. My, aren't you strong! I'm strong too. Feel that muscle. And I don't do a thing. Believe me, I fool a lot of them. They want to start something with me and the first thing you know, socko. Like that, see?

Let me freshen it for you. There, that's better. Smooth, isn't it?

Listen, you wouldn't think I was down here on a big deal—big Wall Street deal. I'm gonna make a lot of money. Yes, sir. These Wall Street guys think they can fool a Minneapolis boy. I'll fool 'em; I'll show 'em. I'll have their pelts nailed to the barn door if they don't watch me.

I'm not as dumb as I look. I'm a self-made man. You know I was a farmer boy! Yes, sir. Twelve years old before I saw an electric light. Plowed new ground at ten.

J'ever drive a span of mules through new ground with the plow catching on the roots? No, I guess not. Well, that's where I got this muscle. Feel it. Hard, isn't it? My legs are hard too. I'll fool these Wall Street guys.

Come on, drink up; you're cheating. You can't cheat on me. No, sir. Nobody can. I'm too smart. Maybe I don't look it but I am. Don't happen to know a good poet, do you? No, I guess not. Just had to fire one. You know I hire and fire poets. Hello, poet; good-by, poet. Now I got to find a new one.

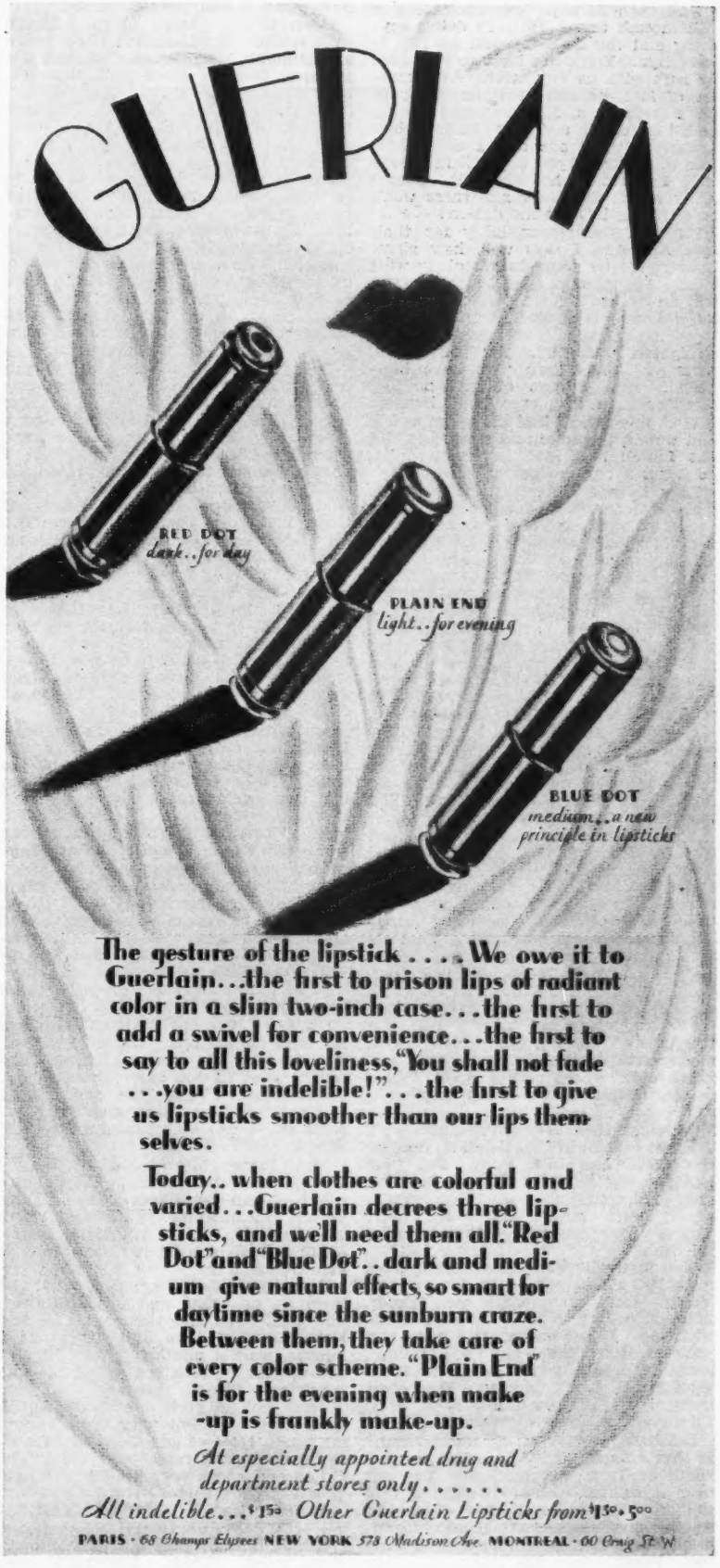
Lowell was all right for a while, but he went to the dogs. Yes, sir, right to the dogs. Like that. Funniest thing; you'll die laughing. Here he comes from Kansas full of honor and virtue and all that sort of thing and two months in Minneapolis and he goes to the dogs. Blooey, just like that.

I guess it was my fault. I don't know. How was I to know he couldn't stand temptation? Don't they have any temptation in Kansas? Me, I can stand any kind of temptation. I guess I sorta know what to do with it.

Now here I am, having a nice drink with you, a cute little blonde and what do I do? Nothing; just an innocent drink or two. No harm in that. Maybe a little kiss or two. What do you say? No? Okay. That's the way I am. But Lowell goes plumb haywire.

It was the convention that did it. Had a big convention in Minneapolis—delegates from all over the country—so I says to Al let's show 'em a good time. A lot of our dealers are coming and it's our civic duty to show 'em a good time. We'll get a suite in one of the hotels and stock it with body-rub so they can drop in and refresh themselves. It's our civic duty; besides, it's good business.

So Al says okay, and I says who do we put in charge of the stimulants? We want a good glad-hander, a good greeter; make the out-of-town boys feel at home when they come in, so Al says what's the matter with Lowell? He's full of that old Chautauqua banana oil, and I says is he all caught up on his poetry for the month and Al says sure, we can spare him. Put him down in the suite and let him glad-hand the dealers.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light..for evening
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The gesture of the lipstick . . . . We owe it to Guerlain...the first to prison lips of radiant color in a slim two-inch case...the first to add a swivel for convenience...the first to say to all this loveliness, "You shall not fade ...you are indelible!"...the first to give us lipsticks smoother than our lips themselves.
Today.. when clothes are colorful and varied...Guerlain decrees three lipsticks, and we'll need them all. "Red Dot" and "Blue Dot"..dark and medium give natural effects, so smart for daytime since the sunburn craze. Between them, they take care of every color scheme. "Plain End" is for the evening when make-up is frankly make-up.
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So I says okay, not suspecting nothing.

And then Al says, you know Mac is still around town. He isn't doing anything and the dealers would all like to meet him. You don't have to tell them he isn't with us any more. As a matter of fact, he still does things for us on a royalty and that would be an added attraction and he could introduce Lowell to the trade and I think he'd like it. What d'you say? And I says well, I'm not so hot about it. Mac'll drink up all the licker and there won't be anything left for the dealers.

I'll take the responsibility for that, says Al. And I says well, how about Lowell? Is he going to get along with Mac? And Al says, sure, I think Lowell will be a good influence for him. You know Lowell is a nice, clean, upstanding, temperate family man and he might straighten Mac up, you can't tell. Stranger things than that have happened. And I says oh no, nothing stranger than that ever could happen.

Well, anyway, Al had his way about it and we got the suite and stocked it and put Lowell and Mac in charge. No, don't get up; you're not so heavy.

Let's have some music, huh? Sure, I always carry a phonograph—portable one. I just got some new records. D' you like this one? Mean to Me. Why are you so mean to me? Mean to me. Mean to me. Mean to me. Mean to me. Mean to me. I guess there are other words but I don't know them.

Come on, let's have a little dance. Mean to me. Mean to me. Aw, come on. Don't be so lazy. Mean to me. Mean to me. Gee, you're soft and warm. Gee, your hair smells good. Mean to me. Mean to me. I'm crazy about you. Don't fight like that—just one. That was a stingy one. Can't you do any better than that? Mean to me, why are you so mean to me? See, the words fit, don't they? You *are* mean to me. You know I'm crazy about you.

Well, I *am* dancing. I just stopped to talk. I'm not hurting your ribs. All right then, sit down if you feel that way about it. Mean to me. Why are you so mean to me? I'm gonna have another. Are you with me or ag'in' me? That's what I want to know. That's a fair question, isn't it?

Come on, finish it and have another. Come on. Up. Up. Down. There, that's a good girl. Are you with me or ag'in' me? Aw, come on, take a real one this time. That's the stuff. You're with me, aren't you, huh? You're with me, huh? Huh? Let's play it again. Mean to me. Mean to me. Mean to me.

All right then, we won't dance; we'll just talk, huh? We'll just sit here on the couch and talk, huh? Put your head on my shoulder. That's it. Gee, your hair smells good. Gee, you're sweet, huh? Aren't you sweet, huh? You are too. Are you with me or ag'in' me, huh?

You better be with me—mustn't cross me. I'm a bad guy when I'm crossed. Yessir. Cave man, that's me. Yessir. A lot of 'em try to get away with things with me. I just smack 'em down and walk off. Hard, that's me. You wouldn't guess it, would you? Some of these Wall Street guys'll find out. They start merging me I'll merge 'em right back. I'll merge yer. Yessir. What I say goes.

I'm hard, see? Feel my muscle, huh? Is that an arm, huh? I worked my way right up from nothing; now I've got over a million—yessir. Yessir, a cool million. I'm generous too. You can tell by my hands, see? That's a generous hand, that is, but it's a hard hand too. Yessir. Iron fist, that's me. Iron fist in the velvet glove. But I wouldn't hurt *you*. I like you too much.

Mean to me. Mean to me. That's swell record. Good sentiment too; make a good motto, Mean to me. Why are you so mean to me? Good poet, that fellow. Looking for a good poet. Didn't know I hired poets, did you? Hire and fire 'em just like that. Hello, poet; good-by, poet; come here, poet; go to the devil, poet.

I've just finished telling one of 'em to go to the devil, believe me! But he had gone, anyway. Couldn't stand temptation. Father of six children and couldn't stand temptation. Never been away from his wife in his life. Never took a drink, never took a smoke and I says to him, here, you take care of all this licker and entertain the dealers, see? When they come up to the room, pour 'em a drink; pour 'em two drinks.

Well, it wasn't long before I began hearing things. Yessir, everything gets around to me sooner or later. I see him taking pretty girls to the plant and I says to myself aha, those ain't dealers. Then I smells his breath. Whoopee! I goes right out like a light. If you'da struck a match near him he'da exploded. And I says aha, smells like a dealer, but that's no dealer, that's our poet. The big father-and-son poet of Kansas. Licker and girls!

Is that right? I ask you. So then I make it my business to find out. Nobody's putting anything like that over on *me*. When people work for me they gotta behave themselves—they've gotta toe the mark. So I says to Mac, I says, what's going on down there? Are you debauching the poet laureate of Kansas? Huh? Aren't you ashamed?

And what d' you think Mac says, huh? Debauching me eye, says he. That guy has gone plumb haywire. Drinks all the time. I been trying to straighten him up. Can't do anything with him. So I says, that's funny, he never touched a drop. Good family man. Chautauqua poet. Can't understand it. What's happened, huh? I bet you started him.

So Mac says, honest, I didn't start him. He just started himself. Took one drink and said, whee! And took another and says, whoopee! And then he just sort of put his ears down, his tail up and went after it. Hot dog! says he. How long has this sorta thing been going on? Zowie!

Oh, boy! Oh, boy! That's more like it. Give me another. Oh, boy! That's a kiss. Just one more. All right. All right! Just as you say. Mean to me. Mean to me. That's the stuff; that's the stuff. Higher. Here, kick this. Aw, come on, I can kick that high myself. Watch. See? Zowie!

Mean to me. Mean to me. How d'you do that one? Let me try. There, how's that? I can do a clog dance. Look. Watch. Mean to me. You clap. That's it. Come on. That's it. Mean to me. Mean to me. Aw, let it ring. Mean to me. Mean to me.

Come on, let's do a sister act, huh? Here we go. One and two and three and kick. One and two and three and kick. One and two and—hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. Here, I'll pick you up; let me pick you up. I got you. I got you. Steady. Steady.

Come on. A good one this time. A good long one. Put your arms around my neck. Here we go. Good-by. Good-by, world. Who cares?—let 'em knock. Go on and knock your head off. What? What? Who's there? Huh?

YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP MAKING SO MUCH NOISE IN THERE.

Sshhhhhhhhh! Stop laughing. Stop it. Keep quiet. Sshhh. You gotta keep quiet. Come on, let's cuddle up here and keep quiet, huh? All right. I'll make you another. All right; all right. I'm gonna have one with you, too.

Stop laughing, will you? Shut up. They'll be throwing us out of here. Shut up. Stop it. Will you stop laughing? Are you laughing or crying? What's the matter with you? I'll sock you if you don't shut up. Stop that crying, will you? I'm not doing anything to you.

What's the matter with you? Will you shut up? Here, come here. Where you going? Get away from that window. Stop that screaming, will you? They'll think I'm murdering you. Come away from that window. Come here.

Of course I won't let you. Jump out somebody else's window. You can't jump out of my window. Are you crazy? Come on now. Come on back here and sit down. Stop your kicking, you little she-devil. I'll sock you in a minute. Lie down here. I'm gonna hold you here till you get some sense. Come on, lie still.

That's better. That's more like it. Stop your crying now. Nobody's gonna hurt you. I wouldn't let anybody hurt you. Don't you be afraid now. Don't you be afraid. There, that's it. Relax. Here, finish your drink. A good long swallow. That's it. There now.

Gee, you had me scared there for a minute. I thought you was gonna jump out the window. Aw, you mustn't talk like that. You're too young to wanta die. Yes, I know, but we all have troubles. Sure, I have troubles, too. Lots of them, but I don't want to go jumping out the window when I've had a few drinks. Why, you're just a kid. Why, I'm old enough to be your father. Sure.

There, there! Let me kiss those tears away. There, that's better. Don't you feel better? I won't let anybody hurt you. I'll hold you real close, just like this, huh? How's this, huh? There, there. Now tell me all about it. What's the matter with my little baby, huh?

Yes. Sure. Sure, I know. Sure. Of course. No, you don't mean it? Why, the dirty dog. The dirty pup. Why, I'd like to break every bone in his body. You don't mean that? You poor baby.

Well, don't you worry. I'll stand by you. I'll help you. Yes, sir. Here, here, you mustn't cry any more. Just snuggle up. There, there. Sure, I understand. Of course not. Of course I don't think any worse of you. Of course I understand. Sure. I'm a man of the world. I understand everything. You can tell me anything. I'll understand.

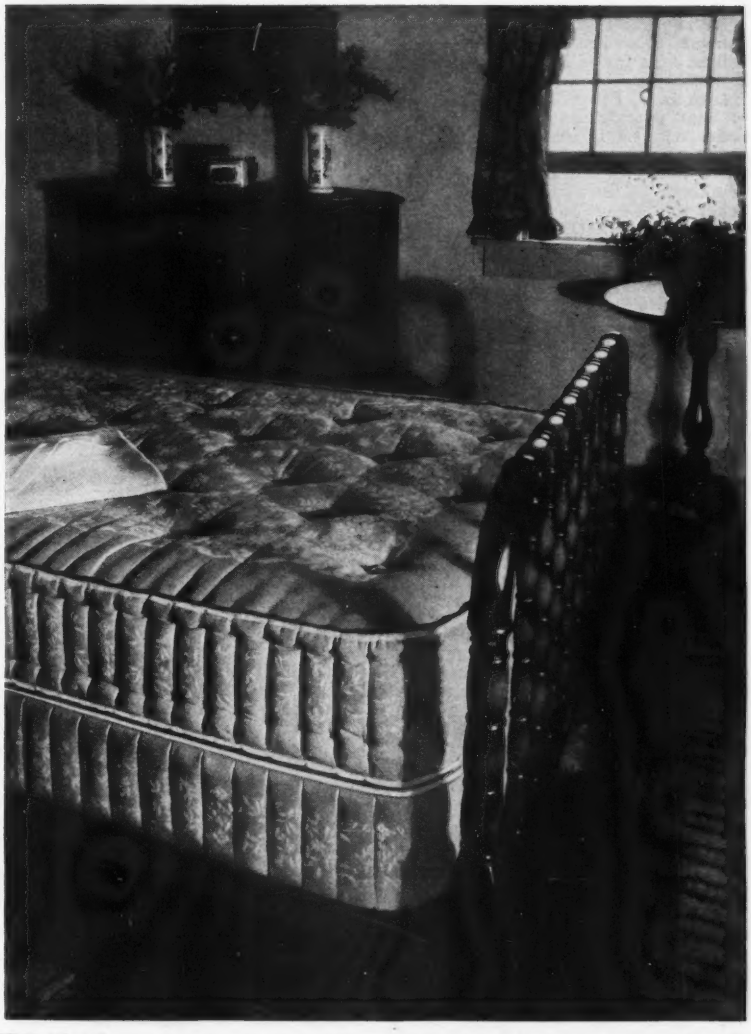
Just imagine I was your daddy, huh? How does that sound? Daddy. Say it. Oh, you said that so cute. There. Now you mustn't cry any more. Just one more little kiss. There. That was good, wasn't it? You see, I'm not so bad, am I? Of course, I'm hard to understand. But you understand me, don't you? Sure. Of course you do.

I could tell that the very first thing. I felt it. You know how you feel things about people? Just sort of drawn to them? I felt that way about you. I trusted you right away. People should trust each other, don't you think so? You trust me, don't you? Well, you can. You can trust me to the bitter end.

Put your arms around me. Are you comfy? Old faithful, that's me. You know, that's one of the things they say about me in business. Square as a die. Hard as nails but square as a die.

Yessir, all I ask of people is to play square with me. You play square with me, I'll play square with you. That's my motto. Yessir, that's what I tell everybody who works for me. I expect loyalty. Yessir, one hundred percent.

mrs. perry tiffany



• in her historic old house in rhode island she enjoys the modern comfort of the beautyrest mattress . . .

• Beloved and gracious member of Paris and Newport society, Mrs. Perry Tiffany has recently restored the old Perry homestead at Wakefield, Rhode Island, illustrious birthplace of two Commodores and two Captains, whose names are brilliantly bound up with the naval history of our country.

A Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring from Simmons were the only anachronisms Mrs. Perry Tiffany permitted herself in this authentic restoration. "The Beautyrest is so comfortable, I felt I *must* have one," she said. "Such buoyancy, such amazing ease! And its trim lines and beautiful finish make it a handsome addition to a room of any period.

"Simmons inner coil mattresses have revolutionized our sleeping habits! How marvelous it is that you can price your new Deepsleep Mattress so reasonably that everyone may now enjoy the luxury of this perfect rest."

A bedroom in the Commodore Perry house, equipped with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons spool bed No. 1850, reproduction of an old model, $37.50.

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And if I catch you doing anything different, out you go. Yessir, right out on your ear. Just like Lowell.

Believe me, I told him. Look here, I said, I want you to come into my office. I want to have a talk with you. I've been hearing things about you. What things? says he. I'll tell you what things, says I, and I took him right into my office and shut the door.

Look here, I says, I put you in charge of that place downtown with all that licker because I trusted you, I says. I didn't trust Mac but I trusted you. And what did you do, huh? You started drinking. You started drinking the licker that I gave you for our customers. And not only that, instead of entertaining our customers, you got interested in their daughters. You, the father of six children. Is that so, or isn't it?

And he says yes, that's true. And that isn't all, I says. You fell for one of them, I says, and stayed out all night with her two or three nights with your wife telephoning all over town trying to find you. Is that so, or isn't it? Yes, he says, that's true. I did. I'm sorry.

You're sorry, I says. A lot of good that does, I says. That would be bad enough but that isn't all either, I says. When the convention broke up, you took a little apartment on the sly. You've been seeing that woman there, I says. Is that so, or isn't it?

And then he broke down and started to cry. Yessir, cried just like a baby. I've been a good father and a good husband up till now, he says. For forty years I never took a drop and never looked at another woman. And then I don't know what it was but something happened to me. I took one drink and then another and then pretty soon I found I couldn't stop, and then I started to chase around and I couldn't stop that either. I guess it was because I'd never done anything before and it was just too much for me. Oh, yeah? I says. That's a hot one.

Aren't you comfy, honey? Cuddle up, sweet. There! So I says to him, I says, I suppose you expect me to believe that, huh? Well, let me tell you something. I'm running a good clean moral business here. I'll not have any drunkards or chasers around here, especially in your position. How can you write beautiful poetry about home and mother and things like that and then go out and get lickered up and be unfaithful to your wife? Your dear little wife! The mother of those six beautiful sons.

Haven't you any shame? Why, you low-down hypocrite, you despicable person, get out of this office! Go to the cashier and get your money and never come back. Never! You understand?

Well, sir, he cried just like a baby. Said he'd do his best to buck up and turn a new leaf. But I says, nope, I've heard all that sort of thing before. Out you go. And out he went, too. Believe me. The nerve of that guy, to think he could pull that sort of thing around me. Believe me!

Are you asleep? I thought you was asleep. I guess you're tired, huh? Poor tired little baby. Cuddle up in daddy's arms. There. Isn't that nice? Wanta drink? Well, I'm gonna have one. You stay right here and I'll be right back. Let me fix your pillow. There. I'll mix you one, too. It'll wake you up.

Here you are, baby. Take your medicine. Look out. *Look out!* Now look at you. Spilled it all over you. Better take it off and let it dry. Come on, I'll help you. Come on, over the head. There. There, I'll hang it up in the bathroom. It'll dry in no time. Gee, you look sweet. Don't you want to kick off your shoes, huh? Come on, take 'em off. Be comfortable.

There's that phone! Who's calling this time of the night, anyway? Don't move, honey. I'll be right back.

Hello. Who? Oh, hello! Hello, Grace! What? Where have you been all evening, huh? Been trying to get you all evening. I said I've been trying to get you all evening. I said I've been sitting here trying to get you all evening.

What? Just sitting here. Just sitting here, trying to get you. What? I can't understand you. Huh? What's that music, huh? I hear music. Stop that laughing, will you? Oh, you're having a party. Oh, you are? That's why you couldn't answer the phone all evening, huh? I said that's why you couldn't answer the phone all evening. I said that's why—aw, never mind. Never mind; it doesn't matter. Go on back to your party. Go on. Go on back to your party. Good-by. I said *good-by*.

That's a nerve for you. Where did I put that bottle? What you doing over there, honey? Asleep, honey? Huh? I'm gonna have a good straight shot all to myself. D' you mind, honey? Here's looking at you, honey. Ugh, boy! Woof! That's a nerve for you. Waiting till I get out of town to throw parties in my house. Wonder who's there. Huh? Sure you don't want one, honey?

Wadd'ya say, huh? Answer me. Here, wake up! Answer me. Come on, wake up. What's the matter with you? Here, you're cold as ice. Come on, wake up. Come out of it. Come on, come out of it. Say, what's the matter with you? Hey, are you sick? Answer me. You're like ice. Wake up!

You've got to get up; you've got to get out of here. Do you hear? You can't stay here. You've got to go home. Do you hear? Listen. It's two o'clock, you've got to go home. What's the matter with you? Answer me. Are you dying? What's the matter with you?

I won't have this, do you hear?—you've got to get up. You've got to get up and go home. Get out of here. Was there ever such a woman? One minute jumping out the window; the next minute passing out cold. Why the devil I ever let you in here, I don't know.

Come on, will you? Snap out of it. How am I going to get you out of here? It's two o'clock, do you hear? They'll be throwing me out of this hotel. Haven't you got a heart? Wake up. Wake up, will you? Please wake up. *Please.*

That's better. Come on, now, sit up. Wait just a minute and I'll get your things. There you are. Over the head. Put your arms up. Come on, snap out of it, will you? There you are; now get up.

Where's your hat? What did you do with your hat? Here's your coat. Get up and I'll slip your coat on. Can't you stand? You've *got* to stand. You've gotta walk out of this place—and straight, too.

Come on, I'll walk you round the room a little. That's a chair—you can't climb over that. There goes that phone again. Can you stand? Well, lean against something. Well, fall down then.

Hello, what? Who? Oh, hello, Grace . . . Yes, Grace . . . Yes, Grace . . . Yes, Grace . . . Yes, Grace . . . Tomorrow, Grace . . . I said tomorrow, Grace . . . The Century, Grace . . . I can hardly wait, Grace . . . Yes, Grace . . . Good-by, Grace!

He Always Wrote Her Everything

(Continued from page 73)

failed to evoke any indignation whatever from Max.

"It ain't the thirty dollars, Morris," Max declared; "it's the principle of the thing which we are appointed a dinner committee and you go over the heads of me and Ralph and three or four other fellers and do the whole thing yourself. Why don't you arrange the entertainment and everything?"

The question was put satirically, but Morris took it literally.

"I did," Morris replied calmly. "I seen Milton Stichs, George Rey and this feller Arthaud, and they told me they wasn't going to show up, so I should act for them. So as I figured you two wouldn't mind, I went to work and done it."

Max Fast scowled heavily and seized his brother-in-law's arm. "All right, Ralph," he said. "I'm through."

"Now wait a minute," Ralph protested. "There's got to be a head to everything, ain't there?"

"Why, certainly," Morris agreed, "and if we was to shilly-shally around till we all agreed on everything, this dinner wouldn't be arranged in a month."

"He's right, Max, so sit down and take it easy," Ralph said, thrusting his brother-in-law into a divan.

"Now, who did you get for the entertainment?" Ralph asked.

"So far I ain't engaged anybody," Morris answered, "but if you'll leave it to me, boys, I'll do the whole thing inside of a couple of hundred dollars and it'll be a wow."

"I seen them wows before," Max replied scornfully. "Some continuity writers making wise-cracks and a jazz band which raises such a *Geschrei* that you don't know if you're eating fish or ice cream."

"This ain't going to be that," Morris assured them. "I suppose you know that when Sidney Rockhill is in Los Angeles, every night before he goes to bed, he writes home to his wife in New York and tells her everything."

"So he says," Max commented.

"And so he does," Morris said emphatically. "But after this dinner is over, if he writes home and tells her everything, Max, it'll make good reading, if he's *meschuggeh* enough to do it."

Max and Ralph nodded understandingly, and Morris smiled too. It was not only a reflex of the satisfaction he felt in putting something over on his ex-partner, Sidney Rockhill, but it was also enjoyment of a situation which he intended to create for the embarrassment of Max Fast, for the person he had selected to provide the entertainment at the Rockhill dinner was no other than Sheila Birkenhead.

In fact, not ten minutes after he left Max and Ralph, Morris entered the apartment house where dwelt Sheila Birkenhead with all that was left of Max's fifty thousand dollars. It was not much and when Morris glanced around what seemed to him to be a sparsely furnished room, he mentally resolved to do the entire entertainment for one hundred and eighty dollars instead of two hundred dollars.

What Max didn't understand, however, was Miss Birkenhead's taste in decoration, which was distinctly not of Hollywood and included in its scheme no stuffed-silk and tasseled cushions and no oil paintings enclosed in shadow boxes

THE

DAINTIEST MEMBER OF

THE JUNIOR SET. .

Yet she has "Athlete's Foot!"

ONLY this morning she had noticed it again—and her pretty brows had puckered with vexation.

Charming—sought after—exquisitely groomed—it seemed to her almost a reproach upon her delicacy—yet there it was, that affection, unnaturally white, unpleasantly moist,* between her smallest toes!

Not that it hurt her so much—it seldom *does* in the beginning—but the *thought* of it distressed her more and more. In the midst of a perfectly divine dance—during the "big" scene at the play—in wakeful moments at night—it obtruded itself upon her mind—it was *maddening!*

She is just one of millions who suffer from "Athlete's Foot" and *don't know what it is!*

Tinea Trichophyton—a National *Affliction*

Her escort, the big Princeton end, had he known of her worry, could have told her that she was suffering from a form of ringworm infection caused by tinea trichophyton and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"! Also he could have told her *what to do* for her trouble, for college coaches everywhere now know that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills and helps prevent its spread.*

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*. . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated Universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students involved are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums, even on hotel bath-mats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

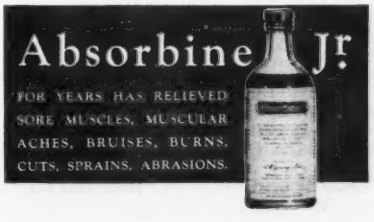
A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. have proved, through bacteria counts and micro-photographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for the distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure. Not injurious to the tenderest tissues.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. YOUNG, INC. SPRINGFIELD. MASS.



*** WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

and lighted by electricity from above.

"Hello, Peikes," Miss Birkenhead said, for she wasted no time on "misters" in dealing with most of the motion-picture fraternity. "What brings you here at this time?"

"Business," Morris replied, and Miss Birkenhead looked surprised. She was a tall, well-formed person, having inherited her biceps from her father, Harry Rudd, a wharfinger, and her name from the place where he worked, Birkenhead, the Jersey City of Liverpool, England. As Selina Rudd she had begun her theatrical life in one of a chain of large music halls in the north of England, and had thence graduated to the legitimate stage, where her naturally blond beauty had been appreciated to the extent of as much as four pounds ten a week. Hence she had come to Hollywood.

"The talkies?" Sheila inquired, for she had a resonant voice with a splendid enunciation. It was just the thing, she hoped, for the new talking pictures. Morris Peikes at once disillusioned her.

"Forget the talkies, Sheila," he said. "You ain't got no more chance in the talkies than the Democrats had last election. I'm giving you a look-in on some real money."

"For what?" Sheila asked, and her rather full red lips tightened a little.

"We're pulling a farewell dinner to my ex-partner Sidney Rockhill," Peikes explained, "and we want some entertainment, like we had at the dinner we pulled for Jack Herrington last spring."

"When the district attorney got busy?" Sheila inquired.

"That was all a bluff," Peikes declared. "We fixed that the next day."

Sheila was wearing a rather severe tailor-made costume, and as she sat in a Windsor chair with one arm thrown over its back, she displayed the not-too-yielding curves of her figure to such advantage that Morris' eye sparkled.

"And what makes you think I can get up a show of that kind?" she asked.

"Well"—Morris hesitated—"you know that time with Max Fast—and everything."

Once Morris Peikes had ventured too close to the edge of the summit of Mount Lowe, and another time his chauffeur had driven almost across the cowcatcher of the California Limited, but at that moment, sitting as he was next to an open window on the tenth floor of an apartment house, never had the beneficiaries of his accident insurance so narrowly escaped collecting the face of the policy with all accumulations.

HOWEVER, Miss Birkenhead restrained herself. She even grew pale in the effort she made not to seize Morris in her two arms and pitch him to the street ten stories below.

"You're mistaken, Peikes," she said quite calmly. "You can even prove to yourself that you're mistaken, if you think a bit. *I* never told anybody that Fast paid me that money. I never told anybody *anything* about Fast. He did all the talking, but at last I was obliged to tell his wife because he practically put me out of pictures in Hollywood before I got a chance to defend myself."

"Say!" Morris said. "I ain't trying to judge between Max Fast and you. I've got a proposition to make, and you don't want to hear about it. Is that it?"

"I want you to know about Max Fast first," Sheila said. "I didn't come over here to America to get fifty thousand out of Max. I came to Hollywood to work and save and get enough money together to buy the lease of the Queen's Theater, Chorlton."

"Never heard of it," Morris said.

"Well, Max did," Sheila retorted. "He knew I was going to marry the poor lad that was trying to keep it open—and before I had spoken two words to Max, except on the lot, he broke *that* all up. I was a fool to take his money. I should have strangled him, and perhaps you don't think I could do it too."

She rose and approached Morris Peikes, who hurriedly grasped his hat.

"Maybe I'd better talk to you about this later, Sheila," he said.

"Oh, sit down, and don't be frightened," Sheila assured him. "You're not Max Fast. You're a good, honest, kind man—for a motion-picture producer, I mean—so what's this dirty proposition of yours?"

"If you're going to talk that way about it——" Morris Peikes began.

"Let's not call a spade a spade, then," Sheila interrupted. "You want the kind of thing they had at the Jack Herrington dinner, and I can get it for you for five hundred dollars."

There was a slight tendency on her part to say "foive 'oondred dollars," especially when discussing a business deal, but ordinarily, Sheila's diction had nothing about it of the accent of Cheshire or of its largest town, Birkenhead.

Indeed, even if she'd spoken broad cockney, Peikes would not have noticed the difference. He knew nothing of English diction but he did know American currency, and at the words "five hundred dollars," he again picked up his hat.

"You're off your nut," he said.

"And so are you, to come to me with a proposition like that," Sheila retorted "unless you mean to go through with it.'

Peikes looked hard at Sheila for a moment. What he saw was a face which expressed the utmost candor, a small well-shaped nose, blue eyes set wide apart, a firm, full-lipped mouth and blond hair which was coiled around her head in great flaxen strands. Here was nothing of the blackmailer or criminal Any casting director would have rejected her at once for the rôle of an adventuress, and yet there was something extremely ominous in the way she spoke.

"One must fight the devil with fire Peikes," she continued. "Not that I think you're at all devilish, Peikes, but if you want a second Herrington dinner, you'll pay for it, or you won't have any dinner at all."

"We won't, hey?" Peikes shouted. "Where do *you* get off to talk this way?"

"Lower your voice," Sheila advised. "This is a respectable apartment house."

"Then what are *you* living here for?" he asked.

"Because I'm living respectably, or I was until you arrived," Sheila replied

"And you're trying to gyp me out of five hundred dollars!" Morris jeered. "Is that acting respectable?"

"You haven't the faintest idea how much I'd gyp you, Peikes," Sheila declared. "I'd take your money for a dirty entertainment, and then, as true as I'm sitting here, I'd give you the cleanest and the best show you ever had."

"Well, that's just what I don't want."

"But that's what you're going to have," Sheila insisted, "because in your whole outfit, there's only one man who is fair and square and that's Rockhill."

"And what *of* it?" Peikes asked.

"There's *this* of it," Sheila said. "One word from me to him and there won't be any dinner."

"What do you mean, one word from you to him? You don't know him as well as that. You can't know him."

Sheila smiled and in doing so disclosed one or two dimples that Morris had not noticed before.

"Why can't I?" she asked.

"Because he's married," Morris answered, "and every night, without fail, he writes his wife everything."

The smile faded from Sheila's face. "And why shouldn't he write her about me?" she exclaimed.

"A question!" Morris said with a shrug. "She's an intimate friend of Rosie Fast. You know that."

Sheila shook her head. "I don't know anything, I suppose," she said. "I haven't seen him for a long time anyway, and he wasn't married then."

"I should hope not," Morris remarked.

"So that's all the more reason why I'm going to give you a clean show, Peikes," she said. "I want to do it for old times' sake, and it'll be good."

"But five hundred dollars!" Morris protested.

"Who's talking about five hundred dollars?" Sheila retorted. "It won't cost you two hundred. I'll get you all good big-time material, friends of mine from the old days, and some speakers that will astonish the Polish natives."

"The what?" Morris asked.

"Nothing," Sheila replied. "But it'll be splendid. Just leave it to me."

HERE she exerted herself to be as attractive as she could be with people that she liked, and Peikes immediately seized her arm. It was firm and muscular.

"All right, Peikes," she said. "Some other time, but this is business. I have a real reason for wanting to do this entertaining at the Rockhill dinner, and I want to do it right. And if it's more than two hundred dollars, I'll pay the rest myself."

"You're on," Peikes said. "I'll write you full particulars tomorrow, and you can send me a note of confirmation."

Sheila nodded.

"You won't let me down on this?" Peikes added.

"Honor bright," Sheila said, words which survived to her from Cheshire, and which Peikes puzzled over all the way down in the elevator.

But Sheila was not puzzled. She knew exactly what to do as soon as Peikes had left. This is to say, she threw up the windows, started the electric fan and drew deep breaths of relief. And then she sat down at the telephone and rang up the Plenipotentiary Hotel.

"I want to speak to Mr. Sidney Rockhill," she said, and after a pause the operator asked who wanted to talk to him.

"Perhaps he wouldn't remember my name," Sheila replied.

"Take a chance anyhow," the operator said. She intended this advice as repartee but Sheila took it literally.

"All right, I will," she said. "Tell him that Selina Rudd, who used to work in Paine's on Bold Street when his father Mr. Steinberg had the small tobacconist's on Renshaw Street, would like to talk to him."

The operator felt justifiably indignant. "Say!" she exclaimed. "Mail it to me, and I'll sit up tonight and memorize it."

"Then I'll tell it to him myself," Sheila said.

"I'll connect you with his secretary," the operator replied, and after a much longer pause, a masculine voice answered the phone. Even as vibrated by the metal disk of the receiver, it sounded chivalrous.

"This is Mr. Rockhill's secretary," it said. "What's wanted, please?"

More than four miles of telephone wire separated the speaker and the listener, but Sheila was thinking of longer distances than that.

There was a note to the voice which carried her back six thousand miles and fourteen years. It made her think of a

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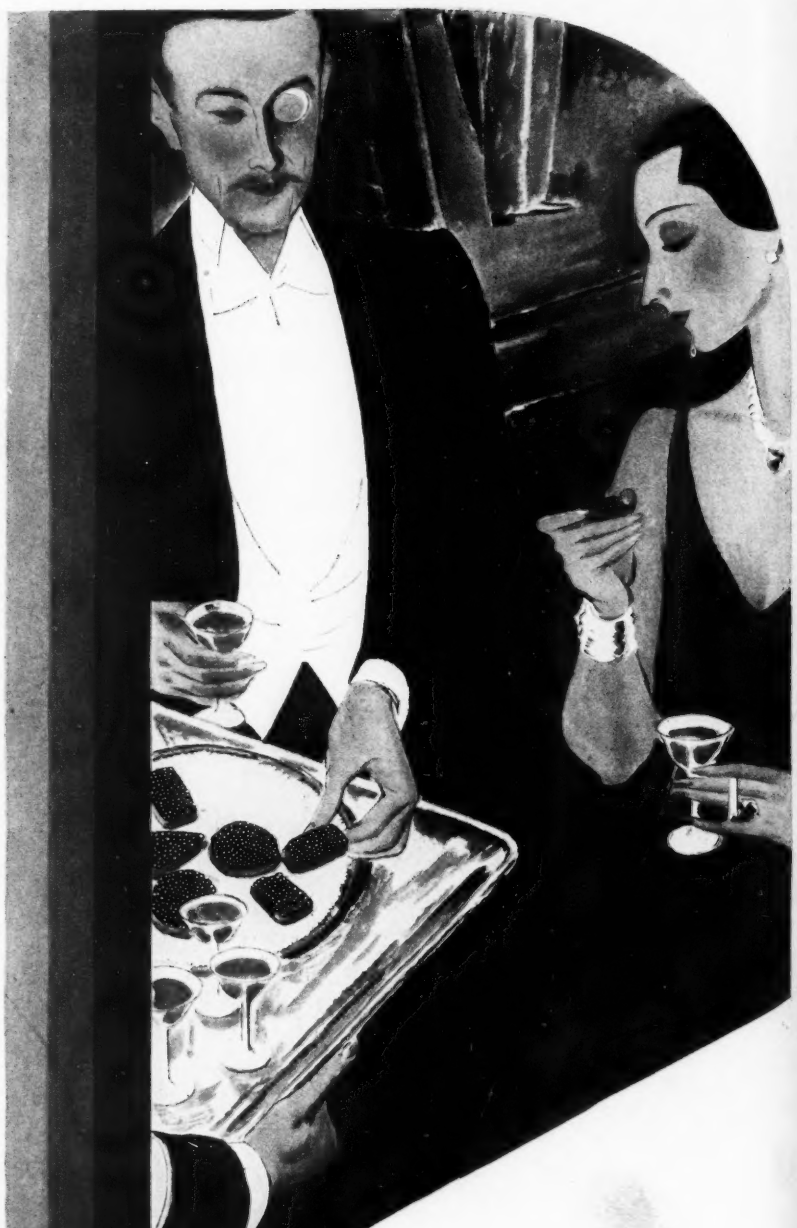

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brown-eyed boy in a tobacconist's shop on Renshaw Street, Liverpool, who every evening waited in front of the drapers' on Bold Street, where she worked, and walked with her to the Mersey Tunnel Station.

He was different from the other boys she knew, boys with hulking North Country bodies and hulking North Country minds. This boy was small and dark, and spoke with a foreign accent, and even at the age of seventeen, she had felt for him that deep affection which was half sweetheart, half mother.

And then he had gone to America. The boys of Liverpool and Birkenhead are always going to America, and coming back two weeks later, as workers aboard ships, but this was different. When *he* went to America, she knew he was never coming back, and at the sound of his voice over the phone, fourteen years slipped from her life, and all the grief of that last day in Liverpool surged up in her.

"Boy!" she cried. "Boy! Am I never going to see you again?"

SHE rested her head on the telephone and burst into uncontrolled sobbing. Instinctively, however, she held the receiver to her ear, and what partially restored her was the Plenipotentiary Hotel telephone operator.

"The party says he can't understand you," she said. "Repeat the message to me and I will relay it to Mr. Rockhill's secretary."

Selina gulped convulsively twice and then gained complete mastery over herself. "Can you understand me now?" she asked.

"Make it short, please," Mr. Rockhill's "secretary" said. "I'm busy."

"I will," Selina replied. "Listen to me carefully, please . . . oh, please. This is Selina Rudd from Birkenhead. I want to see you just for a few minutes."

"You want to see Mr. Rockhill," came out of the receiver in no uncertain tones. "This is his secretary."

"Don't bluff me, Sammy," Selina pleaded. "Just ten minutes of your time, that's all I want. Meet me in the picture shop at the Plenipotentiary. There's never anyone there. In fifteen minutes, if you want to—and if you don't, I'll not be angry. I'll just leave it to you."

She choked back a sob of self-pity and hung up the receiver. There was a long glass in the door of her bedroom, and for just one brief moment she surveyed herself. She was thirty-two, but she knew she could well pass for twenty-five, or even, with just a dash of color and a little powder, twenty-two.

Nor did she feel more than twenty-two. Exercise had kept her figure firm and athletic, and an easy conscience, in spite of Max Fast's fifty thousand dollars, made her eyes candid and clear. Her hair and her skin retained that fairness which is a heritage of Cheshire yeoman stock.

On her head she placed a dark-blue velvet round hat that fitted closely to her lovely hair, and with a final dab of her powder puff she thought she would do nicely for the present.

At least that's what the man in the picture shop of the Plenipotentiary Hotel thought about ten minutes later. He also seemed to have an eye to the future, for in less than five minutes after she arrived there, he had not only shown her five splendid examples of the obscurely famous painter, James W. MacEntagert, but had invited her to see five more which were hanging in the reception room of the Pré-Catalan Restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard.

"We might have lunch there tomorrow and look at them," he suggested.

"We might, if I were starving," Selina said. "Or perhaps this is what's called salesmanship."

The picture shop man's feelings obviously were hurt. "We don't want to force anyone to buy," the man said.

He believed himself to be distinguished-looking, and to that end wore black-rimmed pince-nez attached to his person by a broad black ribbon.

"We think that we have a collection of canvases equal to any on the Pacific Coast, and it would be a pleasure for me to show them to you." He took a sheet of printed paper from a table. "Now here," he said, "is our catalogue."

He handed it to Selina, and as she received it, he was flattered and a trifle elated to notice that her fair skin colored vividly and that her hand trembled, for he did not connect Selina's agitation with the entrance of a short, slight person in a badly fitting business suit.

"Sammy!" Selina cried, and just for an instant the visitor hesitated. There are certain things one cannot write to one's wife, such as gathering into one's arms a beautiful blond creature, plumb in the middle of the Plenipotentiary Hotel Art Store, and then and there kissing her ecstatically, and all this in the presence of an outraged picture salesman. Nevertheless, Sammy Steinberg, or if you will, Sidney Rockhill did it, and what is more, he repeated the performance several times.

"Excuse *me,*" the picture salesman said, "but what *is* this? A railroad depot? If she's just arrived and you're glad to see her, do it in the lobby. We're paying rent to sell pictures here."

"Well, go ahead and sell 'em," Sidney Rockhill said promptly. "How much is that little red picture over there?"

"That's a Bogert," the salesman said, "and we're asking a thousand for it."

"There's no harm in asking," Sidney replied, "so if you don't mind I'd like to talk it over with this lady first."

"Not at all," the picture salesman said.

"Any place like your private office would do," Sidney remarked, nodding in the direction of a small room with a desk in it.

"That's not my room," the salesman said. "That's Mr. Sanderson's, the proprietor's."

"Well, if Mr. Sanderson comes in, you tell him that a couple of maybe good customers are in there, will you?" Sidney said. "And smoke these after dinner."

HE HANDED the salesman two of the most expensive imported cigars ever seen at large from a five-hundred-dollar Christmas cigar cabinet, and led Selina into the private office.

"How long have you been in Hollywood?" he asked.

"Over three years," Sheila said.

"And I didn't know it!" Sidney exclaimed.

"Perhaps you did," Sheila murmured.

"Never!" Sidney cried. "Because if I had—well, what's the use of saying any more? I'm a married man now, Selina, with two boys, and the Lord knows I love them and my wife too."

Sheila bent her beautiful head to hide the tears that stood in her eyes.

"I'm glad you're happy, Sammy," she said, "very glad."

Sidney looked hard at her. "But *you're* not happy, I can see that," he said. "What's the matter, Selina?"

She clasped her hands, and lovely hands they were, without a ring or bracelet to mar their whiteness.

"Selina isn't my name now," she whispered. "It's Sheila—Sheila Birkenhead."

The color left Sidney's cheeks. "Can't be!" he exclaimed. "You're not like that—not a bit. I *know* it." He seized Sheila's fingers. "Why, my wife is a friend of Rose Fast," he went on. "She told me the whole dirty business, but I don't believe a word of it now. It isn't true, Selina—it can't be."

"Some of it is," Sheila admitted. "I took his fifty thousand, all right."

Sidney released her fingers and stared at her in genuine amazement.

"And I sued him for breach of promise of marriage, too," she continued. "I also sent the papers to his wife. *That's* true. All of it. But what he told everybody about me wasn't true. I did think he was single, and I did flirt with him, and then he boasted about me as though I were just another one of those——"

She stopped short, and grasped Sidney's resisting hand.

"But I wasn't, Sammy," she said. "You've got to believe that."

"Then why did you take his fifty thousand?" Sidney asked harshly.

"I wanted to punish him," she declared. "I tell you, he boasted about me to everybody. I might have been a star by now, if—if——"

"If you hadn't taken that money," Sidney added, and Selina nodded. "I don't see how you could have done it. You were such a nice girl once, Selina. You look such a nice girl now."

"I'm a very nice girl," Selina cried. "I not only took it. I spent it, too."

"You mean—you're broke?" Sidney asked, and Selina looked straight in front of her miserably, whereat Sidney reached for his pocketbook. It was stuffed with yellow bills of large denominations, and he was drawing out several when Selina sprang to her feet.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that!" she said. "I didn't want to see you for that."

"Then why—why?" he asked, and Selina gulped hard.

"That man Fast and his fifty thousand drove me out of the industry," she began. "For three years, I've been sitting in that apartment house, spending that money by dribs and drabs, and doing nothing, but now that they have these new talking movies—now's my chance to come back and return that awful money.

"They'll need people like me. I screen well and I have a good speaking voice. After you left Liverpool, I went into the theater, and I've played every line of parts. Do something for me, Sammy, for old times' sake. That's why I came here today. A few words from you will do it, and I'll make good. You were fond of me once, weren't you?"

"I'm fond of you now, Selina," said Sidney, the man who wrote everything to his wife. "I'm afraid to think how fond of you I am."

"You needn't be," Selina said, remembering Sidney's reputation as a letter writer. "I'm quite harmless, really. There was a man in Chorlton that I wrote everything to, once, but one day Max Fast wrote him first."

"So you've heard that too," Sidney said, and Selina shrugged.

"Who hasn't?" she murmured.

"Well, here's something I'm not going to write her," Sidney declared and again he gathered Selina up in his arms, just as Mr. Sanderson entered his office.

"Whatthehellisthis!" he exclaimed all in one breath.

"This is a private office," Sidney said, immediately releasing Selina.

"I know it is," Mr. Sanderson agreed. "*My* private office."

"Well, don't get excited about it," Sidney protested. "Your partner said we could come in here."

"What partner?" Sanderson retorted. "He ain't a partner. He ain't even a salesman—not a picture salesman anyway. He said that canvas you were interested in was a Bogert worth a thousand. Well, it's an Inness and it's worth five thousand."

Mr. Sanderson went to a collection of unframed paintings leaning against the wall and stooped down over them.

"Now, here's a Bogert in this line here," he said, as he struggled to withdraw one of the canvases. "It's not framed, of course, and framing will make all the difference in the world."

He continued to stoop over the paintings as he spoke. "I always say that a picture without a frame is like a woman without a husband," he continued. "Incomplete, if you get my meaning."

He looked up for a smile of appreciation, and was met by only a roll-top desk and a chair. There is something quite infuriating about addressing an epigram, even a feeble one, to a roll-top desk and a revolving chair, when instead one expects at least part of the audience to be a good-looking young woman with a charming figure. As a result, Mr. Sanderson leaped into his salesroom, which was also empty of customers.

"What became of those people, MacEntagert?" he demanded roughly.

"Why, you chased them out, didn't you?" said MacEntagert. He was indeed no other than James W. MacEntagert, five of whose canvases adorned the walls of the Plenipotentiary Picture Shop.

"*I* didn't chase them out," Sanderson said. "They sneaked out, and I could have landed them with anyhow a Bogert, whereas you let them slip right out on you, *didn't* you? All you care about are those rotten buckeyes of yours."

"Now, you can't talk to me like that!" MacEntagert declared. He was an officer of one of the oldest societies of painters in Southern California, founded in 1919, and could paint within a given time—say three hours flat—a better canvas showing snow-capped mountains behind a screen of eucalyptus trees than any of his confreres could in two days. In fact he was the fastest eucalyptus-tree painter in Southern California.

"I can't, hey?" Mr. Sanderson said. "Well, all I've got to say is that you get those people back here by five o'clock, MacEntagert, or I throw those buckeyes of yours out of this place tomorrow sure, and you with them."

SORROWFULLY, James W. MacEntagert put on a pearl-gray Homburg hat, and gloves to match; for, divorced from the picture shop, no one would have suspected that he had anything to do with art.

He looked like a prosperous banker as played by a motion-picture actor made up for the part of a prosperous banker, but as a matter of fact, he was far from prosperous. He therefore wasted no time in tracking down Sidney Rockhill and Sheila Birkenhead. He inquired of every employee on the lower floor of the Plenipotentiary without result, until at last he reached the doorman at the automobile entrance.

This functionary was dressed in a livery which combined all the snappier costume features of a British admiral, a Vatican Swiss Guard, the president of the Académie Française and General Pershing. His name was Mike.

"I did see the parties you mention, and they drove away in Mr. Rockhill's car," Mike said.

"Whose car?" MacEntagert exclaimed.

"Sidney Rockhill's," Mike continued, "and the young lady was Miss Sheila Birkenhead." Here Mike permitted himself the indiscretion of a discreet wink. "And I must say I was surprised at their deshtination," he continued, "because I heard him tell the chauffeur to drive to Nell's Tea Room on the Boulevard, and that's where my wife goes herself. She says it's the only place in this town where you can get a decent cup of tea, and if a strong cup of tea is what you want, that's the place to find it. I was there myself wance, and I declare the teaspoon stood up in the middle of the cup, the tea was that strong."

But MacEntagert was not there to talk about the quality of tea. He was much less interested in what Mike intended to say about the English crumpets served at Nell's Tea Room—crumpets which swam in salted fresh butter and which, with the tea, were furnished to patrons for the modest sum of twenty-five cents.

In short, both tea and crumpets were just the sort you would get on Bold Street, Liverpool, for the same price, and Sidney and Sheila had gone there direct as two homing pigeons, but James W. MacEntagert took a circuitous route.

In fact, more than an hour elapsed before he discovered its whereabouts, and by that time Sidney had heard what after all was not such a sordid story about Sheila's trouble with Max Fast. No business man can attain so marked a success as Sidney had at thirty-five without a degree of intuition which at times amounts almost to mind reading, and at the conclusion of her narrative he was certain that she had made her only mistake in accepting Fast's fifty thousand, instead of jailing him for criminal libel.

Moreover, he felt so sure of this that he was clasping Sheila's hand at the moment that MacEntagert entered, but the artist-salesman showed not the slightest hesitation in drawing a chair up to their table and seating himself.

"Nice little place, this," he remarked.

"Easily overcrowded, though, don't you think?" Sheila suggested. There was, however, nothing of a suggestion in what Sidney said.

"Did anyone ask you to sit down here?" he demanded, and MacEntagert solemnly laid his hat and gloves on an adjoining table.

"Since you ask me a plain question, I'll give you a plain answer," he replied. "I'm not a man who does this sort of thing ordinarily, but Mr. Sanderson said that if I didn't have you people back in the picture shop before five o'clock, I'd lose my job. He has an idea he can sell you a picture, because from your actions there, which you'll have to admit were a little unconventional, he thinks this gentleman's sales resistance is weak.

"Now that I know his name and everything, I think he has as much chance of selling him a five-thousand Inness as I have of selling him one of my own paintings, and all I ask for mine is a hundred apiece."

He had addressed himself to Sheila, but Sidney answered. "When you say that you know my name and everything," he demanded, "what do you mean by 'everything'?"

MacEntagert shrugged. "I didn't mean anything," he declared. "I have five canvases on the walls of the picture shop. They're my own work, and I think they're good, but I don't want you to buy one. I'll *give* you one, if you come back with me." He turned again to Sheila. "It isn't much of a job, Miss Birkenhead," he said, "but it's better to be *in* a job than out of one."

Sidney glared at MacEntagert. "So you know this lady's name, too," he said. "And I suppose the idea is that I should buy something off you to stop your mouth."

The artist-salesman rose, and took his hat and gloves from the adjoining table with trembling fingers.

"You've got me all wrong," he said. "At my age, it's hard to get along by painting the kind of pictures *I* paint, so I need Sanderson's job. But before I spoke a word about a lady like this, I'd wash dishes in a lunch room. I've done it before, and I can do it again."

He bowed awkwardly to Sheila and turned to walk out of the tea room.

"Here," Sidney called after him. "Wait a minute. I'm going back to that picture shop with you, but you're going home, Selina. I'll ring you up tomorrow morning and I'll have some news for you, sure."

ONCE more he clasped her hand, and after paying the modest check with a one-hundred-percent tip to the waitress, he led the way to his car, with MacEntagert following.

"Stop at that bank at the corner of El Molino Drive," he said to the chauffeur. "And make it snappy."

Less than a minute later, Sidney Rockhill dashed into the bank. He made straight for the manager's desk.

"I want to cash a check," said Sidney.

"I guess we can accommodate you," the manager said, and Sidney forthwith drew a check book from his pocket and wrote rapidly.

"This is a big sum," the manager remarked. "How do you want it?"

"I want it in thousand-dollar bills, the dirtiest you have in the vault," Sidney declared, and the manager smiled.

"I'll pick them out myself," he said, "but I'm afraid all our thousand-dollar bills are new."

He left Sidney alone for a minute, during which Sidney seized a phone and dialed the number of the Southwestern Theaters Incorporated, of which Max Fast was president and Ralph Gittleberg vice-president.

"I want to speak to Mr. Fast," he said. "This is Mr. Sidney Rockhill of New York."

A moment later, a speciously cordial voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Sidney," it said. "This is Max. What's troubling you?"

"Nothing at all, Max," Sidney replied. "But I'd like you to meet me in the picture shop of the Plenipotentiary in fifteen minutes. I've got something important to tell you and I don't want my secretary to know about it."

"Why, certainly," Max agreed as the manager returned with the money. "I'll be there in ten, if it suits you better."

"Fifteen'll do," Sidney declared, hanging up the receiver. He took the crisp thousand-dollar bills from the manager and counted them hurriedly.

"Closing a deal today, Mr. Rockhill?" the manager asked, although he wondered who it was that could possibly refuse Rockhill's check.

"I aim to," Sidney said, "and I've got to hurry. Much obliged."

"That's a wonderful man," the manager remarked to the assistant manager as they watched Sidney drive away in his car. "He's always just as you see him now, quiet and gentlemanly."

"They say he writes home to his wife every night, and tells her everything," said the assistant manager. "He tells her the truth, too."

Write a letter and win $1000.00 in this
BIG $2850.00 PRIZE CONTEST
355 awards; cash prizes ranging from
$1000.00 *to* $10.00

You have written bread-and-butter letters of course—dozens of them. But did any one ever offer you $250 for writing one? The Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., creators of the prevailing fashions in stationery, will pay this amount for the best one submitted in their big letter-writing contest.

The bread-and-butter letter is easy to write. In reality, it is just a friendly expression of appreciation to a hostess who has spared no effort to make your visit a pleasant one. A note written by Emily Post, whose name is a household word on matters of etiquette, is offered as an example of the utter simplicity of this kind of letter. Read it. Then get out your paper. Details of the contest appear elsewhere on this page. But the important thing is to start now. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Dear Kate—

It was hideously dull and stuffy in town this morning after the fresh coolness of Strandholm. The back-yard is not an alluring outlook after the wide spaces and delicious fragrance of your garden.

It was good being with you and I enjoyed every moment. Don't forget you are lunching here on the eighteenth and that we are going to Ken Kricsler together.

Devotedly always,

Caroline

From "Etiquette," by Emily Post
Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

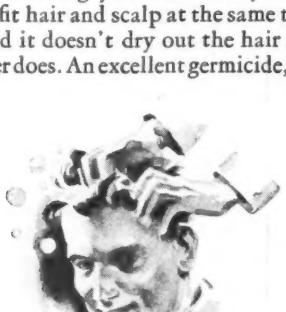
FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Eaton's Highland Linen assures you of unusual quality in writing paper. It has been used for a quarter of a century by the women of taste in America. It is made in so many styles that you may even find it hard to choose. And the prices range from 50 cents to whatever you wish to pay. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its velvet-like surface, is offered in white and six delightful tints. It is supremely smart, expressing today's vogue, yet reasonable in price. 50 cents to $3.50, wherever the famous Eaton's Highland Linen is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATON'S
HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

After your haircut
... always ask
for Wildroot

WILDROOT Hair Tonic will aid in dressing your hair neatly—and benefit hair and scalp at the same time—and it doesn't dry out the hair like water does. An excellent germicide, too.



After your shampoo
... ditto!

Always follow a shampoo with Wildroot Hair Tonic. It closes the pores—tones up the scalp—keeps dandruff away. When you brush your hair at home in the morning use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water. You can get this reliable tonic at your barber shop—druggist or department store. Accept no substitute. By the way—have you tried Taroleum Shampoo? There's a free sample enclosed with each regular size bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wildroot Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic ... Taroleum Shampoo

"Very few New Yorkers in Hollywood can do that," the manager added, and that is precisely what Sidney was thinking as he and MacEntagert drove to the Plenipotentiary. In fact, he was even formulating a letter in which he was going to say, that evening: "My dear Wife: I hope you are quite well as this letter leaves me. My best love to you and the children. Nothing new. Your affectionate husband, Sidney."

But he changed his mind when, as he alighted at the Plenipotentiary, the doorman Mike gave him a rather too-knowing grin, and thereby sacrificed twenty-five cents.

"Everybody's going to know about this, MacEntagert—everybody," he said, "but it can't be helped."

"I don't get you, Mr. Rockhill," MacEntagert replied.

"Maybe you don't yet," Rockhill said, "but I have a feeling, MacEntagert, that in a few minutes now, somebody's going to start a rumor that I'm not a respectable married man."

MacEntagert stopped Sidney in his walk toward the picture shop and laid an earnest gray suède glove on his arm.

"Mr. Rockhill, I've seen nothing in your actions toward that young lady that wasn't absolutely and entirely respectable—for Hollywood, I mean," he said. "And *that* I'm willing to swear to on a stack of Bibles."

"Well, maybe you'll have to," Sidney said as they proceeded to the picture shop. They were immediately greeted by the proprietor, Mr. Sanderson.

"I see you're back, Mr. Rockhill," Sanderson said.

"So *you've* found out my name, have you?" Sidney said. "Maybe you've heard that I write to my wife every day, too?"

"That's what Mike the doorman was telling me. He knows the dirt about everybody," Sanderson continued. "But we all have our faults and as I was saying to Mr. Peikes only a few minutes ago, if we can restrain ourselves, Mr. Rockhill, and go in for something innocent, like picture collecting, you can duck trouble that way much more than by writing the truth to your wife."

"Who did you say you said this to?" Sidney asked, almost with a groan.

"Morris Peikes," Sanderson repeated. "Your secretary said that you had gone down to see somebody in this store, and he came here looking for you."

"This seems to be a good place to talk to a lady on the quiet," Sidney remarked. "I might as well have hired a hall to meet Miss Birkenhead in, and then papered the house with my wife's relations."

"He got nothing out of me," Sanderson assured Sidney. "I said you'd come in here to buy an Inness as a present for your wife, and that you'd gone away to get the advice of an expert about it." He patted Rockhill's shoulder comfortingly. "And just to show you how I got him off the track," Sanderson continued, "I also told him that you telephoned me the expert said it was O. K. and that you were getting a big bargain at three thousand dollars."

Here Mr. Sanderson pointed to what might or might not have been a painting by the late George Inness, which reposed against a brown curtain.

"And I think it is a big bargain at that price too," he continued. "Don't you, MacEntagert?"

MacEntagert cleared his throat. During the last half hour, he had somehow grown to feel like a father toward Sheila Birkenhead, and hence like a sort of father-in-law toward Sidney Rockhill. He was, however, spared the necessity of answering by the entrance of Max Fast and Ralph Gittleberg, Fast's brother-in-law.

"Did you want to see us?" Ralph asked.

"I phoned Max I wanted to see him," Sidney answered.

"Well, we're partners, Sidney," Ralph said. "We go fifty-fifty on everything."

"You bet you do," roared a voice which almost shook the pictures off the wall. It was indeed an extraordinary sound, issuing as it did from such a small body. "I come back to my office not half an hour ago," Morris Peikes continued, for he was the small person in question, "and I get *this*."

He waved a legal document in his hand, which on closer inspection would have proved to be the summons and complaint in the suit of Max Fast *et al*, plaintiffs, against Morris Peikes, defendant. The *et al* was, of course, Ralph Gittleberg.

"At last that feller served him," Max said. "We've been trying to nail you with that for six months, Peikes. You stuck us with that Dinglewood Theayter, and you think you got away with it, but you didn't."

"Didn't I?" Morris roared. "Well, all I can say is, Sidney, that unless these two crooks discontinue their action and give me a general release, you're still in the industry, because I ain't going to close no deal with you and the Graphic Arts tomorrow morning, if you close your deal with *these* highwaymen."

"I've got nothing to do with *them*," Sidney declared. "This is *your* funeral, Peikes."

"Then what did you ask us to come here for?" Max demanded, and Sidney's pale face grew suddenly quite red. In the excitement he had forgotten the bulging roll of bills in his trousers pocket. Business had come before pleasure.

"I asked Fast to meet me here, and I want to speak to him alone," he said, whereupon Morris Peikes also grew red.

"So, Rockhill!" he exclaimed. "You're trying to double-cross me too. I suppose you knew all about these two burglars' going to sue me for the Dinglewood Theayter deal. You timed it nice, didn't you? Tomorrow morning at the lawyers' offices, him and you would split a settlement of this suit two ways, or something, and get *more* money out of me. And I was arranging a banquet for you, yet!"

"Now, gentlemen, please," Sanderson interrupted. "I can't allow this sort of thing to go on here."

Sidney spread his two arms wide in a gesture of utter hopelessness.

"They say you may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," he said, "so here goes for a sheep! Mr. Sanderson, I want you as a witness, and Mr. MacEntagert, too, and later on we'll talk about pictures—say tomorrow or the day after."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a roll of yellowbacks.

"I'm going to prove to you, Peikes, that I'm not double-crossing you, and I'm also going to prove to you a lot of other things," he announced, so solemnly that even Ralph Gittleberg was impressed.

"Mr. Sanderson," he continued, "do me a favor and count these bills."

Mr. Sanderson did so with trembling fingers. He was unaccustomed to handling money in large quantities, for although he had many so-called Innesses and Murphys priced in the thousands, he rarely sold them for more than a few hundred dollars on the installment plan.

"There's fifty thousand dollars there, Mr. Rockhill," he said.

"That's what I thought," Sidney replied, and then turned to Max Fast.

"About three years ago, Fast," he began, "you paid a friend of mine, a Miss Birkenhead, fifty thousand dollars which

she didn't earn, except that you lied about her and *that's* something you couldn't pay her for with money. She made a mistake in taking it from you." He handed the roll to Max Fast. "Here it is," he said. "She's paying it back."

There was a brief silence, which was broken by Morris Peikes.

"*She's* paying it back to him!" he exclaimed. "Maybe you're going to write *that* to your wife, Rockhill?"

Max Fast clapped the roll into his pocket and laughed a loud jeering laugh.

"That's a hot one!" he said, in ignorance of the circumstance that at the age of seventeen Sidney often had boxed with Harry Rudd, otherwise Lightning Harry, the Birkenhead Marvel, best amateur boxer between Runcorn and Egremont, and no other than the father of the lady then under discussion.

"What's a hot one?" Sidney inquired, so quietly that Ralph Gittleberg began to edge toward the door.

"At your age to take on Sheila Birkenhead!" Max Fast said. "Why, that woman has——"

It was at this point that Sidney completely went back on the reputation he had made with the manager of the bank as a quiet, gentlemanly person who never raised his voice. He altogether drowned out the remainder of Fast's speech with a flood of language which is practically a specialty of the Birkenhead waterside. He used words in characterizing Max Fast that were quite useless in the circumstances, because none of his audience understood them, but Max himself surmised that they were not complimentary.

"Now, Sidney, there's no use talking that way," he protested. "I'm a friend of yours and I don't want to interfere with your business, but I can't see you mixed up with Sheila Birkenhead. It'll ruin you."

"Ruin me!" Sidney shouted. "Why? Because you've lied about her?"

"*I* lied about her?" Max said, in an extremely shaky voice which carried no conviction whatever.

"That's what I said!" Sidney roared. "And I want you to tell everybody here that you did lie about her; that she *was* and *is* a good girl and you know it."

Max Fast licked his thick dry lips and tried for some seconds to articulate. At last he croaked: "I *don't* know it."

"Then you know it *now*," Sidney declared, and with a precision and force which would have delighted his instructor Harry Rudd, he landed both left and right on Max Fast's fleshy nose.

The result was splendid for the picture business, particularly that branch of it which was conducted in the Plenipotentiary Art Store, for Max Fast immediately fell through a large copy of an Albert Bierstadt, N. A., and caromed against three excellent imitations of Madrazo, Détaille, and Ad. Schreyer. It was also not half bad for the clothing business, since Max bled copiously over a hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar suit, not to say a ten-dollar necktie and the exposed part of a thirty-dollar silk shirt.

Ralph Gittleberg retrieved his brother-in-law from the wreckage of fine art in which he lay groaning while Sanderson and MacEntagert held onto Sidney's shoulders. As for Morris Peikes, he was more shocked than the average human being would have been, since in motion-picture circles, physical violence is reserved for long and medium shots and close-ups in the making of motion pictures themselves. The business heads of the industry have resort only to financial violence, and for a moment, Morris thought Sidney had violated, instead of the motion-picture code, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act,

Let him form NOW *the priceless habit of guarding*

THE DANGER LINE

The Danger Line is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth —at its edge are tiny crevices. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles. Protect it by using Squibb's Dental Cream.

Do you realize how vitally important are the first "baby" teeth of your child? Upon them depends the proper growth of the permanent teeth and the graceful development of the jaws. They should not become diseased or they may affect the health of the permanent teeth.

Teach your child *now* to guard them at The Danger Line —the habit will help him have good teeth through life. For along this thin, delicate line of tissue, where gums meet teeth, so much trouble occurs. Here, are countless tiny V-shaped crevices. Your tooth-brush cannot penetrate these crevices without injury. So food particles constantly collect, ferment, form acids that irritate the gums and attack the tooth structure. Decay follows. Serious trouble can result.

But you can guard The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, universally esteemed as a safe, effective antacid. Each time you use Squibb's, tiny Milk of Magnesia particles are carried into every crevice, and render acids harmless.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans teeth beautifully. It contains no grit, no strong astringents. It is harmless if swallowed. It soothes the gums and refreshes the mouth. Teach your child to use it regularly. Let it protect The Danger Line for *you*. Dental authorities agree that as long as The Danger Line remains healthy, pyorrhea will not occur.

A large tube of Squibb's is only 40c at any drug store. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858. © 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

but he quickly saw that Sidney was too pale for that.

"Rockhill!" he cried. "Are you crazy or what?"

Sanderson and MacEntagert released Sidney and he sat down heavily.

"I'm sorry for all this, Mr. Sanderson," he said. "But I couldn't help myself."

"And you'll be sorrier still," Max Fast shouted, as he held a crimsoned handkerchief to his swollen nose. He approached Rockhill threateningly. "I'll sue you for a hundred thousand dollars for this."

Unfortunately, when he made this declaration, he removed the handkerchief from his nose for just a second. It was, however, one second too long.

"Then sue me too," said James W. MacEntagert, and a well-aimed right from America's favorite eucalyptus-tree painter landed Max Fast once more among the wreckage of the Arts. For a second time, Ralph Gittleberg dragged his brother-in-law to his feet and put his battered hat on his head.

"Come on, Max," he said. "I wouldn't be bothered with these people. We got lawyers and we know what we can do."

Max stood hesitatingly for a moment and then he shook his fist at Sidney.

"My wife is a friend of your wife," he shouted, "and tonight, I'll write her *everything*—by air mail, too."

Mr. Sanderson and MacEntagert sadly picked up the fragments of gold frames and ruined canvases which littered the floor, while Sidney lighted a cigar.

"Well, Rockhill, you're in bad, *ain't* you?" Morris Peikes said. "Which I take your word for it that Miss Birkenhead is on the level, but how are you going to explain this fifty thousand to your wife?"

Sidney smiled confidently.

"Fifty thousand's only a start, Peikes," he said. "First, I've got to pay for this earthquake here, and after that, Peikes, I'm going to give Miss Birkenhead enough money to buy out the leasehold of the Queen's Theater, Chorlton-on-Medlock. I will then help furnish what's called a semi-detached villa for Miss Birkenhead, where she's going to live happy ever after, in Chorlton-on-Medlock, Lancashire, England, with of course now and then a little financial assistance."

"From you?" Peikes cried.

"From her husband, after she gets married as soon as she can return to England at my expense," Sidney answered, and Morris shrugged.

"Not that it's any of my business," he said, "but why are you doing all this?"

"Because, Peikes, when a man loves his wife as much as I love *my* wife, and he has two little baby boys in New York, as I have," he replied, "Chorlton-on-Medlock is pretty near the right distance, although Sydney, Australia, would be better."

For a moment, there rose before him in the smoke of his cigar two lovely violet eyes that seemed to look at him reproachfully with tears. His wife's eyes were lovely, too, but they were brown and could flash at times, and as he thought of these brown eyes, he rose from his chair abruptly.

"Sanderson," he said, "come up to my room in three hours. I'm going to keep a stenographer busy until then."

"You mean you're writing everything to your wife?" Sanderson asked, and Sidney nodded.

"Then I guess you'd better see me tomorrow morning, Mr. Rockhill," Sanderson said. "You'll need the rest of the evening for that letter."

The Office Wife *by Faith Baldwin*

(*Continued from page 85*)

which would never be. Months would pass by; Linda would obtain her divorce; papers would be signed and the legal formalities satisfied, but this was the true moment of their separation.

After a time, he said wearily: "Go to bed, Linda; tomorrow we'll talk over ways and means."

She nodded and rose to leave him. At the door she turned. He was sitting with his hands clasped between his knees, his head bent. He had a curiously defeated look.

In the morning, as they had agreed, they talked things over. Paris?—the day of quick Paris divorces was waning.

"Reno," Linda said firmly. "I'll stick it out there for the requisite time."

"I want to settle some money on you."

"No, please. You've been generous. I don't spend three-quarters of what you give me. There's more than enough."

"But the money—it's so much yours, all I've made in the last few years. You've helped, you know."

"Helped?" She looked at him in astonishment. "I've never taken the slightest interest in your business, Larry, and you know it," she told him bluntly.

"Yes. But there are other angles. The purely social side. You've been, in a measure, a working partner."

"I can't see it. I won't take money from you, my dear," she declared firmly.

When everything was settled, she asked him, a little embarrassed:

"If—if you'd care to see Dick? He wanted to talk to you."

Eaton made a gesture of pure horror. "No. I like Jameson," he told her simply. "We've been good, if not close, friends. I bear him no malice. And you and I know, Linda, that this is no triangle-drama. I haven't the sensations of an outraged or deceived husband. You've given me no cause. You've been more practical than I; you haven't left me with any illusions about myself. In the face of your honesty, I can't pretend to be martyred, to be 'giving you up for your own happiness.' But I'd rather not see Jameson, if you don't mind."

Linda's removal to Reno was accomplished with little fuss and no publicity. Her arrival there was not heralded. She had been in residence for some time before the fact became generally known. Her friends were more or less used to having her go away for protracted periods. There were no speculations about this particular absence.

Eaton went to his office as usual. Nothing was said, and nothing conjectured. But Anne, with her quick intuition where he was concerned, was aware that something was wrong. He appeared so abstracted and, as if purposely, he shut her out. Their business relations were unaltered, but the unacknowledged personal relation seemed finally shattered.

It came about because Eaton was putting a closer control upon himself. Until his marriage with Linda was over and done with, he was in honor bound to say nothing to anyone, least of all to Anne. He must wait until everything was clear between them. Then he might go to her.

Until the hour arrived he felt he owed it to all of them—to Linda, to Anne, to himself—to be silent. Linda had not been silent, but that was her situation, not his. His was entirely different. The girl he loved was working for him, in his office. He could not expose her to gossip, to speculation, until the divorce was procured and the gossip and speculation might die aborning in the mere statement of a fact.

Besides, he could not know until he spoke whether or not she cared for him—enough.

There was a certain feeling of pride within him that he and Linda could face their problem and solve it with self-respect and decency. Sometimes, thinking it over, it appeared to him that he would have been far more honest had he told Linda that he, too, cared for someone else. But that would involve Anne, and of Anne's feeling for him he knew nothing, could only guess, ardently and with hope, wonderingly and with the seesaw extreme of despair.

And so he kept silent and Anne was terribly troubled, yet in a way it was a bitter relief to her to be treated in this new impersonal fashion. But she was hurt. Had she done something? Had she—and here their respective positions of employer and employee were clearly defined—had she in some way overstepped the boundary line?

It is probable that Mrs. Eaton would have obtained her divorce and the public been none the wiser until the decree was a fact, if it had not been for a young woman who was also whiling her time away in Reno upon the same errand, and for a second time. Her unimportant name was Hallie Martin, and she was, by profession, a newspaper woman, having long been employed by the Daily Record as a writer of special articles of the hearts-and-flowers sob-sister type.

She had served an apprenticeship as society editor. She was a clever woman and she never forgot a face. And Reno is not large.

Mrs. Martin wrote back to her city editor:

> Linda Schuyler Eaton—Mrs. Lawrence Eaton—is here. She has an apartment, a maid, a car and chauffeur and an Airedale pup. She keeps to herself and is never seen at parties and such. Perhaps the climate attracts her. Who knows? But there is something secretive about it. *Verbum sap.* . . .

The Daily Record wired Mrs. Martin *carte blanche* and sent a reporter to Eaton's office. The reporter did not get farther than Anne.

Returning, he announced that Eaton refused to be seen and that his secretary was "the prettiest little trick that these old eyes"—they were twenty-six years old—"have ever rested upon."

The city editor digested that in silence. When Eaton returned home that night he was met by the admitted connoisseur of beauty.

"About your divorce, Mr. Eaton?" began the reporter briskly.

"I decline to be interviewed."

"But it is true, is it not, that Mrs. Eaton is in Reno and has filed her suit?"

"Will you go out quietly, or must I throw you out?" asked Eaton incautiously. He was in no humor to treat diplomatically with the Press.

The reporter went out quietly. He was accustomed to threats. But as everyone knows, the high hand is no hand to play with the newspapers. For the Daily Record managed, generally, to have an ace up its sleeve.

"Nothing to be learned from Eaton," reported the newspaper man, "but it's always possible to dig up a little dirt."

Inquiries were made, guardedly, at the

inconspicuous

AMAZING PROOF THAT MODESS IS BETTER

For six months we have been publishing this offer to millions of women: "Try one box of Modess. If you do not decide that it is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, we will refund purchase price." During those months thousands of boxes of Modess have been purchased, but as we write this only two women have asked us to return their money.

The remarkable qualities which cause women to prefer Modess were developed by a unique method. Trained nurses were employed to interview women and learn what they really wanted.

They wanted softness. So an entirely new substance was invented for the disposable filler. It is as soft and downy as the finest cotton, yet has great absorbency and is truly disposable.

They complained of chafing edges and stiffness. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded, and it has a yielding pliancy which assures greater comfort and the inconspicuousness so necessary with modern gowns.

Then a fluffy film of absorbent cotton was meshed with the gauze, imparting a velvety surface. The ends of Modess are rounded to conform.

We know that you will prefer Modess to anything else you have used. This is our offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the amount you paid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

office. It was a large office; not hard at all to find someone who had the entrée there, someone who worked there for a living. But quiet excavations could disinter nothing. The office, literally, knew nothing—and it was loyal.

It was practically established by Mrs. Martin's efforts that Linda Eaton was suing her husband for divorce, but that was a tame story. It was necessary, in behalf of the great reading public, to provide more than a bare statement of fact. Disgruntled wives, who dislike their husbands and who live with them for support of home and children, must be permitted their righteous moment, and young girls going to work on misty mornings must be provided with their vicarious thrills.

JACKSON, the menaced reporter, sleuthed a bit around town. He had nothing to go on but a hunch. And his hunch was a simple problem in mathematics: A wife in Reno minus a husband in business, plus a raving beauty in the husband's office, equals—divorce.

Equals, also—scandal.

He was able to learn how long Anne had worked for the agency; how long she had been in Eaton's private office. He became more friendly with an acquaintance of his in the office, a young man in the art department, a newcomer. Through him, he met Polly Ames, and Polly talked rather freely. And young Jackson went back to his job and announced that Mr. Eaton was pretty thick with his red-headed secretary.

That was enough to work on.

BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY STEALS RICH HUSBAND FROM SOCIETY WOMAN

was the way the Daily Record's mind worked.

Jim Murdock was called in. Jim was the boy to handle undeveloped scandal and handle it within the libel laws.

"Lawrence Eaton," he was told, "of the Eaton Advertising Agency, is getting a divorce—or rather, his wife is, very quietly. There's been nothing said; nothing has broken. But it all leads up to a girl in his office, his secretary," said Jim's chief vaguely, and frowned because her name had slipped his mind. Which was just as well. "Find out what you can. See the girl. Make her talk. Take a photographer with you."

Jim walked out of the office. He had learned control and his apprenticeship in repression stood him in good stead now.

A girl in Eaton's office? His secretary? That could only mean Anne!

He went directly to the agency and walked into Anne's office. He'd never been there before. But he brushed by the reception clerk with a mere "Miss Murdock's brother," and left her gazing after him in bewilderment.

Anne was not in her office. She was with Eaton in his. She held a newspaper in her hand and was saying:

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

Eaton looked at the item—FORMER SHOW GIRL TAKES POISON—and read the name and the description.

"Dolly—Dolly Davis?" he asked, sickened and incredulous.

Anne answered, half crying: "Yes. Do you know, I—I *liked* her! There was something honest about her."

"I wonder what happened," Eaton said.

"Oh, that man," Anne told him with a gesture of disgust. "And they didn't marry, after all. There's nothing about a husband here."

She shuddered and Eaton put his hand on her shoulder. There was comfort for both of them in that contact, a sense of understanding and the quick uprushing warmth of a flame leaping.

He dropped his hand as if he had betrayed himself; said, steadying his voice with an effort: "I'm sorry, too—darned sorry." Then, looking at Anne's quivering mouth, he said inadequately: "So sorry that you should have been brought close to anything like this." And then wondered suddenly if, after all, the restrictions he had placed upon himself had not been unnecessary. "Anne," he began, *"Anne!"*

But when she looked up at him with questioning, waiting eyes, he thought swiftly, "Not here!" He couldn't bear to tell her there. He'd go to see her; in her little flat he'd reach out his hungry arms and ask her . . .

But there was a step in the adjoining office, a man's step. Anne turned before Eaton could speak again and walked away. What had he been going to say? And so, her eyes dim and her heart choking her, she walked directly into her brother's arms.

For Jim had been there, at the half-open door; had listened shamelessly and had seen Eaton's hand on Anne's slim shoulder.

"Jimmy! What on earth! What's wrong? Mother—Kathleen—Dad?"

"No; don't get excited. They're all right. I want to talk to you, that's all. Can we go somewhere and be alone?"

She nodded, sick with anxiety. "The conference room. It's empty."

He followed her in there and sat down with her at the long table.

"Jimmy, what *is* it?"

"This," he told her. "Eaton's wife is suing for divorce in Reno. Very quietly, see? But the papers have got wind of it, and of you."

"Of *me?*" She could hardly credit her ears. Eaton's wife . . . divorce . . . herself . . . "Of *me?*" she asked again, incredulously.

"Yes. Oh, I know there's nothing in it. But you are his secretary; you are with him all day and sometimes part of the night; you've been away with him and his wife; you've visited them on Long Island. Can't you see what a slick case can be built up against you, Anne? And," he added, "you're so confounded good-looking!"

"But they can't print anything like that. It would ruin him—the publicity; it mustn't be. Jim, you've *got* to stop it!"

"Anne, look at me! You're thinking of him, not of yourself. Answer me one question: Are you in love with him?"

"Yes, Jimmy," she said, in a small clear voice.

"The scoundrel!" he said violently.

"No, no. He doesn't know I'm alive. I couldn't help it, Jimmy," she implored wildly. "He's—he's so much the biggest thing that's ever come into my life. I never dreamed about him and his wife. Jimmy, you must stop the scandal, you must! You mustn't let it hurt him."

"Don't be a fool," he told her brusquely. "I'll scotch it; never mind that part. Resign from this job and at once. Tell him you're sick and go home today and send in your letter."

"I can't. We're so busy. It would be disloyal. It isn't possible."

"He can worry along without you. Go home, I tell you. I'll see you tonight."

He rose and Anne rose too.

"Jimmy, Jimmy."

Suddenly he put his arms about her. "Don't fret, honey. I'll see you through. I know you, Anne. Don't think I blame you. It's just one of those messes."

After he had left her, she sat there trying to think. Linda, a divorce, and herself somehow implicated . . .

Resign, Jim had told her. Leave him—leave him thinking her disloyal and ungrateful. For she couldn't tell him; she couldn't face the telling.

If she did tell him she knew him well enough to know what he would say. He'd tell her to stay in the job, and to the devil with newspaper talk. Yet publicity was the one thing an advertising man couldn't afford.

She rose, after a time, and went back to the office and found Eaton looking for her.

"Where did you disappear to? Why, what's wrong?" he ended instantly.

"My brother came. I've had bad news," she lied; yet, after all, was it not the truth? "If—could you spare me?"

"Of course. Is there anything I can do?" he asked, aware of rebellion, through all his concern for her, that the moment had passed; that he would have to wait—a little longer.

"No, thank you. It may not be serious," she said, and tried to smile.

"My car's outside," he told her. "Please use it."

"Thank you, no. Jim's waiting for me."

"I'm so sorry. Please, if there is anything I can do to help, will you let me know? You promised once," he reminded her.

"It's all right," she said. She moved to the hatstand and took down her things. "Good-by," she said, and did not look at him.

But when she reached the door she turned and looked about the office. For the last time; for the last time. And her eyes met his with so tragic a glance that he took a hasty step forward. And he spoke her name again, urgently:

"Anne!"

Somehow she managed to smile again. "I'll be all right. I'm sorry," she said, "to leave you like this."

She closed the door softly. He stood there staring at it, remembering her eyes. She was in trouble. She was his friend. He loved her, loved her . . . And he was letting her go like this—alone. He went back to his desk and sat there thinking.

Why hadn't she told him what the difficulty was? Couldn't she admit him to her confidence?

ANNE went home. By some miracle Kathleen was out. She had the little apartment to herself. All the rest of that day she lay unstirring on her bed, trying to face her exile and her grief.

Jim came that night.

"It's all right," he told her at once, when, white and haggard, she met him at the door. "The thing's squashed flatter than a pancake. No, no one knows my relation to you except my chief. He's human enough, although you'd not think it. I told him frankly who you were. I said there was nothing in the story—just office gossip. I told him you weren't satisfied, that you had given in your resignation some time ago—and that you were engaged to be married."

After a moment he advised gently, observing her startled look: "Wouldn't that be the wisest thing to do after a while? You—you'll get over this. It's glamour," said her brother unhappily, "and being thrown so much with a man of Eaton's stamp. You'll get over it and marry someone in your own class, and you'll forget this nonsense."

She did not answer but after he had gone she went to the desk and with shaking hands started her letter to Eaton.

"Dear Mr. Eaton," she began, "I'm so sorry to have to give you my resignation, to take effect at once. There is illness in my family and——"

Oh, but he'd find out. He'd know she'd lied!

"Dear Mr. Eaton," she began again. "I am forced to hand in my resignation, to take effect at once. I can give you no reason."

She stopped writing and put her head down on the desk. But her heart formed the phrases.

"Oh, my beloved," cried Anne's heart, "I am leaving you because it is better for us both, because I would only harm you if I stayed. I am leaving you because I love you."

Kathleen, coming back from the theater, found her there at the desk, her head on her arms, sleeping, with tear marks on her face and the letter paper sodden under her cheek.

Kathleen touched her sister on the shoulder. After a moment Anne's breath escaped her in a tired moan and she opened her eyes and stared blankly at the other girl.

"It's late," Kathleen told her. "Come to bed, Anne; you look all in."

Her eyes dropped to the desk. She saw the last letter Anne had started to write: "Dear Mr. Eaton . . ."

"What's happened?" Kathleen asked.

Anne shook her head and her lips trembled.

"Well," Kathleen ordered practically, "whatever's happened, you're going to get into bed—immediately."

Anne rose, followed Kathleen into their bedroom and docilely permitted her sister to put her to bed.

Kathleen sat down beside her, slim hands clasped about one silken knee.

"Tell me," she commanded, and added, "You'll never get a good night's rest until whatever it is is off your chest."

After a moment Anne told her. "I'll resign, of course," she ended wearily. "Jim's right. It's the only thing to do. The only way I can protect him."

"He's a man," Kathleen told her scornfully, and her eyes flamed—she'd acquired a poor opinion of most men lately. "Why should you worry about him? He'll come out all right. It's not fair that you should lose your job just because Eaton and his wife disagree. Talk about an innocent bystander!"

"You don't understand," Anne told her patiently. "I've always protected him—that sounds crazy, but it's part of a good secretary's job. Well, this is the last thing I can do for him. Besides," she added with a bitter honesty, "it had to come sooner or later. I had to make the break. I've shilly-shallied long enough. In this way, I'm forced to it."

"I see. Well, it's your own funeral," Kathleen commented with calculated callousness. She looked anxiously at her sister. "And you look just about ready for flowers and the silver handles. But Anne," she went on, "you can't write Mr. Eaton and tell him you're leaving for no good reason. You owe it to yourself to tell him the truth."

"I know it," Anne answered. "And I owe it to him, too. But can't you realize the whole situation, Kathleen—the agonizing embarrassment of it?"

"I do. It's funny," Kathleen remarked thoughtfully, "how quick and clever you are at straightening out other people's difficulties for them, but when it comes to your own you go all to pieces. You've given so much to that darned office of yours, you've nothing over for yourself, Anne."

"I suppose so," Anne murmured.

After a moment Kathleen said, shuddering: "Dolly Davis. I—I saw it in the paper, Anne. It was too awful!"

"Yes."

"We haven't talked about—George," Kathleen told her. "I've never told you how grateful I am. At first, I almost hated you for interfering. I don't know

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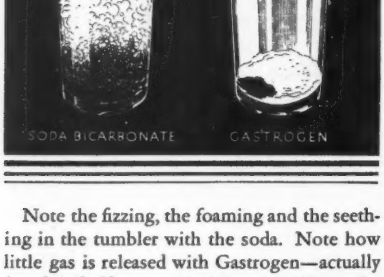

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what happened to me, why I went off my head like that. The newness of everything, the excitement. Of course I knew that a lot of rotten stuff went on in that crowd.

"I honestly didn't believe it about him and Dolly, but there were others. And I don't know why, but all that attracted me, fascinated me, the way fire used to when I was a kid. I didn't want to get burned myself; I was afraid. But there was something about the danger and, yes, the sort of careless, masked, snickering *evil* of the whole thing that made me feel grown-up and on my own.

"I can't explain. I'd use all their catchwords and phrases as if I were playing some sort of part. But after you talked to me and George pulled out, and I got over it—the infatuation and the hurt vanity—I began to see things straight. I guess I've got my balance now.

"I'm so grateful," she told her sister again. "You saw me through that bad time, just as if I'd had some illness and you were taking care of me. I don't suppose," she ended wistfully, "I can do much for you now, but I'd like to."

Anne leaned over to her sister, kissed the flushed cheek. "You have helped me," she told her. "You've pointed out to me where I was wrong, where I was cowardly, and what I must do."

The next morning she went back to the office. Opening her door gave her a curious sensation. She had been so sure the day before that when she shut it she had closed it for the last time. Now, here she was walking in, taking off her things, as if nothing had happened, as if the world hadn't come to an end.

She was unable to see Lawrence Eaton alone until late afternoon. She was with him, of course, in the daily progress of her routine duties. But not until after four was she able to go in and ask if she could talk to him for a little while "on a personal matter."

When they'd first met that morning Eaton had asked her how she was, if everything was all right. Now he said, meeting her grave eyes:

"You weren't telling me the truth this morning, were you? What's the matter and how may I help?"

Anne sat down in her chair and leaned her elbow on one broad arm. "I didn't tell you the truth yesterday, either," she answered quietly. "But I shall now. Mr. Eaton, my brother came to me yesterday—he's a feature writer on the Daily Record—and told me that the newspapers have found out that Mrs. Eaton is in Reno."

"I thought I'd put a stop to their speculations," Eaton said. "I kicked one bright lad out of the apartment lobby the other day—or practically kicked him out."

"That wasn't very wise," Anne told him frankly, "because they went to work and found—me."

"You?" He looked at her in astonishment, with a sense of impending trouble. She flushed, but went on bravely:

"Jim was sent out on the story—you can imagine the sort of thing they wanted: secretary, employer, employer's wife. They could build up their story on the flimsiest sort of evidence. The editor had no idea Jim was my brother. Jim's been to him since and told him that I'm leaving the agency, that I sent in my resignation some time ago. It was the only way to stop it."

Eaton said furiously: "I'll not have you hounded out of here! I'll not lose you through any trickery of the press!"

"But you must," she told him, "and I must go. You can't afford the publicity, even though there's no truth in it. It isn't fair to you, or to Mrs. Eaton."

"Linda will understand," answered Eaton, "and I can stand the gaff."

"No. I'm leaving," Anne told him. "If I didn't and the papers went out after the story again—oh, it would be impossible, impossible! All the gossip, even here in the office——"

"I'd put a stop to that," he told her.

"You couldn't. You can't stop people talking by telling them to."

"You're not thinking of yourself, are you, Anne?" he asked after a while.

"Of course I am," she lied.

"No, you are not; only of me—and Linda," he added, as an afterthought.

"It doesn't matter about me," Anne said, throwing discretion to the winds, "but it matters terribly about you."

That struck him. But he hadn't time to think it over, then. Later he could think about it and all its implications.

"Just what have they got on us, exactly?" he asked with a wry smile.

"Nothing. Everything. Just the fact of—of Mrs. Eaton's going out West and all the secrecy there must have been, and the long time I've been with the agency, the year and a half I've been with you. They know that I work with you, at night. Jim says they could find out that I was at Hot Springs with you and Mrs. Eaton, that I've been at your home. There's nothing tangible, nothing that by itself doesn't look perfectly natural and innocent. But taken all together—can't you see? I've talked with Jim. I've been thinking. There was the time we were both absent from the office—I in Chicago; you in Washington. If they should get hold of that——"

"That's absurd," Eaton disagreed hotly. "It would be the easiest thing in the world to prove where we were. I've a dozen witnesses and a hotel bill for my part; you have Mr. Lawson for yours."

"Oh, *proof*, that doesn't count!" Anne told him. "I know something about newspapers. They can print a speculation, leave the question open to the public, and still be within the law. And we could furnish proof until judgment day. They would print our statements and make their apologies, but there would always be people who'd think the paper had been coerced or fixed in some way. There'd always be people ready to believe the worst. And if this ever gets out, Mr. Eaton, nine-tenths of the people you know, and don't know, will believe that Mrs. Eaton is divorcing you on my account," Anne ended, very low.

"But that's nonsense! Mrs. Eaton is divorcing me on routine grounds."

"I suppose so," Anne answered. "But no matter what reason she gives in her suit, someone will always think it's another woman, and that she was just being decent about it."

"Look here," Eaton said quietly. "We've been good friends, you and I. No one in the world, not even my wife—my former wife," he corrected himself carefully, "knows me as well as you do. I've not had to camouflage with you. I've taken all this knowledge more or less for granted, just as I've taken your hard work in my interests, your diplomacy and your loyalty.

"Well, I'm remembering these things now. I'm taking them for granted no longer. I wish I'd told you about Linda's move before this. But for a time my pride was involved. I'd failed, as a husband. That hurts like the devil. Linda wasn't happy with me. I wasn't giving her what she needed, what she wanted: companionship, and—and love.

"We'd grown away from each other. And it was too late to return, even if I were willing to give up my work and start over again. And I was not willing.

She was honest with me. She asked me to let her go; she knew that she was no more necessary to me than I was to her.

"I wish," he said again, "that I'd told you. Perhaps we might have foreseen this, though I don't see how we could. And I want to tell you one thing: I'm perfectly willing to stand anything that may come of this mess, but I'm not willing to stand losing you, Anne. You—you are far too necessary to me."

She said, trying, womanlike, to let him convince her: "I shouldn't let you do it. Yet, if you are willing, I am, too."

He looked at her, arrested, realizing her side of it. He could stand it; he was a man—to the devil with the publicity and unpleasantness! Linda? Linda would be safe with Jameson before long; it wouldn't matter to her. But Anne would bear the real brunt.

"I've been a fool," he told her. "And selfish—my Lord, how selfish! I was thinking of Lawrence Eaton and feeling rather set up about it; feeling I was the devil of a good fellow to be willing to see this through in order to hold your job for you. And yet I wasn't thinking of your job at all, except as it affects me. I wasn't thinking of you. You'll have to go, Anne. You have your people to think of—and yourself."

"My people won't believe anything against me," Anne argued. "If you say the word, I'll stay."

"No."

He rose and held out his hands to her. She put hers in them wonderingly, felt them close down hard, painfully hard. He drew her to her feet, looked down into her eyes.

"I can take chances for myself—I won't take them for you," he told her. "You can't afford to have a filthy newspaper story connected with you. I accept your resignation," he ended, low. "You've been the best secretary and the best friend a man could wish for."

She went into her office almost blind with tears.

And that was all that passed between them until she was ready to leave. He was still at his desk when she went in.

"Good-by," Anne said, with difficulty. "I—if I were you, I'd use Miss Danton until you fill my place. She's quick and she does good work. If you like, she could come to see me any evening, and I'd tell her what I can."

Eaton said quickly: "But it's *not* good-by. You'll let me see you? You'll have dinner with me often?"

Anne shook her head. "No. Not yet. Can't you see," she asked, in despair, as she saw his face darken with disappointment, "how that would ruin everything—if people saw me with you outside? There wouldn't be any use in leaving the office, no use in anything."

"But I *must* see you," he argued.

Anne said, in a panic: "Not yet. When everything's settled, but not yet." She held out her hand. "Good-by."

He took the hand in his, held it a long moment. "I won't say it," he told her. When she had gone, he stared blankly at the closed door.

He said aloud: "But I need her. I can't lose her. I *love* her."

She had forbidden him to see her. He recognized, with rebellion, how wise she had been. Not for himself, though she had thought only of him—but for herself, and he must think of her. He was bitterly regretful for his own sake that he hadn't told her how things were with him. If Jim hadn't come in, he would have spoken. Now, for Anne's sake, he must follow his original plan and say nothing until the case was over.

Then he could go to her, tell her that he loved her, ask her to come back to

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him, not as the—what had Linda called her?—the office wife, but as the wife in his home, the one woman, *his*.

"Anne," his heart cried out after her, "wait for me, believe in me, love me!"

"It doesn't matter about me," she'd said, "but it matters terribly about you."

There'd been confession in that. Confession of *love*. And on the heels of this realization he knew a humble gratitude and a rapturous certainty.

But there was one thing he must do for her sake. He went to the office of the Daily Record and demanded to see the editor-in-chief. After a little talk with that courtly and charming individual, he was turned over to Adams, the city editor, and stated his errand briefly.

"Oh, that's all washed out," Adams told him. "Nothing in it. Don't worry, nothing will be said; simply the bare statement of your wife's suit. You'll have to stand for that, Mr. Eaton. It's usual enough. People can't get divorces nowadays without telling the world."

"I didn't expect it would be kept from the press," Eaton informed him. "But neither Mrs. Eaton nor I desire any advance publicity. You appreciate my position?"

"Oh, quite," Adams answered carelessly; "but news is news. If John and Mary Smith decide to separate, that's one thing—nothing to addle the morning eggs, you know. But if Lawrence Eaton of the Eaton Advertising Agency and his wife, the former Miss Schuyler, agree to disagree after ten years of married life—that's another. That's *news*.

"You business men look with scorn and loathing at us nosey newspaper lowbrows—until, perchance, you need us for something, when it's a different story. But you forget that we are pledged to furnish a vast public with news. So we furnish it."

"Yes, I get all that," Eaton agreed, "but the point is, why on earth try to drag an innocent woman into it? You'd nothing to base a story on, much less a sensational one!"

"Oh, yes, we had," yawned Adams. "I see you don't follow the drift of the newspaper mind. Look here, I'll show you. You and Mrs. Eaton had a large, splashy wedding—that was news. Your position, your inherited money, Miss Schuyler's name—that was news. Then, for ten years, you led a most exemplary life—that was news in this day and age. Mrs. Eaton was continually before the public—that was news, too.

"Then, suddenly, she beats it for Reno—news, more news. Now, why? The newspaper mind gets to work. It works like a detective: *cherchez la*—anything—man, woman, child. In this case we appeared to draw a blank. Mrs. Eaton's name has never been connected with anyone." He looked sharply at Eaton.

Eaton's face was a mask, but his heart pounded with relief. At least that much was gained; they wouldn't hunt down Linda and come on Jameson's trail.

"In your case," went on Adams, after a moment, "we drew an equal blank until one of our bright young men noticed your secretary. It was reported to me that she was an exceptionally pretty girl. Now wives and husbands, employers and secretaries are old triangles. They happen not only in the news but in real life.

"Why not? A busy man is thrown continuously into the society of a pretty and intelligent young woman; a young woman who understands his business—and incidentally himself—one thousand percent better than his wife does. His wife is connected in his mind with—what? With bills, expenses, domestic difficulties, servant problems, money—always money.

"His secretary, on the other hand, is connected only with his business troubles—and she shares them; she does not create them. She works in his interests, not against them. His wife sees him in mental undress. Sees him tired, irritable, crabbing about something, too busy to take part in whatever little schemes and interests she has. His secretary, however, may see him bad-tempered, impatient, or as a slave driver; but she sees also what he accomplishes and how he accomplishes it and why.

"He becomes, in many cases, a sort of god to her. And he knows it, after a while, if he isn't a fool. Add to all this a secretary who is easy on the eyes—well, have you arrived at the result, which is, rightly or wrongly—*news?*

"I'm sorry we jarred you about this business. Before I saw you my chief told me to reassure you. You don't buy much space, but you buy enough to make it worth our while not to antagonize you when we are able to placate you without any real news-loss to ourselves. We were quite justified in trying to smell out a good story—even if the scent was rather thin. That's out now.

"It was a coincidence that Jim Murdock happened to be your secretary's brother. Of course, he'd protect her—and we think a lot of Murdock down here—but, as it happens, his story seems pretty straight. For it's true, I suppose, that she resigned some time ago?"

"True enough," Eaton answered.

"And that, coupled with the fact that she's to be married, makes our story deader than last year's murder."

Eaton, by some miracle, kept his face blank. But his pulses hammered at his temples. Married? *Anne?*

"Oh," he commented, and succeeded in smiling, "I see that her brother told you. It was to be kept a secret for a time."

"We'll keep it, never fear," laughed Adams. *"That's* not news. It boils down to an unknown girl getting married. What's that to the public? With her skirts clear of your pending divorce case, Miss Murdock no longer interests us."

Eaton went back to the office. Miss Danton was at his disposal, and he admitted to himself that she was alert and worked hard. But she was short and dark and had adenoids.

"Miss Murdock left word I might come to see her and she'd help me fit in more quickly, Mr. Eaton," she told him.

"By all means," answered Eaton vaguely, and bit back a savage "Felicitate her for me, won't you?"

It did not occur to him at once to doubt Adams' veracity or Jim's. What an ass he had been! Taking her love for him for granted, just as he had taken for granted her work, her business integrity. Why should she love him?

Adams was all wrong. He'd let his story sense run away with him. Daily contact in an office did not engender any godlike illusions in a girl's mind. Her employer was her personal concern—in office hours. Afterwards, she was through with him; she'd turn to a young man for love, to a man she'd not seen in mental shirt sleeves, wrestling with phrases, with problems, nervous, impatient, egotistical.

She'd want youth and laughter. She'd want dinner for two, dance floors, flowers and engagement rings; and eventually a flat or a suburban cottage, a gas range, a back yard—babies.

His heart hurt him until it was physical agony. To love her and to lose her. The whole story. But he'd never had *Anne*. He'd just had Miss Murdock, Secretary to the President.

But she might have told him! She'd

promised she'd tell him if ever the situation arose. Surely they'd been good enough friends for that much confidence! She should have told him, not let him hear it in that noisy newspaper office. It hadn't been square of her.

He'd not thought of himself as a vain man, yet this had proved him vain to fatuity, he told himself bitterly.

That evening he worked in the office until seven and went out to a solitary, tasteless dinner. Presently he pushed away plates and cup and began to seek loopholes, to make excuses. Perhaps after all Adams had misunderstood something Jim Murdock had said to him.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to find Anne at once and ask, no, *demand* an explanation.

Half an hour later he was ringing her bell with a sort of sustained savagery.

She opened the door to him and fell back at sight of him, the estranged eyes, the set mouth, the outthrust jaw.

"I asked you not to come—you shouldn't have——" she began, but he pushed past her into the living room and turned on her.

"I had to come. Look here," he began, half incoherent. "I've heard—— Anne, you can't leave me; you've got to stay."

"But after what we agreed?" she said, almost dizzy with his nearness.

"It doesn't matter what people say or think. You were willing to leave for my sake. Well, don't worry about that any more. I was willing to let you go for your sake. I've got over it. You *must* stay." Then, abruptly, he took her into his arms, roughly, completely. "I've got to have you," he told her hoarsely. "I'm mad about you. You know it, Anne. You know you belong to me!"

He forced her chin up with his hands and bent to her mouth and kissed her hungrily. They were alone in the apartment. Night encompassed them, pressing in at the windows. They stood isolated in a small circle of light, lost and destroyed in that desperate embrace.

She was so shaken she thought she must drop but for his arms about her. His arms were danger and support. So while she cried out, repudiating him for both their sakes, she yet clung to him with a remnant of strength. It was pain, it was agony, it was peril and madness, it was a dream come true, and it was rapture to be held like that.

Eaton said huskily: "You do care for me. You do!"

That brought her to her senses. She did care for him. Too much. If she surrendered to the demands of her own flesh and blood and his, they were lost.

She did not answer. Slowly Eaton withdrew his arms and faced her, his gray eyes dark in his white face.

"So it's true, then."

"What is true?" she managed to ask.

"That you're to marry O'Hara—that man Adams told me so at the newspaper office. I didn't believe it. I couldn't. Not wholly."

For an instant she wondered if she were going mad. Adams? She put her hand to her eyes in a gesture of blindness. Jimmy must have told Adams that she was engaged, as he had suggested. And Eaton had jumped at conclusions.

Well, it was a way out. She'd tell him it was so, and then he'd leave her and she need never see him again—never see him again.

"Is it true?" Eaton demanded again.

"Yes," said Anne, in a small tired voice, "it's quite true."

After a long moment he said:

"Well, my mistake. I thought—— It doesn't matter what I thought. I won't ask you to forgive me for what I did

Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream

—it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

DO you know the function of cold cream on your face? It is this: the oil in the cream replaces the natural oil that washing and weathering take away. Yet all the oil your skin needs is absorbed after 5 or 10 minutes' light massage or patting.

The cream that remains should then be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise...in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color:

Flesh Pink Sea Green
Canary Yellow and White

The colors are absolutely pure . . . and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations.

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

No more stained towels

You use these tissues just once, then discard them. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delightful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely . . . or pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color . . . and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex.* And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Please send a sample of Kleenex to

C-2

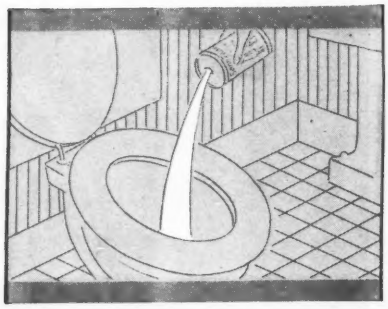
Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Toilet bowls should be as WHITE AS SNOW

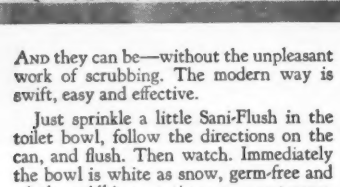


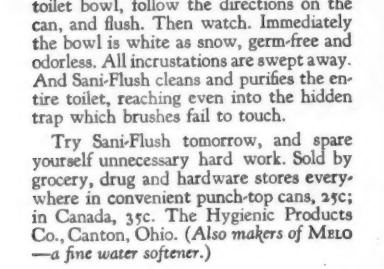
AND they can be—without the unpleasant work of scrubbing. The modern way is swift, easy and effective.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, and flush. Then watch. Immediately the bowl is white as snow, germ-free and odorless. All incrustations are swept away. And Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the entire toilet, reaching even into the hidden trap which brushes fail to touch.

Try Sani-Flush tomorrow, and spare yourself unnecessary hard work. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush





I am Free··· *from dandruff* NOW!

Relief from Itching Scalp

Try this to stop dandruff and itching scalp: for a few days, night and morning, rub a little liquid D. D. D. thoroughly into your scalp. Note the clean, fresh odor. Itching stops instantly. And soon dandruff *stops!* D.D.D. is a healing, antiseptic wash, greaseless and stainless. Get a 60c bottle at any druggist; money back if it doesn't help you. Or write D.D.D. Corp., Batavia, Illinois.

D. D. D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

just now. I'm not sorry," he said, and turned and walked to the door.

A moment later it shut behind him. Anne ran to it, her arms outstretched. "Only come back," she pleaded with the empty hall—"only come back. I'll do anything, give anything, be anything you want me to be—only come back!"

But nothing answered her save the echoes of her own desperate weeping.

Eaton hailed a taxicab and climbed into it wearily. He felt bruised, like a man who has taken terrific punishment. He'd gone there to tell her he didn't believe Adams' casual, world-shaking statement, to tell her he loved her, to ask her to wait until he was free, to ask her to give herself into his keeping, forever—and he'd not said a word of all this because his need was so great he'd taken her in his arms and kissed her and lost himself in her imagined response. Now he was glad he had not spoken, for she was to marry O'Hara.

Later that night Eaton went out, hunted up some men and proceeded to get drunk, something he'd not done since—since the Dolly days. And somehow there was a night club, and there were women there, and one of them was small and blond, and somehow . . .

The next morning he was sick with disgust at himself. He sat at the breakfast table, his head in his hands, thinking—remembering.

There was something funny about it, after all. Linda had said he'd no sense of humor—the custard-pie sort. No, Anne had said that. Well, he mustn't think of Anne. But: "Isn't it funny, Anne; after all, Linda needn't have gone to Reno for her divorce. She could have got it right here. After all these years of being cautious and not taking the fruit offered—and feeling rather smug about it—and now . . ."

But the thing that tortured him was the feeling, not that he had been unfaithful to Linda, who was still his wife, but that he had been unfaithful to Anne—who had never been his wife. Anne, who was to marry another man.

He wondered what Anne was thinking—if she laughed to herself at the remembrance of his madness, or if she had forgotten it in O'Hara's arms.

He did not know that she was almost beyond coherent thought. He did not know that she was tasting the bitterest fruit of all, the fruit of a dead desire, of something once longed for which has come too late.

For Anne, believing that the passion Eaton had brought her was the half-loaf, Love's little sister, knew, as she had known at Hot Springs, that she could not accept it—wanting so much more. Yet once she had thought to invite it.

Now, although every fiber in her cried out for surrender on any terms, she had fought her way to sanity and seized on his misapprehension as a way of escape. That he cared for her she did not believe. That he wanted her she knew, but it brought no comfort, only an acrid shame that his wanting should be so much less than her own.

And because she knew if, in seeking her escape, she did not bind herself to it—did not make it reality—she would be taxed beyond her strength, she went to the telephone and called Ted O'Hara.

That night Ted, reaching home, found a scribbled message. "Call Miss Murdock at her house," it read.

Ted had been away on business for a week, sent by Sanders to talk over some copy with a western client. It had been his first important responsibility; the affair had been concluded satisfactorily, and he was back again.

He rang Anne up. Her voice came to him: "Ted? Could you come down tonight?"

Could he!

He was there in less than an hour. Kathleen was at the theater; Anne was alone. She made a fool of him a dozen times a week, he told himself, but there was no one like her.

"I've left the office," she told him, almost immediately.

Ted's mouth fell open.

"Oh, do close your mouth," she said. "What's so remarkable about it?"

"Nothing. Only I thought you were a fixture—a little Rock of Gibraltar."

She reflected swiftly. Of what use to tell him half-truths? She might as well lie and be done with it.

"I was tired of it," she answered lightly, "and Jim had heard of an opening with the Barrows people."

"Anne!" His face was radiant. She had left Eaton. There wasn't any truth in that old gnawing anxiety of his, after all. "Anne," he repeated, "don't take another job. Take me, instead! Cut out the work and take a partnership job. I love you; I want you. We'll get to the top, the two of us, together."

She looked at him a moment in silence. Well, why not? There wasn't anything left for her any more. The job was gone, the job that had meant so much. Eaton had gone; she'd let him believe the lie. Well, she'd make good.

"Teddy," she said, "you're a dear, and I'm fond of you, but I don't love you."

"It's enough to go on. You'll love me," he told her confidently. "You'll have to love me. I'll *make* you! You haven't had time for love; you haven't learned how," he went on, "giving every minute of your waking time to your job. Well, to the devil with the job! I'm offering you one for life."

She rose and went over to him and sat down on the arm of his chair and put her hands on his shoulder. "If I say 'yes,' you'll be patient with me—and not expect too much?" she asked.

"Anne!"

He pulled her down to his lap, kissed her eyes and her mouth with a young, ardent hunger.

She liked him; she was fond of him; her senses were as young as his. She was ardent and unspoiled; she had the imagination which makes a woman that rare thing—a perfect lover. And she was tired, beaten to the ground with emotion and grief and the aching sense of loss that was irreplaceable. It was comfort, sheer physical comfort, to be in the arms that held her so closely, that loved her so eagerly; to know herself beloved and enduringly desired.

For she had been so terribly hurt.

She closed her eyes and tried to forget herself in Ted's kisses. But closing her eyes was a dangerous procedure. She could imagine other arms about her, another mouth laid close on hers.

"Is it always going to be like this?" she asked herself, in a sick panic. "Oh, God, *don't* let it always be like this!"

She opened her eyes and looked straight into Ted's. Of course it wouldn't always be like this! She'd grow to find release and comfort in Ted's caresses because they were—Ted's. Not because they were any man's kisses that she could dream to—substitutes, narcotics.

"I'll marry you," she said.

Will Anne find the solution of all her problems in marriage to Ted O'Hara? Faith Baldwin tells you in her Final Installment Next Month

Fables in Slang

(*Continued from page 19*)

their final Rewards were comfortably housed in the Lower Regions, where the Apartments were thoroughly heated and Janitor Service was perfect. They had no Modern Music, not even by Radio. No Wings to wear; no taking eight strokes on a Par Three Hole; no listening to Talkies that sounded like Someone with a Bad Cold speaking from the Bottom of a Well.

Among those who looked down at a transformed World, regenerated and purified by a Thousand Pages of Restrictive Legislation, were the Dalton Boys, Jesse and Frank James, and Black Bart, the Mystery Bandit of California.

"Just to think!" exclaimed Bill Dalton. "We had to fire a thousand Shots and make a Get-away under a Fusillade to take about Eight Hundred Dollars away from a Country Bank. Now our Successors drive a few Trucks from one Spot to another, under guaranteed Protection, and collect more Dough than there was between the Missoury River and the Pacific Coast in our primitive Day and Age."

Jesse James allowed that it was all very baffling. He had always supposed that the only way to cop an easy Bank Roll was to stick up the Midnight Express on the U. P., kill a few Trainmen, blow open the Iron Box and then beat it to the Bad Lands and live in a Cave for a month or so. Jesse said he never heard of the newfangled Contraption known as a Racket or dreamed that a Gang armed with nothing but Pineapple Bombs and Brass Knucks could collect a small Fortune from Milk Routes, Delicatessen Shops and Junk Dealers.

"I thought I was a Bad Man," he remarked, with a Sigh, "but I was the Bobby Jones of the Frontier—just a clean and well-behaved Amateur, pure as the Driven Snow."

"What rasps me," put in Black Bart, "is that I had to hide out most of the Time, living on Nuts and Berries, but now the Rum Runners and the Men Higher Up and the Alky Kings, after they turn a Trick, get into their Wrist Watches and Silk Underwear, put a lot of Perfumery on themselves and attend Grand Opera."

The Boys were mighty Blue. They realized that they had busted into the Game too soon. They never had enjoyed such Luxuries as Machine Guns, Rolls-Royces, Dinner Coats, Platinum Jewelry and Heroin. They had been simple-minded Country Boys, playing Tag over the Wide Open Spaces.

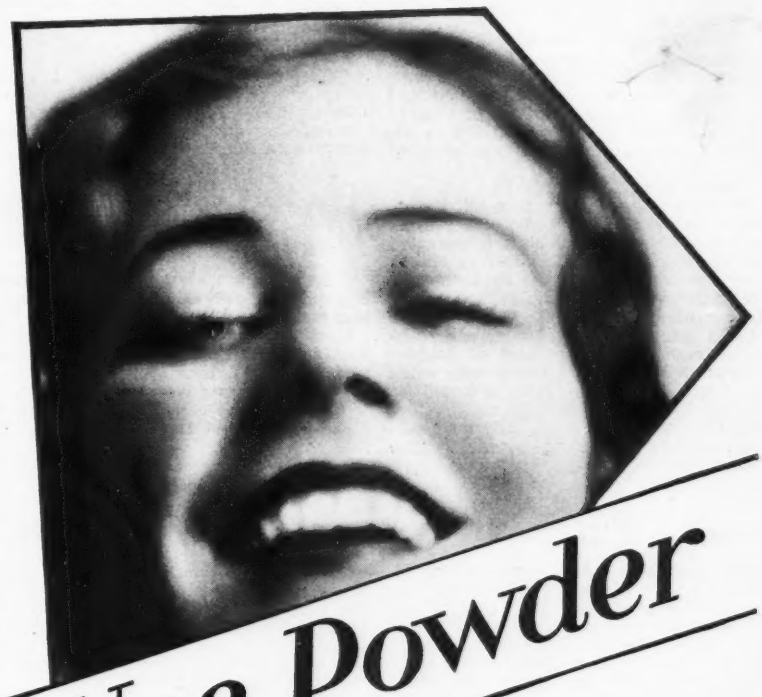
MORAL: Life becomes wider across, higher up and down, more complex and more uncertain.

The Fable *of the* Unsung *and* Unclothed Hero

Once upon a Time, just after a Cold Wave had arrived direct from Medicine Hat, a Copper found an undersized Citizen horizontal on the Concrete, frozen stiffer than a Ramrod. The poor Victim was poked into an Ambulance and rushed to a Hospital where some vigorous Internes got him in a Warm Room and proceeded to uncongeal him.

At last he sat up, comparatively thawed out, and asked anxiously, "While I was refrigerated, did anyone wrap me up in Wool?"

"No, we just slapped you with Hot Towels."



Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

In use over 60 years

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

"Then I can still hold up my Head and Face the World."

"Meaning which and what?"

"Perhaps you have not identified me. I am the anæmic Skin and Bones with a Blood Pressure of eighty-five, no Red Corpuscles and nary a Spark of Vitality who has taken a Vow to go through the Winter months wearing Undies made of Cheesecloth."

"What is the large Idea?"

"I work in an Office with a lot of College Eskimos, former Football players and other Huskies delicately constructed on the order of Oxen, and every one in the Bunch glories in the Fact that he wears the same Weight the Year round. If I ever admitted to these Grizzly Bears that I was concealing, under my Kuppenheimers, the same kind of double-thickness Flannel that Peary wore when he found the North Pole, I would be hooted at as a Weakling, cast out of their Society as a Pariah, and my Business Career would be wrecked. The Manager of our Department has not worn a Vest since he matriculated at college."

"Do you suffer much?"

"Ten thousand Agonies—but I must carry on. Usually the Sun comes out in Chicago about Decoration Day."

MORAL: Only the fragile Women carry those non-freeze Shins.

The Fable *of the* Mistreated Missus *and the* Fortunate Frau

Once upon a Time two Women waited at the Curb for their Motors to come and pick them up.

One, with about a Million Dollars' worth of Furs and other Trappings, was waiting for a Limousine that looked like a Cathedral on Wheels. The other, wearing a Blanket with Sleeves attached and a ninety-cent Lid, was preparing to hop a Pink Bus.

The Lady whose Rigging advertised an abnormal Prosperity was the Picture of Grief and sniffling in a secretive Manner. The one with the tacky Regalia was grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

"Why the Weeps, Sister?" asked the humble Specimen of the Common People.

"The Breaks are against me," replied the Queen. "A certain Nit-Wit known to the World as my Husband got into a Jam last Fall when the Bottom fell out of Stocks and now I am camping around in this Dump instead of being on the Riviera. I didn't suppose anyone in the world could work up a Laugh in these troublous Times, but you are giggling and snickering as if Good News had come and kissed you on the Forehead."

"Why not? Herman got in a little Overtime last Week and copped Four Dollars extra and we are going to have Oysters for Supper."

MORAL: Industrial and other Stocks are all right if you don't get too many.

Party Dress *by Joseph Hergesheimer*

(*Continued from page 53*)

imagine Chalke Ewing cheaply sensual. Heavens, he didn't like women! He wasn't the kind that did. Chalke was a masculine and an intellectual being. He didn't dance; he hated society; severity was his most characteristic trait.

She could not understand him. She rather expected Chalke to telephone her, or to ring the bell, ask for her, and wait seated on the porch. He ought to do one or the other. He must realize something of her state of mind.

It really did look as though he were already sorry for the whole thing. It began to be evident to Nina Henry that he had followed an impulse and immediately regretted it. A great weight of unhappiness settled about her heart.

Nina didn't, as usual, go to Mr. Clough's store; she telephoned for the details on Rhoda's daily list. She was afraid that if she did leave the house, Chalke would telephone or come to see her and she would miss him.

Nina sat on the porch in a new white flannel skirt, a thin black wool sweater, and a chain belt of silver links. She looked as well as it was possible for her to look.

The telephone rang. It was Delia Bache, who asked her to a luncheon the following Thursday. There were footsteps on the path below the porch. It was a young man with a simply horrible face who expected her, by subscribing for a magazine or a number of magazines, to help him through college.

"We have enough magazines now," she told him.

The telephone rang again. Some girl wanted to speak to Cordelia. The morning dragged along intolerably and then vanished all at once. Nina had luncheon by herself. It would be entirely natural, she realized at the table, for her to go over to the Gows'. Natural but, in her present condition of mind, impossible. Chalke would have to come to her. Even if he never comes, she added wretchedly.

Her unhappiness began to be complicated by a beginning anger. Chalke really was acting badly. He simply could not kiss her and then do nothing about it. His manner, his evident opinion of his own importance, began to look a little silly. He was entirely too serious about himself. Those realizations did nothing to decrease her feeling of wretchedness. She was so willing, at the merest sign from Chalke Ewing, to be transcendently happy again.

After three o'clock Mary Gow appeared and dropped into a chair. "They are simply devils," she began. "They sit around and drink and complain about everything. I don't know why the Lord lets them live. It's so peaceful here, Nina. So nice and normal."

She supposed it was, Nina replied. "So far as I'm concerned it's too darn normal and nice." Mary glanced at her. "If you go on with what you told me before, about my duty to my home and Wilson," Nina informed her, "I'll kill you right here on the porch. I could not listen to a word of that today."

"I hadn't thought of it," Mary Gow replied. "I said what I intended, what I thought, and I'm not going on with it. I'm not a nuisance, really. I came over to tell you something very different. You won't believe me, but it is true. I've been to see William at the country club about it. It's practically arranged for."

Nina faced her with a sudden interest. "Well?" she demanded; "well?"

Mary said she would die. "You will die. It will kill you. After all that has been said. My dear, Chalke wants to give a party. At the country club!"

All Nina's happiness returned with a warm choking rush. Chalke Ewing was giving a party for her. No other explanation was conceivable. He was a strange man—darling but strange—and he had a party in place of coming to her. It really would make a perfect occasion for their meeting.

"Chalke says he wants to do something," Mary continued; "he said he thought that was best. I can't have everybody I want, though. He limited me. I am going to ask you and Wilson, of course, the Baches, with us that's seven, Catherine Pryne to make it even, eight, and Ocha and Francis Ambler. Ten. It ought to be very nice.

"Chalke said I must see William and arrange what we are going to have to eat. He is bringing all the things to drink from New York. It ought to be lovely. I'm glad Chalke is doing it. He has so much money and no one."

"I think that is very sad," Nina answered. "His life is terribly lonely. Mary, I don't think he ought to go back to Cuba. He isn't a boy now. He oughtn't to spend the rest of his life alone."

Mary said: "Shad is over, but William does chicken splendidly, don't you think? Or squab guineas. We must have broccoli. But cold and a French dressing. With so much to drink a hollandaise sauce might be fatal. Friday is a good night. Could you and Wilson come Friday next week? Chalke has to be in New York all the rest of this."

Nina thanked her. "Thank you, Mary. We'd love to come. Perhaps guineas would be nicer than chickens. Chalke would think they were more a party."

Nina wore, for Chalke Ewing's dinner party, the dress Ishtarre had made, the only time she had put it on since its original appearance on Memorial Day. Wilson Henry, who was sitting at a wide-open window, putting off the final details of his dressing to the last possible moment, watched her silently.

He hadn't made a direct comment to her, or a request in the half-concealed familiar form of a demand, since she had returned so late after her drive with Chalke and they had disagreed so bitterly. Instead, he had regarded her with a carefully repressed curiosity and resentment. He was remotely polite.

The effect of the French dress was perceptible immediately when Nina put it on. The instant she settled the skirt around her legs, felt her body clasped in its flawless satin, she had a sense of music in the air. Gay far strains. They would, however, draw rapidly nearer. She regarded Wilson Henry with a just sufficient patience.

"I wish you'd finish dressing," she said to him; "instead of sitting there looking like that. After all, I have to see you."

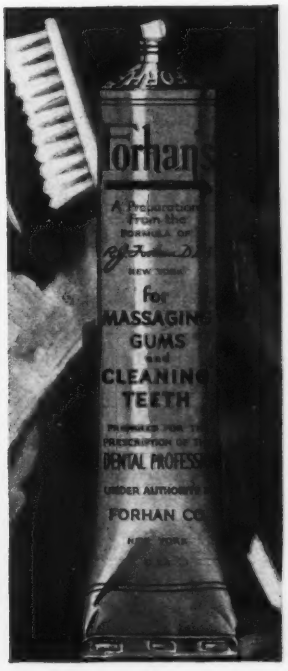
If he had put on his collar before, Wilson explained, he would have to be changing it already. "It's so hot. I'm almost ready. Just my collar and coat. I'm not going to wear a waistcoat."

That, she replied, was impossible. "You can't go to a dinner without a waistcoat. I can't imagine why you thought you could. The white ones aren't heavy. I will not put up with your being careless."

"I have to put up with a great deal," he pointed out; "because I've stopped speaking of it that doesn't mean it's over. Your dress, for example; I think I told you I didn't like it. Now you have it on. I suppose I don't really mind. I suppose it doesn't matter." He stopped abruptly and rose, putting on his collar and a white waistcoat. "I will be cooler with it on," Wilson Henry explained; "between me and a lot of silk and cloth."

She hardly heard him. The sound of music filled her ears. Nina gazed at

Do you choose a dentifrice by a dentist's standards?



FOR many years, dentists have known the name of Forhan.

They knew it first as the name of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who, in his practice, developed a preparation widely used by dentists as an aid in the treatment of pyorrhea.

They knew it later as the name of a dentifrice, based upon the benefits of Dr. Forhan's preparation—a dentifrice originated by him to supplement the care which dentists gave to gums and teeth.

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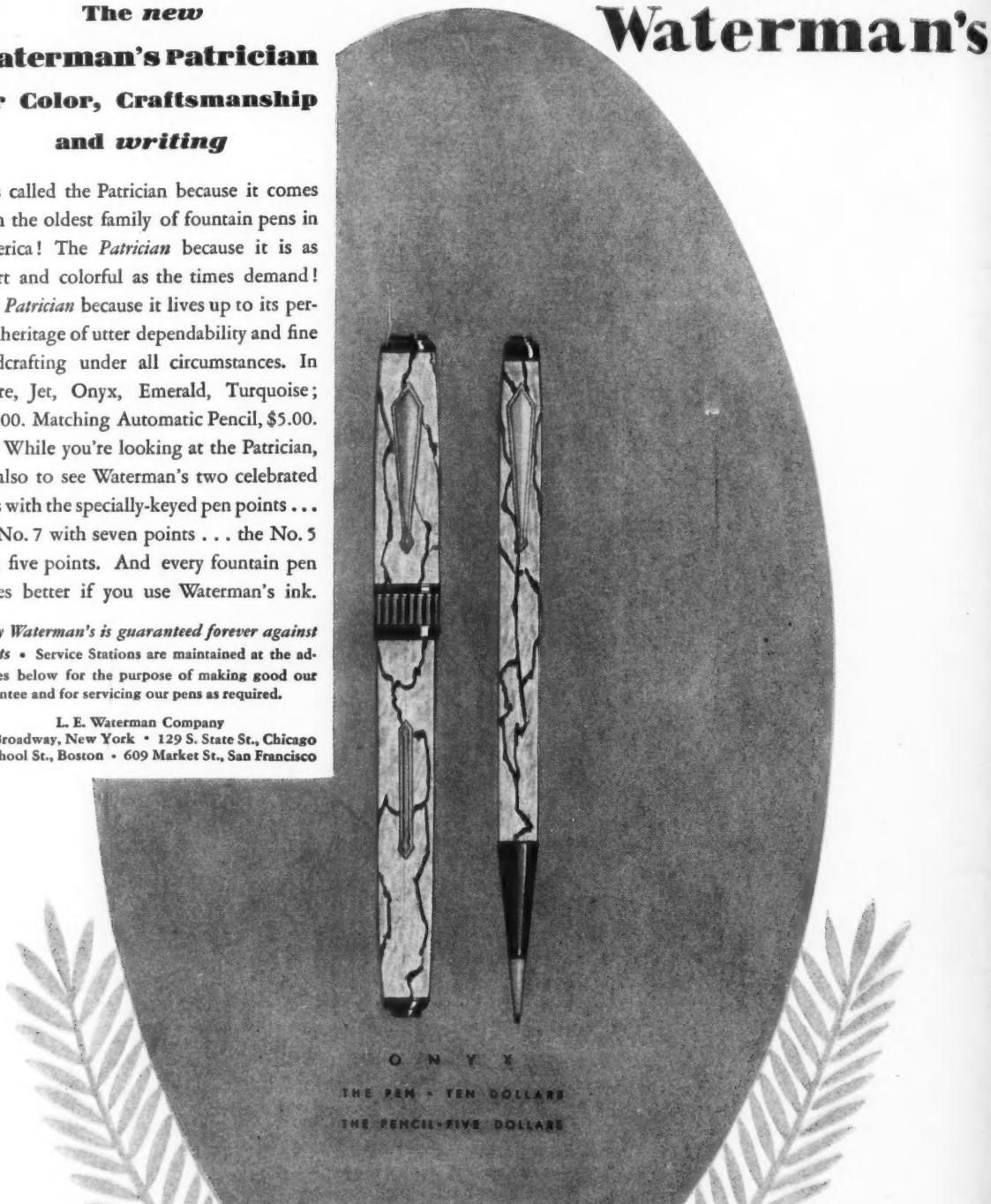

herself in a mirror. Really she did very well; for worse than forty her line was nice. No other dress made her shoulders and arms so white; at once so round and yet slender. Her hair was fluffy and bright around her face. She touched her ears and the back of her neck, a spot above her upper lip, with perfume.

Wilson was waiting for her with an expression that was almost patient.

She would drive, Nina decided, and Wilson sat inactively beside her. "It is as hot as fury," she remarked. "I'll never get used to changing the time in summer. When I am dressed for dinner the sun isn't anywhere near down."

WILSON became gloomy. "Probably," he said, "I will be put next Ocha Ambler and have to listen to her explain how Mason saved souls in Pittsburgh instead of making iron. I wish I had drunk a lot of whisky before I left home. I'll need it."

He would get plenty to drink at dinner, Nina assured him.

"Probably sherry or some confounded French wine or port," he replied; "they are just a nuisance. When you do get full of them you are as good as full of nothing. Bacardi rum gives me a headache. It always has and you know it. Whisky, rye whisky, and gin and beer are the things to drink. I hate wines and sweet cordials."

"You simply don't know," Nina said.

"I don't," he agreed; "I'm just an American. Brought up in America in an American way. I suppose I'll be apologizing for it soon, and drinking claret. But not tonight. Yes, I'll sit between Ocha Ambler and Catherine Pryne. She'll talk about Paris, and when Ewing starts with Cuba I'll be—I don't know what I'll be. A duller party might be arranged, but I can't think how."

Nina was annoyed out of her usual caution. "It's too bad Mary Gow didn't ask Cora," she asserted.

Wilson glanced at her swiftly; an angry tide of speech, of remonstrance, darkened his face but he said nothing.

She had, Nina knew, made a mistake, but she didn't care. She really didn't. She could not bother about him to such an extent. If Wilson did not like her reference to Cora, he could do what he pleased, say what he must, about it. She had borne his ill-tempered remarks and corrections for a great many years but she wouldn't keep on suppressing herself forever. When she reached the country club she was not only hot, but angry.

"I didn't know you were going to wear that dress," Mary said, meeting her at the door. "This is hardly more than a family affair. It was so hot I put on the simplest thing I could find. Catherine has a new Paris dress on too. I'll look like the cook." The heat, Nina decided, had spoiled all their tempers.

"That is a sweet dress, Nina," Catherine told her; "I haven't seen it before. You could tell Ishtarre made it. He can make you look as though you were on the stage like no one else in the world." Delia Bache said: "If I were Nina, that would cheer me all up."

Justin Gow and Chalke were at a table in the dining room preparing the cocktails. There was, Nina saw, fresh caviar in a hollow scooped from a clear block of ice. Chalke, immaculate and cool in his inevitable white linen, was formally courteous. He had a soft wide band of black silk wound around his waist.

Nina smiled at him, and he bowed slightly and ungracefully. "It's pleasant of you to come," he said.

"What nonsense!" Nina replied sharply; "it's pleasant to be here. I wonder if you remember Wilson, my husband." Wilson Henry and Ewing shook hands. Wilson made a conventional remark.

Ewing gave him a cocktail. It was, Wilson acknowledged, splendid. "Have another," Chalke said. "I will," Henry replied, no less brief.

Nina drank a cocktail and then a second. She refused more. The fresh caviar disappeared with inconceivable rapidity; there was another, and still another, round of cocktails; and Mary Gow interfered.

"This is not a drinking party," she announced; "it's a dinner. I'm mostly responsible for it and so we'll begin right away." They moved out to where the table stood on the porch. "Chalke," Mary continued, "you sit here. Mrs. Ambler, you're at Chalke's right, and Nina is at his left. Next to Nina—oh, yes, Justin, will you sit there, please? I want Delia Bache next to Justin, and Francis beyond her. Wilson is beside Mrs. Ambler. Catherine Pryne, you come then. Joel Bache is beside you, and I am between Joel and Francis."

Nina Henry complimented her. "You did that beautifully, Mary." She wouldn't look at Wilson. The table, she thought, was really lovely. There were quantities of old-fashioned moss roses, and Mary had brought her silver peacocks with widespread tails. Nina was certain that even Cuba couldn't be more romantic.

Justin was in a splendid humor. "I'll warn you now," he said to Mrs. Ambler, "that Chalke Ewing has been too long in the tropics. The sun has affected his head. He is very unsound, for example, about foreign missions."

A surprising lot of educated people were, she replied. "They don't appreciate the advantages that prayer and useful American things bring to the heathen. Mason used to say there were no countries in the Lord's universe. He wanted to unite all the races in Christian love."

Francis added impatiently: "And sell them iron. You can't do much with a tribe that only buys it for nose rings."

His mother said placidly: "We ought to be thankful he was able to bring a practical blessing to so many."

Catherine turned to Wilson Henry. "You must admit, Wilson," she proceeded, "that this heavenly Madeira is a thousand times better than the drinks you usually get in this country—the cocktails and gin and whisky. Drinking in France, with wines like this every day, is the most delightful thing in the world. Drinking in America—well, everyone knows what that has come to be. Simply horrible." Wilson didn't answer.

Ocha Ambler spoke for him. "Sin in France is made very pleasant. Yes, it is insidious there, my dear Catherine; I firmly believe we were better off the way things were here. They brought about a cure far sooner than if we had been addicted to light wines. The saloon removed itself."

Chalke Ewing continued: "I remember saloons clearly. They used to stand on the corners of streets. There is a lot of sentimentality about them now they're gone, but, the truth is, they were dull. Dull if you were sober and just conveniences—like gasoline stations today—if you were drunk. The whisky was generally bad. But they were responsible for an architectural detail that had merit—the brass rail."

Ocha Ambler went pleasantly on. "Mason never was in one. The force of example, he thought, was one of the strongest influences for good or evil there was. One thing, he said, always led to another. That is why he was opposed to games with cards. Even innocent games in the heart of the family might lead to gambling and the loss of souls as well as money."

That, Francis asserted, was undoubtedly a fact. "Cards lead to gambling."

His mother smiled. "Francis thinks I am talking too much about his dear father," she observed. "But when I look at the young men of the present, I am obliged to talk about Mason."

That amused Nina immensely. Chalke, she realized, was a perfect host, dignified and easy. He said nothing that upset the prejudices and convictions of anyone at the table. Chalke looked rested, Nina thought.

Wilson was having the wretched time he had predicted for himself. It really was a scream that Mary had put him between Ocha Ambler and Catherine. Of course, Catherine would speak of the incomparable virtues of Paris and the French. Francis, she saw, was in a bad temper. Nina had almost forgotten that he was alive; he literally had not been in her mind for days.

She must never let him find that out; she must be careful not to hurt his feelings. She owed a great deal to Francis. Her affection for him reached its final state of tranquil security. She was, now, amazed at her attitude toward Francis Ambler only a short while ago. It had been actually indecent.

The first courses of Chalke's dinner disappeared; the guineas and champagne made their appearance. The champagne brought with it a renewed animation. Delia Bache declared that just a look at the bottles made her cheerful.

Wilson, Nina Henry saw, was growing restless, and that filled her with concern. "Isn't it a splendid party, Wilson?" she said brightly.

Forced to agree, Wilson said yes, it was a splendid party. Then, however, he escaped from her. "I know that champagne is regarded as a great treat," he proceeded; "I had it myself the other night; but it's wasted on me. Madeira too. I guess it's because I wasn't brought up in France. I didn't have that privilege like Catherine. I had to stay in America. I had to and I got to like it. French things wouldn't suit me."

Catherine replied: "French things suited you well enough when we were in the war." Catherine, Nina realized, was growing furious.

"That is true," Wilson agreed; "no one will say a Frenchman won't fight. It's in times of peace he doesn't suit me. He wants too much. It seems there's nobody but the French. There is no city except Paris. Principally, though, I don't like his habits."

Catherine demanded: "What do you really know about them?"

EVERYONE, Wilson replied, knew about the habits of the French. They were notorious. "This is ridiculous, Catherine. You can't get away from what I mean. A Frenchman is absolutely cynical with women. He doesn't hold them any higher than I can hold this glass of champagne. Why, you can tell it from their books and their plays and their pictures."

Catherine's voice sharpened. "Just what French book have you read in the last twenty years, Wilson?" she asked.

"Enough," he replied. "Enough for me to know what I'm talking about." Did he mean that the title of a French book was enough? "Don't be foolish, Catherine!" Wilson exclaimed. "I've known you all my life and I can tell you what I think without a lot of nonsense. American women like the French, I can't think why, and American men don't. That is all there is to it. No

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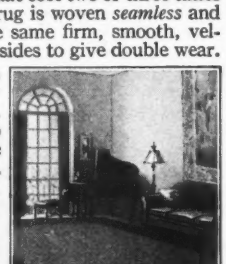

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American man could possibly approve of a Frenchman."

Catherine asked: "How about the French girls? You all seem to like them pretty well."

"On the stage," Wilson replied; "or perhaps, when you're young, at a party. That is nothing to their credit. There isn't one of my friends married to one, I've noticed that."

Nina began to be annoyed with Catherine Pryne—she should have ended her argument with Wilson at once.

"The French are highly civilized," Chalke put in; "no one can deny that. I like the Spaniards better. They are not so changeable. They have dignity."

He could keep the Spaniards too, Wilson asserted, after the Battle of Manila.

Chalke replied that he, Wilson, was wholly welcome to the merits of Admiral Dewey. "Nations are like people," Chalke Ewing proceeded nicely; "they get old; when we fought Spain we fought a very old and tired man."

"Take France——" Wilson persisted.

"Wilson, you've taken it everywhere now," Nina objected. "Do put it down. You are only annoying Catherine."

Wilson Henry replied that it would have to be all right about Catherine. She could stand a little annoyance. "Look," Wilson said triumphantly, "at the way Frenchmen burned up Joan of Arc. That ought to tell you. After she had saved them. Fought better than any man. Burned her up!"

Catherine Pryne smiled sweetly. "It would be terrible if it were true," she declared; "it isn't; it was the English who had Joan burned."

Wilson laughed. "What do you think of that one?" he asked Joel Bache. "The English burned Joan of Arc. The English! There is a hot one. The English, with their sporting instinct, would be likely to burn a girl, wouldn't they? Oh, no, Katie, you can't get away with that in the interest of your boys with cologne on their whiskers. No, darling."

Tears of rage stood in Catherine's eyes. "Mr. Ewing," she asked Chalke, "who was it burned Joan of Arc?"

"It was the result of a quarrel about real estate," he informed her; "and it was complicated by religious differences. At the same time it was the first realistic protest against feminism."

Wilson added: "Or, in other words, the French. I'm against them."

Catherine abruptly rose and vanished into the clubhouse.

"There," Nina said to Wilson, "I hope now you are satisfied."

Wilson was amazed. "I just said I liked America better than France," he protested. "What was the matter with that?"

Nina, however, had gone in search of Catherine. She found her in the dressing room above.

"I don't know why I was such a fool," Catherine admitted.

"I don't either," Nina savagely replied. "You ought to understand men better even if you're not married. Because you are not married, if you ask me, and after the way you go on about Paris. Paint your face and be reasonable. I don't care for Wilson or you; it's Mary Gow I am thinking of. With all the trouble Mary took about her brother's party."

Ocha Ambler, Delia and Mary Gow appeared. She was, Catherine told them, horribly chagrined at herself.

They all, except Mrs. Ambler, lighted cigarets and found chairs. "I don't care if I never see any of them again and they are glad to get rid of us," Mary said. "I like men, but they are exhausting. You can't be yourself with them."

Delia exclaimed: "Good Lord, no!" That, Catherine added, was where the Frenchmen really were better; they understood the feelings of women.

"It's just as well, then," Ocha Ambler told her, "that we have had Americans to deal with. It makes me cold to think of men who understand how women feel. It isn't decent, my dear child."

"I agree with Ocha Ambler," said Nina. "I'd rather have a man brutal than sensitive. I want to be knocked off my feet." Chalke Ewing, the most sensitive-appearing man in the world, had knocked her off her feet. There was a marvelous brutality hidden in him.

"Your brother's brandy was delightful," Mrs. Ambler said to Mary Gow. "I remember Mason had a single bottle given to him. Very old, I was assured. A little, Mason's doctors told him, was good for his heart."

After all, Delia said flippantly, there wasn't much that Mason Ambler had missed. Ocha smiled enigmatically. Even Ocha Ambler, Nina realized, had never worn a tighter dress.

They had been away from the table, Nina thought, long enough. Too long. She was possessed by a growing excitement—a great happiness, she felt, lay directly before her. When the women returned to the porch Nina saw that the brandy bottle was empty. Ocha would secretly regret that.

Wilson took her aside. "Women make me sick," he told Nina.

"You made Catherine sick," she returned. "You were perfectly outrageous. I don't know what you'll say to her and Mary Gow." She purposely, for its good effect on Wilson, exaggerated the importance of what had happened.

Francis Ambler came up to them. "The truth is," he said to Wilson Henry, "that you don't appreciate wines and cigars. The French are different." The French, Wilson replied, could go to the devil. He left Francis with Nina. "It's time," Ambler said to her; "I'm not certain I know you any more, when I used to think I was in love with you."

"That is nice of you, Francis," Nina answered in a sweet and totally meaningless voice. "You have neglected me dreadfully." When, she wondered in a desperate eagerness, would Chalke have an opportunity to speak to her? To be alone with her?

"Although you are beside me," Francis went on, "suddenly you seem far off. As though you, the real you, had slipped out of your body. When you speak, Nina, you aren't in your voice. When you look at me you are not in your eyes. Have you decided after all you are not going to have me?"

He was, she told him, still in a rush. "And you will discuss things at the worst possible times. I am sure your mother can hear everything we say." Francis damned his mother vigorously. The day at last had waned; a full bright moon had risen, and a vague silver radiance, more like a luminous veil than light, hung over the golf course.

"I love you, Nina," Francis said.

"Dear Francis," she replied. Her voice changed. "I must have some more coffee. Do you mind asking William for it?" She returned to the table. Chalke Ewing was sitting there talking to Justin.

"Well"—Chalke turned to Nina—"I hope you liked the party." Justin Gow rose and went over to Catherine Pryne. "It was your party," Chalke told her.

"I knew that," she admitted. "I knew it the moment Mary told me. I was terribly unhappy until then. But I didn't know what you were thinking about—about us." William brought her a fresh coffee cup and coffee.

"It couldn't be helped," Chalke said.

almost harshly, when the servant had gone. She gazed quickly at him.

"What did you think?" she demanded. He smiled at her, and his smile was so young, so fresh and unbearably sweet, that she almost cried out.

"What you would like me to think, of course."

That was all she wanted to hear. All she wanted to know—then. She drank her coffee. She didn't want Chalke to speak again for a long while. What he had said made it impossible for her to understand anything else.

She repeated his phrase to herself. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. Night and his harsh precise voice and the pungent odor of rum swizzle. The candles on the dinner table had burned low. The flames bowed gravely. A slight wave over and back. Candle flames. The moonlight invaded the porch. A faint silver veil and an expiring golden radiance. The moon and the candles.

Chalke Ewing lighted a cigar. She must speak to him about that. Not so many. But not now. Not tonight. A cloud of smoke obscured his face and then dissolved. Nina waited anxiously until every feature was clear again: the heavy nose, the intent dark eyes under shadowy drawn brows, the even, tight mouth.

She could hear Justin talking to Catherine. That was nice of Justin. Joel Bache's voice sounded farther away on the porch. The others, in a small circle of chairs, were listening to him.

A moth flew nearer and nearer to the flame of a candle. She waved it away. Saved its life.

"Foolish," Chalke told her; "to want light is the strongest and first of all necessities. It doesn't matter if a moth is burned, but the instinct is priceless."

Nina said: "Of course you are right. I was just thoughtless. Sentimental. I couldn't bear to have even a moth burned tonight. Here." No, he returned, he was wrong. She was right. Nina met that with a tender and mocking grimace. "You must be seriously ill," she insisted; "to admit that I might be right. That you were wrong. I don't recognize you, Chalke. Chalke, I don't know you."

He made a swift movement with the hand that held his cigar. "I don't recognize myself," he admitted. "It's clear I am seriously ill. But with what? Can you tell me that, Nina—with what?"

He had never called her Nina before. Naturally she could not answer his question. She held her breath, she was so anxious for him to answer it. Instead, he repeated his question.

"Science is a great disappointment," Chalke proceeded; "it answers nothing at moments when an answer is important. It deserts you when you need it most," he asserted. "I suspect it will do that ultimately; leave everything undecided. Knowledge, safety, lost in the bottomless well of the heart. That is only a metaphor," Chalke Ewing assured her. "Borrowed from unscientific poets. The moon is really hideous, a tin plate. Polished, but a plate. Yet the effect is considerable. More poets. Lots of poets."

Nina looked at him intently. "Chalke," she asked, "are you drunk? Again?" He was maddening.

"All the poets there ever were in one heart," he replied; "Milton like classic berries harsh and crude; Shelley changed into a lark; Beddoes with a cure for love."

She interrupted him, touching his hand. "Oh, never that one," she begged. Death was his cure, Ewing told her.

Mary Gow interrupted them before Chalke, except in a general indefinite

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way, could resume his questioning. "There is going to be no more dinner," she called; "Chalke told me all the bottles he brought were empty; and so you'll get nothing more by staying at table."

Wilson Henry, when he reached home, was dejected. With a wilted air he sat in a pair of green silk pajamas and wooden bath clogs.

"I don't think there is a breath," Nina asserted. "You look so helpless, Wilson. I don't believe things can be as bad as you think. Do something if it's only smoking a cigaret."

Her thoughts, her whole being, deserted him to dwell upon Chalke Ewing. His dinner, except for Wilson's short disagreement with Catherine Pryne, had been an enormous success. They had all had a happy time. Of course, it was miraculous for her. Chalke had made it clear that his kiss was not a mere triviality. He had assured her that his feeling about it, about her, was what she'd want. Did he realize, though, what she might—oh, so easily—want? Perhaps he hadn't guessed how much she might ask for. Everything. All!

Wilson said: "I told you where I would sit and what would probably happen."

So he had, she responded absent-mindedly. Of course Chalke would come to see her now. Soon. Explain all that was in his heart.

Nina turned from Chalke Ewing to herself. She must begin to understand at least something of her feeling about him. About them. She would, perhaps, when he did come, have to answer some serious questions. One, the most serious, she could answer at once. Now. She imagined a not improbable scene between them.

Nina, do you love me? She smiled alone on her bed. Yes, Chalke, I love you. She did. Nina let herself float away from reality on the magic of that fact. She loved Chalke Ewing. Once she had loved Wilson; that had come to an end; she had never loved Francis Ambler. Francis, she realized, had more or less always known it. She hadn't any emotional interest in him at all. Nina was cruelly certain of that.

It filled her with a hard bright sort of pride—her absence of feeling for everyone except Chalke. She wanted to be like that. Especially she wanted to tell him it was the way she was.

At last Wilson Henry rose; he put out the lights and lay heavily down in bed. "My pillow is hot as an oven," he said.

"It's a hot night," she informed him. She supposed it was, people seemed to think it was hot; she hadn't noticed it. "Think about something else," she advised him.

"What do you think about?" Wilson asked helplessly.

"Happiness," she replied: "happiness or sleep. I am going to sleep if you don't mind." Naturally she wasn't; she had no hope or intention of sleeping. Nina didn't want him to talk and interrupt her thoughts. Take her away from visions and memories of Chalke Ewing.

IT WAS a scream when she met Chalke on Memorial Day. Really it was the day after. She had told herself that she didn't like him. She had contradicted him in Mary's kitchen. She had been patriotic and that was ridiculous. It only showed the depth of her ignorance. She had been no better, the truth was, than an echo of Wilson.

Well, she was far from that now. She knew better because she knew more. Nothing was permanent, nothing was complete; there was a constant changing of the past into the present, the present becoming the future.

She, Nina Henry, married to Wilson Henry, and with two children—Acton, who was nineteen, and Cordelia, who was nearly seventeen—loved Chalke Ewing, Mary Gow's brother, who lived in Cuba. She knew what she meant by love, too. There was no doubt, no obscurity, in her mind there. She thought again with impatience of the women who made a mystery of life and love.

Wilson moved more heavily than usual; it was a desperate flop from side to side, really, and a swift irritation forced her into a sharp speech. "You simply will have to control yourself, Wilson," she said; "you are not a walrus and your bed isn't a pool."

Wilson sighed. "I wish you wouldn't think of such pleasant things," he replied. It was plain to her that he was wretched, lonely in spirit, and wanted to be friendly. It was too late for that now. There wasn't a spark of warmth, of feeling for him, in her.

"You must be quieter," she insisted. A dreaming indifference to his nearness took possession of her. She thought she said Chalke out loud. Once. If she had she didn't care.

The sun woke her. Wilson was up; she could hear the rush of the shower.

"What a dreadful night it was!" he said, standing in the bathroom doorway rubbing himself with one of his particular enormous bath towels. "I heard the town clock strike one and two and then three and four. Chalke Ewing can have Cuba. All of it, with the sugar thrown in. Life there would have to be a long siesta with a jug."

She was, Nina was certain, waking to the most important day of her whole life. It was not conceivable that Chalke could stay away from her now. He would have to send some word. See her. Her mind—Nina was again in her bath—was entirely tranquil. Nina's bearing toward Chalke was simplicity itself. The three familiar old words. "I love you."

He would have to decide, to explain, most of the rest. She didn't know what that would be and she was contented not to know yet. She wanted, now, just to be happy. To see and hear and feel Chalke Ewing.

Wilson Henry, in his dressing gown, left the bathroom. "Your cheeks are bright as geraniums," he commented.

"I must have slept hard on both of them," she answered. Lazily she watched Wilson dress. When he had gone, left for the city and the lumberyard, she got up deliberately. Nina was, in spite of the celebrated contention about people in her state, hungry.

Harriet brought her strawberries and cream and buttered toast and an omelet with fresh tomatoes. I mustn't do this again, she reflected, gazing at the empty dishes on her tray. I'll get to be a sight and Chalke will go back to Cuba, to the brown ladies, forever.

Cordelia came in to see her. "Acton's month at the lumberyard will soon be over," she commented. "I hope Paris and Miss Pryne together will make up for it. Women really are lucky, Mother. You know they are. We complain, but that's just for effect. We don't want men to find out what an easy thing we have. You're hardly up and it's ten o'clock. All you have to do is keep cool."

Nina glanced casually at her daughter. "Yes, Cordelia," she agreed, "all I have to do is to keep cool. That doesn't sound hard, does it? But I have to decide first if I want to keep that way." That was ridiculous, Cordelia replied.

Chalke Ewing came up the street and across the lawn to her at twelve minutes past four. She knew it was exactly that because, sitting on the porch, she looked instinctively at her watch. He wore gray flannel, in place of linen; it suited Chalke beautifully; he had on a white linen shirt and a black tie with a small fine pearl; his polished tan shoes were so dark that at first she thought they were black. He sat down before her.

"You brought your own cigars, of course," Nina proceeded happily. "What do you want to drink?"

He replied: "I might have a *naranjada* or a *piña colada;* no one but golf players drink spirits this time of this kind of day." In spite of his light speech Chalke was, Nina recognized, exceedingly serious. He studied her with shadowed eyes. Nina grew nervous. Her heart beat in a painful, an oppressive, irregularity. She managed to smile at him.

"You will be disappointed in me," he began finally; "you will find that I am not what you thought I was. Not the complete man of the world. Not by a long sight! But I'll ask you to keep your disappointment private, in other words silent, until I'm through. I have a lot to say. About us, Nina, of course. Don't be discouraged by the way it begins. It has to include a great many things. Explain them all.

"WELL, first, as you know, I have never married. The reason is simple—I don't like marriage. It never seemed to be the thing for me. I've explained why to you before. Marriage and love seemed to me quite different. It would be better, happier, if they were the same, but that sameness wasn't the essence of marriage.

"The truth is, I didn't need to marry. I was well taken care of; I liked how and where I lived; I was never lonely. When I felt that what, for the moment, we will call love was necessary I went to Havana or not so far. It isn't difficult in Cuba to find what we are calling love. It isn't difficult and it isn't unpleasant. But marriage there would be impossible. I don't believe I would marry a Cuban woman and no other could live in Oriente. On a sugar central. A woman I would marry wouldn't be contented in Havana.

"On the other hand I was certain I could not live happily away from Cuba. Especially in the United States. You know what I think of life here. In Eastlake, for example. With the country club! Dreadful." Chalke lighted a cigar. "I have learned one thing from living in the remnants of a Spanish civilization," he continued; "that is not to mix women. Not to confuse one kind with the other. I am not talking now of charming and useful women.

"Sometimes a fact is useful and sometimes it isn't. I am talking about conventional and unconventional women. I don't like unconventional conventional women, and I have seen the conventional unconventional ones beaten with a heavy strap. And properly. I remember explaining that to you, too; in connection with Cuba. I am serious about it."

Chalke Ewing stopped speaking and studied her gravely once more. "I can't insist too much on how serious I happen to be," he repeated. "I want my gayety where everybody can recognize it. Where it will make absolutely no trouble except the trouble proper to it. A knife now and then, so to speak.

"I have learned that from Spain in Cuba. It has become fundamental in my life. I am not indignant or moral about it," he was careful to explain. "It happens to suit me. What I am. The other would be ruinous. I am afraid of

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it. Although I am, naturally, a liar, I am afraid of lies; I am afraid, except superficially, of lying.

"That isn't simple morality. It's good sense. You don't put your hands in corrosive sublimate. Not if you know it, that is. Not if you have any respect or hope for your hands. The habit of lying is like corrosive sublimate. And I'm a liar. You will have to make that out as well as you can."

What, Nina desperately wondered, was he going to tell her? Whatever it was, it was terribly important.

"I suppose you are getting impatient," he said; "try not to. It is all very plain. It comes to this," Chalke Ewing told her: "I want to marry you." His voice was quiet; he had put his cigar away and his hands were peacefully folded.

"If you don't mind I should like to say more before you speak at all. I've explained that I have always kept love and marriage apart. I never thought they could happen together. Nina, I think I was wrong. I think they can. I want to marry you and I love you. I'll put it that way; usually it is the other. Love and then marriage. Love leading to marriage. Don't you see, one excusing the other? Making it possible. That doesn't interest me. I couldn't have a love affair with you.

"That, really, is what I mostly wanted to tell you. No affair. I'm sure you'll understand me. Very well, the thing then was not to have one. That should have been easy, and wasn't. When I thought of going back to New York at once, from there to Cuba, it was quite impossible.

"That is why I waited before I spoke to you. I didn't understand it. I could see that I loved you, and that, with you, meant only one thing. I didn't want to believe it. I didn't, for the reasons you've heard, want to get married.

"It was no good. I went to New York, in reality, but I came back again. At once. I could recognize only one thing in myself—I would not have an affair. In the sense that affairs are understood now. No lies of that kind.

"If you were willing," he proceeded, "always that, this is how it would be—hurried meetings and secret meetings at the wrong places and time of day. Humiliating moments. Pleasure that wasn't a pleasure because it never had a peaceful mind. The trouble with such arrangements is that you are always condemned to love. You never have time for anything else. You can never rest or be merely happy.

"Passion and happiness are different. Happiness comes after passion. You can't be happy without security and there is no security in the kind of affair we are thinking of. None whatever! Believe me.

"And then the lies. Endless. Lies to your husband, to your children, to servants. Lies you act. You wait for your husband to leave the house, and while you are waiting bitterness and hatred fill your mind. You are terrified for fear your husband will come back unexpectedly, and bitterness and fear poison your thoughts.

"You must remember, too, that a number of people always know about it. Always find out. You are forced to depend on people—on servants or envious women, casual men. Don't misunderstand me again; some men do it successfully. They are skillful at it. Satisfied. Not I. The life I have led, what I've learned, have spoiled me for it. I told you what that was when I started. Never mix women.

"Dear Nina, I understand there are not good and bad women, white and black; not really. In society there have to be. Society is artificial. It is simply a way for a number of people to live together. Civilized people. And so, with us, there was only one conclusion to come to. I had to leave you or ask you to marry me. I couldn't leave you."

"I understand that, Chalke," she said at last. "I am positive I do. You have explained it beautifully. It is so beautiful, so sudden, I can't answer you right away. How can we get married, Chalke?"

That, he told her, was a superficial question. "Why, go to Wilson Henry immediately. At once! I must do that. Speak for both of us. It will be disagreeable, but not much more.

"As a matter of fact he can't do anything. Henry can't keep you if you don't want to stay. And this isn't Cuba. In Cuba it might be different." Nina asked how. "The climate," Chalke Ewing explained, "encourages acts rather than reason. Here it is temperate. Don't worry about the practical part." He gazed at her steadily and anxiously. He didn't show it, Nina realized, but he was deeply shaken.

The simplicity of Nina Henry's happiness was invaded by a vast number of disturbing words and vague uncomfortable realizations. She didn't want to think of anything yet but her love for Chalke, Chalke's love for her. She did not want to think at all; she wanted to feel. It was all so divine and so new. There was time enough later for the other, the reality, she was certain.

Nina wanted to ask Chalke a thousand silly but important questions. She wanted to hear him repeat again and again the mere fact that he loved her. Men were not like women, however—if they thought they had to be serious, make a great many explanations, nothing could stop them.

It made her happy, though, just to listen to Chalke Ewing, to hear his domineering voice, to see the changes of expression on his brown face. She could listen to him forever; it would not matter what he said; anything would charm her.

He seemed to understand a part at least of her thoughts. "I'm sorry to be so material now, when we ought to be lost in happiness. I couldn't see how to avoid it if we were to last. I suppose it's best to have happiness after trouble, rather than trouble after happiness. I want to end the trouble at once. The compromise. I am afraid of that, too. Compromise! The fatality in habit.

"Don't you see, Nina, we'll be done with it all at the beginning? A clean break. That is necessary. You must see from all this, too, that I love you. How much I love you. You can hear it in my voice and see it in my face and know it from my plans. My hopes."

"You mustn't worry about it, Chalke," Nina told him. "There isn't anything to worry you. You know that I love you and that I want to do exactly what you tell me. It's all so—so sweeping I can't quite think yet. Chalke, I don't want to think. I was going to say I wanted you to think for me—I don't. Neither of us. Just live. Together. Close to each other. Closer than anyone has ever been before."

"Then we have to interrupt our happiness," he explained; "there is no other way—for me—to do it. I said you might find me unworldly and this was what I meant. I'll admit to you I think it is the extremest worldliness. Confound it, Nina, you must not debase life."

If they were in the sitting room, Nina realized, Chalke could kiss her. Both Acton and Cordelia were away for the afternoon. She rose. "It is getting too

hot here, Chalke," she announced; "we'll go in." He followed her through a long, open window, and Nina turned expectantly. Chalke Ewing kissed her. After he had kissed her he stood for a long while holding her in his arms. Then he definitely put her away from him.

"When I do that again," he told her, "it will not be in Wilson Henry's house."

That wasn't important. "You must not bother about so many little things," Nina asserted. "You have just said a great deal and now it is my turn. I'll begin by saying I love you, I'll stop several times to say it again, and I'll end with it. I love you, Chalke." She sat on a small divan, and Chalke was in a chair facing her. "I love you, do you understand that? It makes everything else a waste of time. We are going to be happy, perhaps because of our love and perhaps because we may be wise. I don't know which. You do.

"You are sure of a great many things and I'm only sure of one. It will always be like that. We can't help it. It won't matter if you remember the one thing I'm sure is more important than all the others. It is all the others, but you will never see that. I don't know if you are worldly or unworldly. I don't care. It doesn't matter. What does matter is that you have to trust me a little. About love.

"I love you, Chalke, did you know that? Men think beautifully about it, but women know. We want to be happy. Well, I can make us happy. You think you are practical, but really I am the practical one. Darling, I wish you'd smoke a cigar; it will make you more contented to listen to me for a while. You're not a good listener, you know. I'll spend the rest of our life together listening. You mustn't mind now. We haven't any rum, but there is ginger beer. Gin and ginger beer, with a squeeze of lime, is almost as good. I'll have to get the gin."

Nina left the sitting room; she unlocked the bottle-drawer of a Hepplewhite sideboard and found gin; she rang for Harriet and told her to bring ginger beer, ice, limes and glasses into the sitting room.

She returned and stood over Chalke Ewing, keeping him in his chair with a firm hand on his shoulder. "Don't move," she said, "and don't speak. I'm not nearly done yet."

"We'll never get done," Chalke told her; "that's the superb part of it. We have more to say to each other than life will ever let us say."

She covered his mouth with a warm palm. "We must always be together," she replied.

Harriet brought in the tray with limes and ice and glasses. Nina made Chalke Ewing's drink. She put a small table with an ash tray beside him, and then, with a drink, returned to the sofa.

"This," Nina told him, "is what it will be like. No, how ridiculous—this is what it is. I can't realize it, Chalke." Nina wanted to kiss him, to be closer to him, as close as possible, but a quality of severity in him kept her where she was. "Chalke," she went on impetuously, "we are going to be gay, aren't we? I mean in our hearts.

"I love to listen to you about things, but I have to be ridiculous at times. I hope that won't make you mad. I hope you won't be disappointed in me. I am luckier than you are, I mean women are luckier than men, because I like what you do. I like it because it's you and you like it. Women are made that way.

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"I'm glad I've been married, Chalke; that is, I am if you don't mind. I learned a great deal. I learned how to make you happy. I mean really. I didn't know that when I was younger. Darling, when I was young—I didn't understand it then. I was dreadfully flighty. You have to know how to be happy, Chalke. It doesn't just come, with a woman. You must learn. I mean I had to. I did learn it. I'll be really splendid with you. You'll see."

Chalke interrupted her. "What I must do is tell Wilson Henry tonight. Stop this behind-the-door feeling."

A sharp overpowering dread possessed her. "Chalke," she half cried, "we must not do anything like that! Not tonight. I couldn't face it so soon. You didn't actually mean tonight. You were just trying me."

"Trying you," he repeated with a puzzled expression; "what does that mean?"

She must, Nina saw, hide her disconcerted amazement. "It means," she proceeded, still confused—"it means you want to see how much I love you. Take me and find out, Chalke. That is the way to know. Words won't tell you. I can't tell you. Take me. Whenever you want. Don't think about Wilson or whose house it is. They don't mean anything to us now.

"I stopped loving Wilson forever before I knew we loved each other, Chalke. I want you to realize that. I haven't been close to him, not close, Chalke, for more than a year. You didn't take a thing from him. He just lost it by himself. It's all complicated enough without inventing difficulties.

"There is so much to decide before we speak to anybody. For example—where we would live. You said you couldn't be married in Oriente. But I'd have to see; perhaps I would like it. Then we might go to New York. I have to think fifty ways, but you only have one. You must be patient."

"There is only one question," he said decidedly, "and it is decency. You see that, of course. The rest can wait."

"I do see that, Chalke. Naturally. I see it because I understand you. I know how honorable you are."

She wondered at the word honor. She was married to Wilson Henry and at the same time she practically belonged to Chalke Ewing. That didn't bother her—if it was true it was true; you couldn't do anything about it—but Chalke had to be reassured by words. He had to think that what he was doing was not what it plainly was. That was why he had said so much about speaking to Wilson at once. Tonight.

It simply wasn't possible. In the first place she had seen Chalke only five times. That would look too funny for explanation. Wilson would say she was crazy. Nina couldn't think what Mary Gow would say.

"Decency is the first thing," Nina Henry declared with firmness. "We can't get along without it. But we'd have to have a little patience, too. Just a little for a little while. The main thing is you want to marry me and I'm mad to marry you. The rest can come along like the children. Chalke, I want to have your child."

He put down his glass sharply. "I would like to have a son. I have thought of him a thousand nights sitting alone. Chalke Ewing fourth. I was the third. It goes far back of that. I never speak of it because it's so unimportant. Absurd. Ten generations, a hundred, are nothing in time or space. A Ewing isn't anything. A leaf from a tree. A great deal less."

"That is exactly the way you are not to talk," Nina informed him. "Don't let me hear you say such things again."

When they had come in from the porch, there had been a square of sunlight on a rug beside Chalke, and now it had moved from the rug. It was slipping across the waxed floor, longer than square. Nina thought: The afternoon is going. Acton and Cordelia, and then Wilson, will be home soon. It seemed strange to her about Wilson—coming home to something that had gone forever. Herself. This time it was not only her love, it was all of her.

Chalke was submerged in thought. That made Nina uneasy. "We are going to the Baches' for dinner tonight," she proceeded; "perhaps I could get away early. Will you be on the lawn with Justin and Mary and the rum?"

"I suppose so," he replied; "I hope you can come. If it's only for a little while. Nina, a little while with you is better than the best lifetime without you. A lifetime with you will seem only a little while."

A warmth of pleasure filled her. When Chalke complimented her she was overcome by a passionate gratitude and a desire to wind her arms around him.

"We must make up our minds to meet the necessity before us as soon as possible," he went on. "It will be like a storm, a summer thunderstorm, terrifying for a little and then over. No traces left, Nina. The sun will come out again almost at once. Brighter than it ever was before. A world full of brightness and birds and flowers." That was a darling explanation, she thought.

"I ought to say some more," he told her; "about practical things. It's fortunate I can take care of you. I have enough money. Better than thirty thousand a year. Absolutely safe. I'm not rich, but that can be more than enough.

"I'll admit this to you, my dear Nina: if I had had much less I wouldn't have spoken to you. I am at least worldly to that extent. I don't believe in love, love in our circumstances, and poverty. It doesn't work. A woman, a charming woman, needs money. She needs security of mind and pretty dresses. Like the one you wore when you appeared with Justin. On our noble Memorial Day.

"A charming woman—I am not speaking of young girls; I never speak of them—must have the support of money. She must have it to preserve her charm. There is no magic in cheap surroundings and no virtue in washing dishes. One of the secrets of charm is privacy, and privacy, personal and all the other kinds, is expensive. I wouldn't ask you to make that sacrifice."

"I'd love to make it, Chalke. I wouldn't mind being poor with you a bit."

"I would mind being poor with you, though," he insisted. "Nina, we are not animals any more. It may be unfortunately; I can't say about that. We need illusion spread around us; paint and powder and all we can get from dress; every artificial help possible."

"Do you mean you wouldn't love me in a plain little dress?" Nina demanded.

"I would love you in a plain little dress, of course. If it were beautifully made and becoming. I don't know what to say about Cuba. You might try it for a year or part of a year. Some of that time we'd be in Havana, of course. I own a small house in Vedado now. It looks out to the sea. Yes, you might try Oriente. Its novelty would interest you, anyhow.

"Then, as you say, there is New York. I'm not fanatical, but I believe I would rather work. I haven't been able to kill some American characteristics. I do want to go to Spain with you, Nina. For one or two, or even three, years. I want you to study Spanish."

"I will," she cried gladly; "I hear it isn't hard at all."

"Not hard?" he demanded. "Where do you hear that? It is the most punctilious language in existence. You would have to understand every formality of the race to speak it correctly. You'd have to know the Moors as well as the Christians. And in Cuba you would have to know the tropics and a large part of Africa as well."

She said, more humbly: "I'd try, Chalke. I would try so hard, for you. I'd have to succeed." She wondered if it would be safe to sit on the arm of his chair, to press her cheek against his, but she decided that it was too late. Anyone might be back at any moment.

He glanced at his watch, bound on his thin brown wrist by a flexible gold band. "I'll go now," he told her, and rose. "You will come early from the Baches' if you can," he repeated. "I'll at least have the happiness of expecting you. If you don't I will telephone in the morning. I ought to go to the New York office soon. For two or three days. But before that we must end all our uncertainty. I would far rather look at Wilson Henry's face than at his back."

Nina saw that he had no intention of kissing her then. She had never before known a man who stood so straight. "Do you love me, Chalke?" she asked. "I love you. Tell yourself I love you when you are walking back across the grass and street. Say I love you with everything in me and that I am completely yours. Absolutely. Eternally, Chalke."

He wouldn't have to say it, Chalke Ewing told her. "Now you have said it, there is an echo in me that will never stop repeating it. You might tell yourself, though, that what there is of me, what little there is, belongs to you. There isn't as much as there was, Nina," he warned her; "you ought to know that. An early fever didn't leave me better than it found me. But I'm no worse than my disposition, and you have been able to put up with that. I mean I'm not actually destroyed."

She laughed that away. He left the room and she watched his thin decisive figure disappearing from the porch. A great breath choked in her throat; she said aloud: "Chalke"; the sunlight had almost left the room.

It was, in place of early, very late indeed before Nina Henry got away from the Baches'. They played dealer's choice; there were only six for dinner, including Catherine Pryne; Catherine only played bridge; and so Nina was forced to make the fifth necessary for Joel's favorite game. There was five-card stud poker, and seven-card stud poker with three cards down, one-eyed jacks and almost everything else wild.

There was a constant confusion of minor activities and insistent voices far away from Nina's mind. She played mechanically, inattentively, but in the face of that won twenty-seven dollars. She walked home silently with Wilson. There were no stars, and the night—it was hot still—seemed close about her like a dark tent.

It was clear to her that Wilson at last had lost a part of the sheer youngness of his spirit. His vigor and certainty of statement were reduced. He talked less. He looked older; the expression of his eyes was tired; somehow the firmness of his mouth had been relaxed.

That realization, as much as anything,

brought Nina up sharply against the fact that her situation and Chalke's was extremely serious. Her memory of his manner, his tone even more than what he had said, convinced her of that. She had, that afternoon, managed to avoid the decision immediately before her, but she could not continue to do so. She would have to answer, she would have to satisfy, Chalke's demands.

Nina thought of him with an increasing, almost an unbearable, pleasure. It was at once in her mind and warmly, thrillingly, in her body. At once she was physically uncomfortable and restless and miraculously happy. Nina let herself sink into sensation; she put the supreme problem that called it into being again out of her mind.

It returned later, insistent and troubling. She asked herself what, exactly, Chalke wanted her to do. Well, he had made it plain enough. He wanted her to marry him and he wanted Wilson to know about it at once. He wasn't, it seemed, content to kiss her in Wilson Henry's house. That much was clear; more than that she could not entirely understand; it had to do with the special and strange qualities of men.

For example, Chalke appeared to have almost as much responsibility toward Wilson as to her. In a way, for the moment, Wilson seemed even more important—no matter what she thought about it, Chalke insisted on Wilson's knowing everything. At once.

They would all have to wait, Nina told herself. Certainly she wanted to be with Chalke; marriage was the only way to make that possible, but she would have to arrange an enormous lot, first. That was only common sense. Besides, it was quite all right for her to want only to be happy for a little. Free from bother.

Love did come before marriage. At present it was like an engagement—a time in which to get used to being in love with Chalke. Preparing her mind and her body, and even her clothes, for him. He hadn't, naturally, given the clothes a thought, when really it was a tremendously difficult question—how much of all that Wilson had given her could she take away?

It wasn't that he'd be petty; he wouldn't, of course; but how much, in addition to herself, was she willing to defraud him of? Not much. Well, that would have to be arranged for.

Then the divorce itself. Wilson would let her get it. As Chalke had explained, he could do nothing. The nicest cause was desertion and nonsupport. That took a long time—two years, she thought.

Nina grew firmer in her own conclusions—all men were in a hurry. Even Chalke Ewing. All men were, in the practical arrangements of living, impractical. It was funny when you thought they supported you, but it was true. Chalke would have to wait. Not long, she told herself. She did not want to be away from him, either. When she thought about being close to Chalke she grew practically dizzy with delight.

Nina studied herself in the unsparing light of morning and she was almost satisfied with her face and throat. Her face had a good color and her throat seemed quite firm. It was sharper and younger and better than she had realized. She would not be a wreck for a number of years yet. Wilson delayed in his dressing; he was not going into town.

"Cora is away," he informed her; "she had to go to Georgia. Someone was sick. She left Anna Louise in Eastlake."

"How long is she going to stay?"

"Two or three weeks at least. Do you want to play golf?"

Nina had no intention of playing golf

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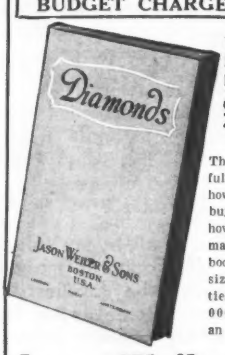

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with him, but she gave it the appearance of a careful consideration. "I'm sorry I can't," she said at last. "A lot of chintz needs glazing again and I have to take it down and get it ready to send." In reality she didn't want to leave the house if Chalke Ewing could see her there. There or anywhere else.

He had promised to telephone her in the morning and she hoped Wilson Henry would be out of the way.

She would make only ordinary remarks to Chalke over the telephone, naturally, but her tone need not be ordinary; Nina was certain of that. She'd hope to put into her tone the overwhelming fact—her love for Chalke—barred from her words. He would probably come to see her in the afternoon.

"Why don't you ask if Justin can play golf?" she suggested to Wilson. "Don't telephone. Court isn't in session. Walk over and have a drink with them."

Women, Wilson asserted, never really knew about things like drinking. "It is too early to drink. Morning drinking is a bad habit. It means that you drink all day. All night, too, if it's Chalke Ewing. I don't see what there is in him. He's not as bad to meet as you hear, I'll admit that; I just don't take to him. He looks cynical. A cynical man is an unsuccessful man. That's all there is to that. He's a failure and looking everywhere for the cause except where it always is—in himself."

Nina put in: "But he isn't a failure; Mary Gow told me he had made a great deal of money and that he was very important to sugar-making."

He couldn't be important, Wilson replied. "It proves itself. If he was he wouldn't live in Cuba. Only the people who run the sugar mills live there. The men who own them stay in the United States. You can't answer that. It's evident. A man who is successful wouldn't live in a jungle. With negroes. Confound it, why would he when he could be in the United States? No wonder Ewing is that color and sarcastic. I'd be twice as dark and four times more unpleasant. A man who lives away from all the best is a failure," Wilson reiterated. "He's bound to be."

A cold vindictive spirit possessed Nina. She gazed at Wilson with a hard mouth and masked eyes. "If," she said, "you mean the United States by the best, why are more and more people going to Europe and more and more staying there?"

He could tell her, Wilson Henry asserted. "Because they are jackasses."

She turned her back on him, speaking over her shoulder. "I didn't know women could be jackasses. It's a word I hate, anyhow. You ought to be careful about getting into tempers, because when you do, your vulgarity comes out; you insult people as you did Catherine Pryne or show how stupid you actually are. You can't help your family and yet you can help it."

Before Wilson could reply she left the room. Chalke's color and his sarcasm were none of Wilson Henry's business. He would soon discover that Chalke was not a failure. Where she, Wilson's wife, was concerned.

Torn between her love for Chalke and fear of an open rupture between her husband and herself, Nina Henry seeks her own happiness at the expense of her lover's convictions—in Joseph Hergesheimer's March Installment

Ladies' Man

(Continued from page 71)

day like a pack of dogs on a cold scent."

Sibyl nodded distantly. "Which means that your so-called wife-to-be will not see anything of you for the next few months."

"It means the very opposite," he insisted. "You've got to be with me all the time, help me in everything, advise me in everything, lend me a brain, good taste, courage; and when I'm a wreck from trying to work, you've got to lend me"—his voice fell away to a strangely appealing mumble—"to lend me—love."

Sibyl shivered. There was no guarding against the man. Before she had time to wonder if he were not merely a resourceful charlatan, he was lugging her headlong into the midst of the pageant and somehow making it appear that the whole thing was contrived for her.

"I've given a lot of thought to what you might play and the character I like best is Sashinka."

"Sashinka? I don't remember her."

"She was the Countess Branicky, Potiemkin's niece. She was always with him. When he went to war she traveled in his sleigh with him. The gossips said they loved each other better than they should have—if anybody can do that. Anyway, she was his real companion and Catherine was his—whatever the Russian is for 'meal ticket.'

"When Potiemkin's pageant for Catherine failed to regain her favor and she sent him back to the army, Sashinka went with him. When the fever caught him and they took him from his sleigh and laid him on a rug under a tree to die, he died with Sashinka's arms around him. When I die I want the touch of your hands to be the last thing I know of this earth."

Sibyl would have had to be far less human than she was to refuse such a prayer. She gazed into Darricott's eyes and could find no insincerity there. There was none to find. He meant everything he said. He nearly always meant everything he said.

If on other occasions with other women he said other things that contradicted what he said to Sibyl, it was not that he was insincere. He was merely versatile. The contradiction was in the circumstances, not the man.

He was fonder of Sibyl than of any other woman he had ever known. He loved her for love's sake. He was still very fond of Mrs. Fendley, because there were many things she could do for him. Why should he not have been? Is not a baby fond of its mother? a beggar of a liberal giver?

Darricott had the sincerity of an actor, the greatest sincerity there is, a sincerity capable of the most perfect adaptation to the scene and to the audience, not the mere rigid, limited sincerity of a one-man dog, or a one-woman man. The more sympathetic his audience, the hungrier, the more liberal it was, the better the performance he gave.

When he had won Sibyl to be his Sashinka on and off the stage of the pageant, he told her that he must hurry away to consult with Hamlin. That night there was a big committee powwow, he said.

This also was captivatingly domestic: the poor husband called away to business by important men, and the wife finding in her increase of pride recompense for her loss of his presence.

At the door Sibyl did not deny him a gentle, sweetly solemn farewell embrace.

The business of being a Darricott is a busy business. Mrs. Fendley was one of Jamie's most difficult clients. His committee powwow was with her.

The night was cold and snow fell, so she had a fire roaring in the library where they sat with no other light. The first thing Darricott tried to convince her of was that Sibyl was merely a blind to keep the public from chattering when it was announced that he was to go as Potiemkin to Helena's Catherine. He used the same story that had worked so well with Rachel. It only partially satisfied Helena, for she said:

"You can't stop them talking about me, Jamie. I'm gone for good. At first I was in the seventh heaven at the thought of playing Catherine and I asked everybody I could think of to take part. You saw the announcement in the morning papers. I asked a crowd of influential women to lunch with me and discuss details.

"They began twitting me with what I hadn't known, or had forgotten: that Catherine was chiefly famous for her lovers. Mrs. Wayland said Catherine was the world's greatest—well, it was quite a startling word. I can't quite repeat it.

"I said, 'In that case, I'd better resign.' But they all insisted that that would be as good as a confession. Mrs. Caldwell said, 'No general resigns under fire. Go through with it, my dear,' she said, 'but don't be surprised at the bombardment,' she said.

"When I left the crowd I was horribly despondent. I found myself hurrying home to ask Horace what I ought to do. He wasn't here, of course; he never is—was—in mid-afternoon, so I waited for him. I was so worried I didn't realize that he was never coming home again."

She broke at that and turned away to hide her gaunt despair. She apologized:

"It's not very pretty to be saying that to you, is it?"

"Not very," said Darricott; "but you can always say what's on your mind to me."

She stared at him through the wet glassy eyes of a little girl.

"Can I? Then I'll tell you that there's only one thing that will carry me through this pageant. You needn't tell everybody. I don't suppose you could really tell anybody. But the only thing that can carry me through this, Jamie, is the feeling that it is an atonement.

"People will be saying I'm vain, ridiculous, shameless, a publicity-hound, a *poseuse*. But my own heart knows, and I hope God will know, that it's all a frightful ordeal, a penance for the ruin I've made of my home.

"Penitents used to put on sackcloth and ashes and creep into caves, but that wouldn't be any penance for me, for that's what I want to do. So I'm going to put on the gaudiest robes that can be bought, and spatter myself with all my diamonds and pearls, my rubies and emeralds, everything. And I'm going to be photographed and published and laughed at and generally made ridiculous.

"But all the while my soul and I will know that it's torture, as much as Joan of Arc suffered when they burned her at the stake in the public square of—wherever they burned her—I can't seem to remember anything any more. I didn't even remember what Catherine was notorious for. She had a dozen lovers at least, and I've had only you—if I could call you a lover—but the public will say I'm worse. All right. Let them say it. The more they tear me to pieces, the more I atone."

Darricott listened with creepiness of

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flesh. A word slipped from him. He meant it consolingly, as a denial of her need for atonement.

"How insane! You must be quite mad, Helena."

She turned to him with a bloodcurdling smile for reassurance. "Mad. Do you think so? I've been thinking so, but I haven't quite felt sure. Do you mean it? Had you realized it already?"

"Lord, no! I didn't mean it that way," he gasped. "I only meant it was wrong of you to torture yourself. You're better than any of 'em. You're an angel."

"Hardly. I was a pretty good woman once. I meant to go on being one. But things happen. People come along at the wrong moment. You came along and I seemed to need a holiday. I look back on it as a nightmare. But it was plain wickedness. Now I'm looking forward to paying for it—with interest."

HE DID not know what to say. She was pitifully garrulous.

"People go mad very slowly sometimes. The bad moods are far apart. Mine seem to be coming on darker and faster, but I'll hold out as long as I can. Sometimes mad people are very happy. There was never any insanity in our family till me, but I knew an old beau who went crazy. He never stopped chuckling. His voice wore out, but he went right on chuckling in a whisper—like a little brook in dead leaves.

"I knew a woman, an old classmate, a great beauty; she went out of her mind, but her chief delusion was that she was Ninon de Lenclos. When she was too old to walk she still thought she was arranging secret meetings with kings and dukes. Do you think I'll be like that? I'd hate to be ridiculous even in a padded cell."

Darricott almost screamed at her: "Stop it! stop it!"

His frenzy seemed to do something to her, recall her from the shadows. A veil, a gray film passed from her eyes; they fell into normal focus. Abruptly she was another woman, smiling:

"I frightened you, didn't I? Forgive me. I was only joking."

And that frightened him more. If she went raving crazy, he would be blamed; the pageant would be given up; his great day would never come. He hoped to heaven that she would not lose her wits; but if she must, he prayed that she might keep them till after the pageant. To divert her, he told her the rôle assigned to him.

"Oh, you are to be Potiemkin," she laughed. "One of the women at the luncheon had read up all she could and she said—it was Mrs. Wayland—she said: 'I suppose Jamie will be Potiemkin.' She told me a lot of rather remarkable things about him. I had to eye her down and say, 'Of course!' They'll all say that you have been my Potiemkin, and it won't be very pleasant. But we mustn't—what is that they say?—we mustn't resign under fire."

"Indeed we'll not."

He asked about her costume. She had given it little thought but agreed that it must be dazzling. If only she had not added:

"It will be my last appearance in public. I should like to be remembered at my—my least worst."

"You'll be glorious," he said; "a vision of beauty."

"It's nice of you to say it, anyway," she said. "What are you going to wear?"

"I don't know. I'm broke, as usual—a little broker. Sometimes Potiemkin went around barefooted in an old bath robe. I've a bath robe—and bare feet."

She would not listen to that. She protested: "You must look your best, of course; you must outshine everybody—you owe it to—to me and Catherine. Since people will talk, let them give me credit at least for good taste, and for not being a miser. What would Catherine have done for you?"

Darricott was almost embarrassed by his own cheek, but he explained: "Well, she gave Orloff a coat covered with diamonds, and Potiemkin always had his pockets full of gems. It struck me that a cape of diamonds would be marvelous. I couldn't have it, of course, but it costs nothing to dream of it."

"It would cost millions to make, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of real stones, just paste—even that wouldn't be cheap, but—can you imagine the effect? It would be like wrapping myself in a white flame."

"See what it would cost, and if I have the money, you shall have it."

"I couldn't think of letting you pay for it."

"Don't argue. My Potiemkin must be the most dazzling figure there. Let me spend my money while I can. Something tells me this is my last chance."

He too her in his arms and chided her. "Don't talk so. You are young; you are beautiful——"

"Oh, Jamie. You're young; I was beautiful. What a thing a body is—that aches and burns and sings—and sins! Why did God have to put a heart in it? to repent and be ashamed? to long and to yield and to regret, to kiss and to weep, to burn and—freeze."

There was a sudden crash of burned-out logs in the fireplace. She sighed:

"We collapse in ashes like that fire in the grate. That log that just fell was a bough once, slim and willowy—with leaves on it green and dancing—and now! Oh, Jamie, what a world! It makes one glad to die. I'm almost glad that if I'm to live, I shan't be able to think."

To tell a woman that she must be mad to think she is going mad, is not the most reassuring of arguments. Darricott failed to dispel her woe and when he left her, he was far from happy. He had got or was getting everything he asked of her and of the world, yet he seemed to grow more miserable with every granted wish.

THE press agents engaged by the Long Table to whip up enthusiasm for the pageant cleverly dramatized their enouncements and fed them to the newspapers in the most effective manner. Helena was kept so busy and found herself so powerful, so much besought for favors by the haughtiest, that her melancholia was banished. Darricott neglected nothing that would hearten her and carry her through to the end. The most respectable men and women were proud to have their names published as sponsors of the pageant.

At length, when there was a lull in the excitement, the news was let slip that James Darricott had consented to appear and had been assigned the character of Potiemkin. It was hinted that he would live up to the grandeur of the prince and would appear in a costume that would amaze the town by its brilliance. A sketch of it by a prominent artist was given out. Since there was every license for imagination, Darricott had been advised to appear in a colorful suit of orange and gold with a cape made of diamonds woven together.

The diamond cape hit the public fancy and became the sensation of the hour, but those who knew Darricott asked where he could get the money for such rash extravagance. Certain weekly papers that published private scandal—openly or under transparent allusions—revived the story of the familiar alliance and insinuated that Mr. Fendley had been crowded out of the home and was living at one of his clubs.

Mention was made of Darricott's recent interest in Miss Sibyl Page, the beautiful lion-huntress, but her father's mediocrity in wealth and the well-known conservatism of his family made it impossible that Darricott could have secured from that source the appropriation required for his wardrobe. Mrs. Fendley was generally nominated Jamie's treasurer with all the vicious implications emphasized.

So long as scandal does not reach publication many people are willing to pay it no more heed than to get rid of it by transmission. The Fendley-Darricott affair had gone on so long that it had come to be a public institution. But the moment the scandal was published, one beheld the cowardice of the American nature in the presence of the new witchcraft known as journalism. People who were careful of their reputations felt them endangered and there was a stampede of resignations. Every conceivable reason was given except the real one. People alleged illnesses, business South and West or abroad, and there was a rush to book passages for Europe.

Helena was plunged into the depths from which she had so slowly climbed, and sent for Darricott to show him a letter she had written resigning the rôle of Catherine on the doctor's orders. The ink was spotted with her tears.

His first thought was, of course, that with Mrs. Fendley's departure departed his own hopes of playing Potiemkin. No other Catherine would accept Mrs. Fendley's abandoned paramour as her chief attendant, and he would have to resign with her. He would never wear his costume, never feel the whip of that diamond cloak about his shoulder blades.

Without argument, he tore the letter to shreds and sifted them into the fireplace. Helena sobbed:

"That's the hundredth copy I made of that letter, and now I've got to write it all over again."

"And I'll tear 'em up as fast as you write 'em," he roared. "Are you the woman who said she would never resign under fire? What about that atonement you were talking about so piously?"

"I'm not thinking of myself. I'm done for, anyway. It's the pageant. I can't ruin that. Everybody is resigning."

"A few old hypocritical frumps whose own families won't bear the light. Let 'em resign. You mark my word, before the week is out everybody that resigned will come crawling back, begging to be forgiven and allowed to appear.

"Do you think I love you so little that I'm going to let you jump off a dock like this? You're too beautiful, too precious. Nobody can play Catherine but you. Nobody shall! Before I'll let anybody else desecrate your rôle I'll call off the whole business. And I can, for I started it in the first place."

He alternated withering contempt with reckless flattery after the manner of hydropathists who play alternate streams of ice water and hot water on their patients, and with an equal miracle of revival.

Then he visited Hamlin and the committee and found them in a panic over the desertions. He worked the same miracle with them, and at his suggestion they put out a statement adroitly enough worded to lead an amused public to believe that all the ladies who resigned had really been dropped because they

were not young and handsome enough to do justice to the characters they had grabbed in the first confusion.

By diplomatic means they have been persuaded to relinquish these rôles and the committee is replacing them with ladies and gentlemen of equal social distinction but more fortunate physical endowment. The new and final list will be given out as soon as the selections can be made from the embarrassing richness of the volunteers.

By back-firing slander with slander the committee turned the town laugh on the respectables, and brought their homely high heads down in chagrin. Once more virtue on a high horse was ridiculed out of the saddle, and morality given the name of hypocrisy. The stampede was now reversed and Helena and the committee found almost all the resignations reconsidered. The reasons for withdrawal of the resignations were more ingenious than the reasons for handing them in, and once more Helena was pitched from the trough of the wave to the high riding crest.

The public took more and more interest in the pageant; the boxes were auctioned off at enormous prices, and tickets were sold in such numbers that a second ballroom was required, and then a third.

The newspapers and all the weekly periodicals were jammed with stories of Russia and Catherine and Potiemkin, and Darricott's career was regarded as the most piquant of biographies.

He kept putting Sibyl forward as a shield to the Fendley history. He took pains to be seen with her everywhere and to slip references to her into the press whenever possible. He managed with increasing difficulty to keep Rachel from rebellion, for she began to realize that, after all, there was something not quite pretty in all this publicity about his infatuation for Sibyl as a preface to his marriage with Rachel. She also insisted on an occasional public appearance with him.

This kept Weldon wavering between a comfortable assurance that he was to be Rachel's husband and a recurring wonder if he would, after all, have to put Darricott to death first.

There was an unpleasantly timely story in the papers about a man who had just been acquitted of murder after five years in jail, during which time his wife had divorced him and married again. She announced that she was by this time weary enough of her second husband to divorce him and remarry her first husband. Perhaps Rachel would follow the same pleasant American custom and be ready to come to Weldon on the same terms, but the thought was unpleasant to Weldon. He was dubious about Rachel's passion for him at best.

It occurred to him, in one of his countless meditations, that the ideal thing to do would be to hire some man who made a business of murder to dispose of Darricott. He had read that the market rate for such a job fluctuated between thirty and a hundred dollars.

Weldon would not have minded the addition of a handsome tip. But how did one set about the ticklish business of scraping acquaintance with these obliging persons? The newspapers frequently described the activities of gentlemen of such picturesque nicknames as "Solly," "Lefty," "Hoppy," "Humpy," "Limpy," and they were always "bumping off" somebody or taking somebody "for a ride."

One night when he was in conference with his bootlegger, Mike Angelo, he

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brought up the subject as if casually. He was amazed to learn that his genial friend knew any number of men who had practiced hi-jacking and gang-work until they did not much care who it was they shot.

"Look at all these gang wars, Mr. Wel'n," said Mike. "They're just like the old chowder parties and East Side riots, just target practice. There's no real bad feeling, just a little fun. Was you thinkin' of somebody you wished was unborned? I know any number of guys who would take real enjerment in woikin' among the swells."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Weldon in a bad imitation of laughter. "There are hundreds of people I wish had never been born, but if a man hired another to—er—push another off the earth, he would have to pay blackmail all his life, eh? Wouldn't he? Of course he would."

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Wel'n. Those guys has their sense of honor as well as nobody. Why, if I got you a boy to do a job for you at a soitain figger and he come around bodderin' you for more, why, I'd bump him off meself. A pleased customer is the best advoitisement. Blackmail is one business and gang-work is somethin' else again."

"Really?" said Weldon. "You interest me. Now imagine—just imagine, for the sake of the argument—that I had an enemy and I couldn't get him out of my way except by—er—well——"

"I unnerstan' poifect. Say the woid and he's as good as in his hoisse this minute."

"And what would be the total cost to me of this—this—elimination?"

"Why, if he was a real bad egg, it wouldn't cost you a cent, Mr. Wel'n. You been a good customer o' mine, always' treated me like a gentleman treats a gentleman. I've made enough off you to pay for a little job. Fact is, it wouldn't cost me nothin', neither. I got friends. Sometimes I have to perteck myself, you know. I only hope it ain't one of my other customers."

Weldon tried to back out with light raillery, but Mike jolted him by a sudden remark:

"O' course, I know you're only jokin', but sometimes things happens in upper soickles, like they do in ours. There's bootleggers in love and hi-jackers that don't play straight wit' families. I'm a respectable married man meself. The wife helps me in the business. She wants me to get out of it, o' course, and I'm goin' to, any day now, soon as I save up a little more.

"But if you ever get into a jam with any guy, you got my telephone nummer. As I say, I hope he ain't one of my regular customers. You can look over my list and see."

HE TOSSED a little book to the table in front of Weldon, who with heavy-handed carelessness took it up and skimmed the pages, murmuring idly:

"Lord, what a lot of respectables you have here. Don't tell me you have—gosh, the old hypocrite, always talking about the sanctity of the law, and—whew! Is he here? You're quite strong on the D's. D doesn't stand for dry, eh? Dabney, Daggett, Dale, Dalrymple, Dalton, Daly, Danbury, Darcy, Darling, Darwin, Davenport, Davis, Decker."

He lost interest in the D's. The name he sought was not there. He whirred the pages, and read:

"'Weldon, P.' Well, I'm in select company. Isn't it a little dangerous to carry all these names about? Aren't you afraid of the police?"

"Don't make me laugh, Mr. Wel'n. Oh, by the way, you better put down my new telephome nummer. I have to change it pirty often."

Weldon wrote it down.

The increasing blazonry in the newspapers about the pageant, and the incessant mention of his wife's name and Darricott's were so detestable to Horace Fendley that he kept appealing to Doctor Emery to make haste with his plan. The answer was always:

"Not yet. I'm working at it. But every scheme has some flaw. There must be no mistake in the one we select."

Fendley gave him up and was about ready to sacrifice himself in a public attack on Darricott when Doctor Emery telephoned to him.

"I may have news for you. Come and see me at four."

"At four. At your office?"

"Not at my old one. I have a new one." He puzzled Fendley by explaining that he had taken a suite of rooms in the very hotel where the pageant was to be. When he opened the door on the hour, he led Fendley through an outer to an inner office and answered questions before they could be asked.

"You see, I have an office here, apparatus, trained nurse, everything. Darricott is in and out of the hotel all the time, seeing about the details, the settings, the bands, the press matter. He's working like a trooper. He's going to hold rehearsals here day and night.

"At just the right occasion, I'll try to get him up here. If there is danger of discovery, or he won't come alone, I'll get him here again. When the time comes, I'll carry out that plan which is most appropriate to the opportunity.

"Officially—for publication—I'm giving it out that my reason for being here is that I'm making certain experiments concerning the amount of carbon monoxide in Broadway air and its effect on the citizens. A university professor has estimated that there is a load of over two thousand tons of dirt in the air New Yorkers breathe and more than half of that is carbon. He says we have the equivalent of a coal cellar in the sky.

"The waste of power is shameful, but what is the effect on health? I'm making some experiments. Also I am receiving some of my patients here. I have an extra bedroom where I can sleep when I work too late. And I have this glass cage for the subjects that I'm testing with pure air and with New York air."

Not at all interested, Fendley said: "Very interesting."

Emery smiled. "I've wanted to make these investigations for a long while, and they'll be of value. But really, of course, I'm working to save Rachel."

"From carbon monoxide?"

"Murders, my dear Horace, can be managed perfectly only in fiction, where the author writes everything. In real life everything uncertain is certain to happen. People simply will not behave. There will be a lot of talk about Darricott's finish any way we plan it. My main object is to keep your name out of it, and Rachel's and—other people's. The only way I can think of to guarantee your anonymity is to take the brunt of it on myself."

"I can't permit that. I've got to do the thing."

Emery's politeness gave way before Fendley's intractable impatience. "Don't push me too hard or I'll simply step out and let you bungle it your own way. But I have several plans. My favorite is this: You've read of these experiments in diet, effort, fatigue, and other things, where the subject sits in a glass cage and is cut off from all contact with the outer air and can be weighed and tested in every way while he eats, drinks, sleeps, reads, and so on."

Fendley nodded. "I've seen something about it. College boys and athletes are the usual volunteers, aren't they?"

"Yes. Well, after I've got a lot of material and a certain amount of public interest stirred up, I invite Darricott up. I ask him to step into the cage for a few minutes so that I may make a little test of his reactions to music, to color, to fresh air and city air.

"Darricott steps into the cage. I press buttons, move levers. I am called to the telephone. I have quite a talk. When I turn round, the air pump is racing. I have pressed the wrong button. Darricott is like a rat under the glass bell of a vacuum pump. He is gasping, panting, beating on the glass with weakening fingers.

"I try to save him; the machinery sticks. I am too late. You happen to be here—in the other room—unknown to anybody. But you watch him die like the rat he is; then you slip out into the hall unseen and get away!"

"I couldn't bear to watch it. It's—it's—inhuman."

DOCTOR EMERY tossed his hands in air. "I thought you wanted him put out of the way before your eyes; wanted him to know that you saw him go."

"I did. I do. But——"

Emery was furious, yet the fanatic philanthropist came to the surface. "Think of the thousands of good dogs and guinea pigs and mice and rats that have perished in agony for the benefit of science. Why shouldn't Darricott be of some service to the world? Don't believe that I won't have records made, automatically, of everything.

"There are many things to learn about human asphyxiation that we can't know because we can't subject a living man to the experiment. Let Darricott die as I say and it may be the means of saving numberless people in the future. He'll get immortality for his pay."

Fendley thought that much learning had unseated the man's reason. But Emery was speaking quite calmly now:

"The plan may be too beautiful to work out. So I have sketched out other plans. All I need is to get Darricott into my office. I've even thought of having him injured, somehow, pushed off a platform or something and brought here for first aid.

"Suppose he should break a bone or even suffer a severe sprain that resembles a fracture. If I had him stretched out here on my examining table with a cracked shin or a snapped ankle, for instance—perfect! There's never any telling about a compound fracture. It is easy to put on too tight a bandage; it is not easy to put one on that is just tight enough. Pressure sores appear, skin infections, blebs. These and other causes may bring about thrombosis. Quite often emboli are detached from the thrombi and there are symptoms of pulmonary embolism, difficulty in breathing and great pain and sudden death. Any trouble in the patient's blood would be a help, and we might well expect it in a man like Darricott.

"Sometimes there's necrosis of the bone and we still have gangrene at times. To amputate one of Darricott's beautiful legs would give him pain enough—not to mention the distress it would give the ladies. Perhaps an amputation would postpone the wedding long enough for Rachel to interest herself in someone else."

Fendley shook his head. "You don't

know Rachel. The greater the misfortune to Darricott the more she would insist on marrying him."

Emery nodded. "I don't suppose anybody knows as little about a girl as her own father. He simply won't know about her what he knows about other girls. But you and I agree about Rachel. Still, gangrene is easier to start than to check, and after one amputation another is often called for, and that fails, too.

"If Darricott dies, people will say, 'Even Emery couldn't save him,' and they will walk more carefully for a while. If we can make people walk more carefully for a while, we haven't lived in vain.

"So, you see, I haven't been napping. I have the glass cage and the air pump. I have all the paraphernalia for treating fractures—my own X-ray machine and fluoroscope, splints, instruments, bandages, plaster tape—everything. But I like the glass cage best."

The plaster tape, however, was applied not to Darricott but to Fendley himself, for, after some further parley, which lasted until the trained nurse in the outer office had been dismissed for the night, Doctor Emery telephoned to the central operator the telephone number of Fendley's club, where he would be dining in case any urgent messages came for him. He telephoned his home office the same message, then left the hotel with Fendley.

The weather had been out of sorts all day, or rather, had been into all sorts: sunshine, snow, snow turning to rain, then to sleet freezing. As Fendley and Emery swung through the revolving door, Fendley was buffeted by its speed and came out on the steps a little unsteadily.

He turned to wave to a passer-by and slipped, tottered, went sprawling and rolling down the steps. He put out his hands and saved his head from cracking on the walk; but a long cry of pain broke from him and he lay still in a distorted position, with his left wrist turned in and his legs twisted.

The crowd pushed forward, but Doctor Emery warned the people to keep off.

"Don't touch him. He may have broken a bone. I'm a physician. Keep the crowd off."

The word was passed to "Give him air," and the instant assembly that clots on Broadway at any stasis in the current contented itself with peering and asking questions that nobody answered.

Doctor Emery expertly lifted the left arm. A low wail from Fendley led him to growl: "Don't move!"

He lifted and felt of the limp hand, compared the left wrist with the right, nodded and placed it gently on the ground, where it lay in such an inert posture that one woman quickly turned and pushed her way back through the crowd. Her place was taken by a man who watched Doctor Emery roll Fendley carefully on his back.

Emery picked up his own fallen umbrella and the stout cane Fendley had carried, laid them alongside the two legs, which he brought together in spite of Fendley's helpless moans. He borrowed two umbrellas from bystanders and with his handkerchief and an extra one that he found in his hip pocket, combined with handkerchiefs taken from Fendley's pocket and the long silken mufflers both wore, he improvised splints, using his gloves as pads.

From a newsboy who had crawled on hands and knees into the foreground Emery snatched his whole stock of papers, and threw at him a dollar bill. He folded the papers into two stiff shingles, for forearm splints, which he

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made fast with his necktie and Fendley's.

He worked with a beautiful velocity and dexterity and by the time two porters had wedged through the crowd with a cot, he had slung Fendley's left arm in a sling made of his buttoned coat and was ready to help lift him.

He refused to answer all questions as to the identity of himself or his patient, but inside the hotel sent a page for his key and escorted the stretcher bearers to the elevator and his office.

He kept the porters with him to help him lay Fendley on his examination table, where he first administered a strong dose of prescription whisky, then slit the trousers legs and the left sleeve, made mystifying palpations and then took röntgenograms with his own machinery, developing the plates himself.

IN THE meanwhile he had a porter telephone to his regular trained nurse, but there was delay in finding her and by the time she appeared he had completed the elaborate program with the aid of porters, pages and maids. The nurse found Fendley in the doctor's bed and the doctor's pajamas, his left arm in plaster from palm to elbow, his right leg in plaster from heel to mid-thigh, and his left in a plaster spica from ankle to hip.

Fendley groaned: "Doctor Emery says I'll be here for two months at least. It couldn't be that long, could it?"

"From the glimpse he gave me of the X-rays, I'd have said three months. But if anybody can get you out quicker, it's Doctor Emery. It's lucky his office was so near."

In spite of the doctor's refusal to give names, Fendley had been recognized by various persons in the crowd, and the newspapers were soon on the telephone or sending their scouts to the door. Doctor Emery abominated the press, and it gave him a malign pleasure to dictate his reply to the reporters:

> Horace Fendley, as a result of a fall on the slippery steps of this hotel, suffered a comminuted fracture of the tibia and fibula above the right ankle, together with a comminuted fracture of the left femur. In trying to save himself he also suffered a Colles' fracture of the left wrist. His right wrist was unhurt.

"That's good," one reporter mumbled; "he can still sign checks for Rachel and Mamma."

"All I got," wailed another, "was ankle and wrist; the rest was fibulous females or femures and tibious fractions. And how the devil can anybody spell combinuted Collies?"

Doctor Emery left the nurse to ease their woes and they hastened away. The doctor called up the Fendley home, but, on learning that Anthony and Rachel were out, he left no word for Mrs. Fendley, who was in. She had lost the right to share her husband's misfortunes.

It chanced that Rachel was dining that evening in Darricott's rooms in spite of his protests. After dinner he alleged a committee meeting, but she insisted on staying there until his return in order to read up on the Empress Catherine and decide what character she was to represent.

Darricott had hoped to have a few hours with Sibyl, but, relying on an earlier story of his, she had given her disengaged evening to Anthony, who took her to dinner and to the opera afterward. Though Darricott did not know where she had gone or with whom, he enjoyed the rare treat of a fit of jealousy and returned to Rachel in a surly mood that delighted her.

Watching him tear his muffler off, skirl his hat across the room and dump his overcoat on a chair, she chortled:

"Lord, but this is cozy and homefolksy. Hit me once and make me feel like a real wife."

Pushing down the knee he had crossed over the other, she burrowed into his arms, with her long legs hanging over the arm of his chair and a book clutched in her hand.

"While you have been committing your committee work, so called, I too have not been idle. I've found my costume and my character! Mother plays the elderly Catherine of Potiemkin's day —let's see, when she fell under his spell she was fair, fat and very near fifty—so I'm going to play young Catherine."

"Good gosh, you don't think we can have two Catherines?"

"Why not? What could be more amusing than to have Catherine young and Catherine middling?"

"What would your mother say?"

"If I know my little Matushka she'll be tickled to death. And I've got to wear this costume or die me down dead."

"What costume?"

"The one Catherine wore when she took command of her troops as Colonel of the Guard. See, here's her picture with her sword in her hand, her three-cornered hat with the cockade on it, her military coat, her boots and tight breeches and her sweet white horse."

She showed him Ericsen's painting and it was undoubtedly fetching. All he said was: "Do you intend to ride the horse into the ballroom?"

"I hadn't thought of it, but it would be wonderful. Do I go as Colonel Catherine?"

"Of course not."

"Mamma goes as a colonel or she doesn't go at all."

"All right; if you can persuade your mother and if you'll go home now, you can go as the whole cavalry."

He let her climb into her own coat while he sat brooding, expecting her to make her way out quite informally. She studied him a moment, picked up his hat and clapped it on his head resoundingly, fetched his muffler and nearly garroted him with it, then held his overcoat for him, saying:

"Snap into it, papa. Either take me home or look for another bride."

He rose, scattered her resentment with a smiling: "I was waiting to be asked."

"Lord, what a love of a liar!"

Their taxicab was held up by a traffic signal on Fifty-ninth Street and they heard a newsman baying the moon:

"Allabouta axadenta Horse Fen'ley."

She went to the hotel at once, but Darricott lingered outside in the hall.

Rachel beat on the doctor's door, thrust aside the answering nurse, swept past Doctor Emery and a patient he had in his inner office, and burst into the bedroom like a March gale.

Finding her father with his left arm in a long cuff of plaster like the cestus of a Roman boxer, and his legs in ponderous boots of concrete, she flung herself at him with a clamor of horrified sympathy and threatened to break such bones as were not safely encased. She kissed him and wept over him, kneeling by him while he gave her a one-armed hug.

"Since you're to be so handy to the pageant," she said, "I'll run in and let you see me in my costume. I wear breeches and a sword!"

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, but knew better than to protest.

The laying-up of Fendley was not quite important enough to upset the market in Wall Street, but he did install two bedside telephones and he had desks put in his bedroom for two secretaries.

"Business as usual," was his motto.

As soon as she read of the accident in the morning papers, Helena sent for Darricott in haste and begged him to give up the pageant or to transfer it to another place, and in any case, to let her resign. She found it too horrible that she should be making a public spectacle of herself while her poor shattered husband was suffering agonies.

But Darricott would not budge.

"Everybody knows you're not living with your husband. It would be pure hypocrisy to go into mourning for his busted leg. After all, a broken bone or two is only a broken bone or two. The Long Table is giving the pageant and you've given your word. No end of money has been paid out or pledged for the ballrooms. The decorations have been planned and are partly installed. Fortunes have been invested in costumes. Your name has been advertised to the ends of the world.

"Of course, if you won't play, there are mobs of women itching to take your place. But what becomes of your atonement, your penance, and all that? Or was that just hysteria of the moment?"

She was so habited to surrendering all her better impulses before his satire that she threw these also overboard and let him rule her.

There was much talk about it, but the gossips who muttered: "She is heartless and shameless," would never have been silenced by any contrition she showed. They would simply have sniffed: "She broke his heart cheerfully enough; why can't she let him break his own bones without making such a grandstand play?"

Such power Darricott had gained and maintained over Helena that when her son came to her, she rejected the very arguments that she had made to Jamie, and used his words in answering her son's. Anthony pleaded with her like another Hamlet imploring his mother to throw away the baser part of herself, but she answered, scathingly for her:

"Anthony, I'm sorry you have a mother you can't be proud of, but I exhausted all my virtue, I imagine, in giving you to the world. I have all my goodness in my son's name."

"Don't talk so!" he cried. "I'm not good, and you are. If you would only withdraw from this ghastly mistake you would be perfect."

SHE shook her head: "I'll reform after the pageant, perhaps, and surprise you. But I must go through with it. It's my farewell to beauty and gayety. You don't believe in such things, so you can stay home and pray for me."

"My place is with you," he said. "I'll go with you if you'll let me."

She kissed him and sighed: "With my son and my daughter in attendance, I should certainly look respectable even as Catherine. Rachel is going as my younger self. Why don't you go as the Grand Duke Peter Feodorovich? There's a picture of him in a shining costume."

She showed it to him and he consented to order the costume, a court dress of the period with long coat and waistcoat of brocaded metal cloth, knee breeches and sword. But Peter's costume was all he put on, for the character of that vicious youth was the opposite of his.

Horace Fendley lay in Doctor Emery's bed, so placed that with a door open he could see into the laboratory where

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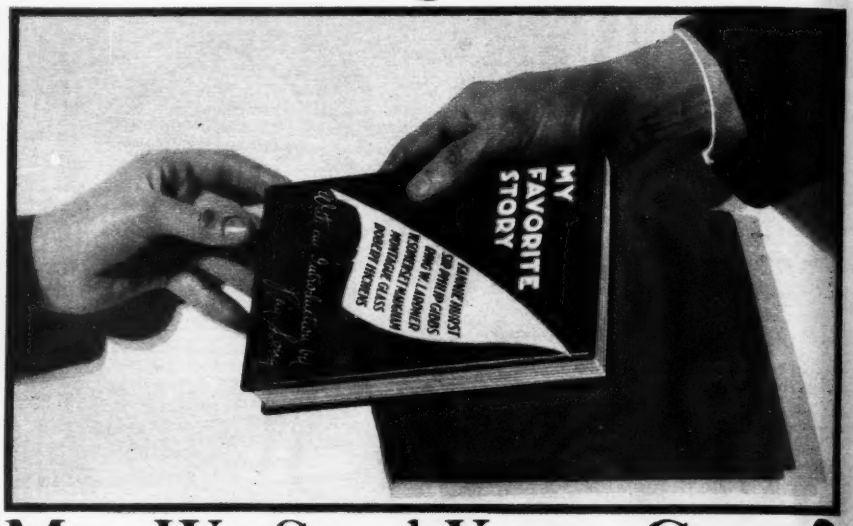

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the glass cage waited for Darricott. Emery promised to open the door when the time came—if it came. The mere thought of it squeezed cold perspiration out of Fendley's pores. And there were many false alarms, for Darricott could afford to be liberal about making promises since he was so casual about breaking them.

One day, however, Emery looked in on Fendley and whispered:

"He's telephoned to ask if he may come up. He'll be here in a few minutes. I'll open the door when things begin to hum."

Immediately he sent the trained nurse out in haste to make purchases that would detain her for an hour. But to Emery's disgust Darricott brought along Miss Sibyl Page, who had scratched herself on a nail sticking out of a scaffolding in the ballroom. While Doctor Emery brushed the wound with mercurochrome and sealed it with a bit of gauze and tape, Darricott studied the glass cage with such interest that Emery began to explain it, urged him to step in and give himself a thrill.

Darricott shook his head. "Nothing thrills me any more. That's an air pump, isn't it? It wouldn't work with me. You know I live in a vacuum."

Though Doctor Emery laughed and coaxed, Sibyl saw something in his eyes that led her to remind Darricott of a whole ballet of people waiting for him.

She hurried him out and in the hallway murmured: "He's a funny man. He struck me as half crazy."

"Nobody but a crazy man would be a doctor," said Jamie.

"I want you to promise me to keep away from him."

"It's a bet," said Jamie, and forgot the promise. That was perhaps why he kept it.

Owing to the awkwardness of attendants and passing strangers, he was frequently jostled about and pushed off things. But the cat in him always landed him on his feet. Weights were dropped from balconies and scene frames toppled over, but they missed him. He took them as part of the day's work.

Sibyl noticed that Doctor Emery was taking an extraordinary interest in the rehearsals. But then everybody in town seemed to be doing that. And there was everything on earth to rehearse: lights, orchestras, choirs, music, processions of subject nations, presentations, formal dances, ballets, announcements.

During the last days before the festival one wing of the hotel had been like the violent ward in a madhouse, but on the night of Potiemkin's reception to Catherine the whole building resembled the original Pandemonium, with all the fiends in confusion. Broadway and the tributary streets seethed in a turmoil that drove the police into a state of nerves. They had the usual theater throngs to disentangle and the night was so gentle that multitudes were drawn out to wander up and down the streets in a gelatinous mass. Through this glue an extra current of pageant seekers had to find its way.

There were thousands in costume, and mostly bulky costume, and hundreds of attendants, ticket takers, costumers, florists, dressmakers, tailors, hairdressers, wardrobe attendants, sceneshifters, electricians, and an army of extra waiters, omnibuses and cooks to take care of the packed restaurants and the private dining rooms, of which at least a hundred had been engaged for parties varying from a couple to two or three score.

As always, there were those who came too early as well as those who came too late. Many of these came in costume;

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others dressed in the hotel. The hallways on every floor were a constant panic of strangely dressed men and women, struggling with men and women in everyday garb. There were policemen in uniform here and there, and detectives looking even more detectivish in their mufti than the numerous detectives who were supposed to be disguised as Russians of Catherine's time.

Most of the wealthy had brought their real jewelry out for a ride and pickpockets, male and female, were supposed to be holding a convention here. Thick as the halls were with the thousands in costume and the numberless assistants, guardians and interloping spectators, the agglomeration grew denser hour by hour.

Though the pageant was not supposed to be a masked affair, the fondness of the Russians for voluminous beards and the devotion of the Oriental nations to the veil for both men and women furnished a disguise that pleased many, and kept the police on tenterhooks of suspicion. They dared not rip off whiskers or fling back yashmaks in the hope of exposing gangsters or their molls, because they might disclose plutocrats and snorting ladies.

Great numbers of the less extravagant guests had recourse to the inexpensive garb of monks and nuns of the Greek church, but there were also bishops in robes embroidered with pearl and smaragd, archbishops, archimandrites. There were throngs in the flashing fashions of the France and England of that day, courtiers and gleaming ladies, *ballerine* from the opera, harlequins, fauns, nymphs. There was a small army of soldiers and sailors in the uniforms of every Russian branch of service, generals, admirals, reeking with decorations.

The hotel was a caldron of boiling color, tossing bodies and souls in a seethe of flamboyance, a hot and reeling spume of high-fezzed Cossacks, bonneted Tatars, Mussulmans in wreathed turbans, Lezghians in pointed turbans, capped Greeks in their flaring skirts, Poles in velvet capes, Mongols in fur hats, Caucasian princes in felt cloaks and princesses in native robes, Bedouins, sultans, ladies of the harem, ladies of the palaces, the shops, the streets, the steppes.

The Empress herself was holding a little private court in the long chain of rooms that Darricott had engaged for her and her friends. He had played the host. Was he not Potiemkin in his own palace in Tauris?

Though he was stationed at the foot of the table, it became the head since he was there. On his right sat Sibyl; on his left, Rachel. Next to Sibyl was Anthony, very solemn and so deeply perturbed at finding Sibyl on intimate terms with Darricott that he took no comfort in the implied escape of Rachel, especially as Rachel's eyes dwelt on Darricott with a childlike possessiveness.

This unwonted cheerfulness of hers did not escape Peyton Weldon, who had Rachel's left elbow but none of her attention. He wore the uniform of Captain John Paul Jones and the ominous look that Jones must have worn on the deck of his blazing, sinking ship.

Weldon and Anthony were in costume, having preferred to dress at home. Darricott was partially dressed, though he had not yet displayed the cloak of cloth of gold or the diamond cape.

But the women were still in simple evening gowns, preferring to finish their dinners before they donned their complex raiment. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Fendley, looking like great beauty greatly fatigued. She was buoyed up by the belief that her atonement was almost over.

Darricott was at his apogee. Never had he looked so radiant. Even the men could see now what they had not hitherto understood, why women called him beautiful. Some of them resented his charms and his unusual rapture, but afterward even these were not sorry that he had his little hour of perfect happiness before he was disjected from the earth into the torment of his death.

The dinner broke up before the dessert, because everyone was impatient to get on with the ceremony. Some of the guests went to dress in the bedrooms reserved for them. Anthony Fendley wandered about in a deep gloom, computing the extravagance as a degenerate and heartless waste of vast moneys that might have relieved incalculable poverty and given the donors far more pleasure than they could glean from this brief fever. He was puzzled by Darricott's ambiguous position between Rachel and Sibyl, and though he tried to be glad on the chance that Sibyl might save Rachel from Darricott, he could take no comfort in such certain wreckage for Sibyl's life, and he could not quench the anguish it gave him to think of losing Sibyl to such a villain. He found himself brooding:

"If Darricott takes her away from me and breaks her heart or is untrue to her, I'll kill him for that."

He could not seem to run away from the thought that he was somehow doomed to slay Darricott.

He was in such a swirl of misgivings that he wanted to talk to Peyton and he searched for John Paul Jones everywhere among the kaleidoscopic habiliments, but could not find him until he was returning to his mother's suite.

In the hall outside her door he saw Weldon in earnest parley with a small person wearing a woman's costume yet also heavily bearded. The hat, the wig, the dress were ridiculous, with arms of steel musculature splitting the frilled sleeves, and with feet of unquestionable manhood protruding from the skirts.

Anthony studied the contradiction with troubled suspicion, but suddenly dismissed it, guessing that the fellow was one of the comic figurants in the Metamorphosis Ball and would play the part of an awkward ram in ewe's clothing.

He laughed at his own alarm, yet wondered how Weldon could talk to the man without a smile, and with an earnestness and an anxiety that kept him glancing this way and that.

As Anthony drew near the man moved away from Weldon, muttering:

"I won't stray outa sight, brudder. Jest tip me de high sign, and I'm Johnny on a spot and I'll put your man on the spot."

That was strange language for one of the guests. Anthony touched Weldon's arm. Weldon jumped. Anthony laughed:

"Who's your lady friend?"

Weldon tried to laugh. "I've forgotten the gentleman's name. Some mucker that broke in." He pretended to see somebody he wanted to speak to and lost himself in the mob with a haste that puzzled Anthony until he forgot it in his own riddles.

Returning to his mother's dining room he found that the waiters had cleared away the dinner, but had left an array of bottles and glasses, punch bowls and cups to which much reference was made by guests of his mother, by friends of guests, and by strangers who impudently wandered in through the open door.

His mother's butler, Hubbard, was in charge of affairs and Anthony advised him to keep strangers out and serve no more liquor, since there were enough tipsy people in the corridors already.

The first to be dressed was Rachel and she came charging into the dining room in full regalia—an Amazon in the uniform of a Russian colonel, with a great sword whacking her magnificent thighs. She strode about, overpowering Anthony with her efforts at Russian profanity and a mannish stride somewhat marred by a swing of the hips that constantly threw her saber between her legs.

She seized Anthony by the hand and said: "Come on, my son; we've got to show ourselves to our American father. I promised I'd look in on him."

They made their way to Doctor Emery's room. Emery let them in and closed the door hastily, explaining that the noise would be the death of their father.

They went in and posed at the foot of the bed. Horace gazed on his creations and found them good. As Rachel bent over to kiss him good night he pointed to a newspaper on the bed and asked if she had seen it. She shook her head. He spoke hungrily.

"I wish I could for once believe something in a paper. This says that—that——" He could not speak the name, but handed the paper to Rachel who read it with Anthony's chin on her shoulder.

Among the interesting figures tonight is Miss Sibyl Page, who plays Sashinka. Readers of Russian history know that she was Potiemkin's real love and Catherine only his queen. The choice of Miss Page for this rôle seems to confirm the persistent rumor that Miss Page and Mr. Darricott will announce the date of their marriage in the near future.

Fendley watched Rachel and groaned with relief at her laughter.

"Thank God, you can read that and smile. It's all off, then, between you and that yellow dog?"

"Don't say too much that you may have to unsay, Dad. Miss Page might be—well, camouflage."

"You mean that? You mean you still plan to marry that beast? Why, I'll kill him first. I will! I will!"

Rachel pressed him back. "You'll kill yourself if you're not careful. Doctor Emery, you'd better give him something to put him to sleep. It's going to be a heavy night for the poor invalid."

Doctor Emery nodded, but he could not release Rachel's arm from the grip of Fendley's right hand.

"Tell me you're not going to marry that man!" he commanded. Anthony laid a hand on her shoulder, and pleaded:

"Tell him! tell him!"

Rachel sighed: "I'd love to tell you a pretty bedtime story, Daddy, to put you to sleep, but I've never lied to you, and I won't begin now. I can't talk to you now. I've got to go. I'll come in tomorrow and have a good long confab. Good night. Sleep tight, my babe!"

His hand fell from her wrist, and he sank back on his pillow. She kissed him and hurried out with her sword a-clank. Anthony paused only long enough to say to his father:

"Don't worry. He won't get her. I've promised you that."

He kissed his father's hot brow and ran after Rachel. Overtaking her on the stairs, he implored her to give him some definite word, but she only shook her head and would not answer. He was convinced that she and Darricott had a secret understanding, and his soul darkened at the task before him.

When they reached their mother's rooms, Sibyl was just appearing in her costume. Rachel cried out at her beauty, but something like a sob broke from

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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Anthony and he dropped into a chair, covering his face with his elbow.

"Am I such a scarecrow?" Sibyl asked.

The look in Anthony's uplifted eyes was a tribute of adoration that dragged her heart out to him. Suddenly she understood for the first time that he really loved her infinitely, sacrificially. She felt unworthy of such idolatry and regretted—as one so easily regrets past luxuries—all the caresses she had given and taken in her supposed betrothal to Darricott.

Sibyl was uncomfortable in every sense, for her dress, which crushed the beholder with its gentle graces, almost crushed her with its weight. She had loved elaborate gowns but had never really understood what an earlier generation had borne in the name of beauty.

On her head was a huge white wig of labyrinthine curls, topped with fleecy white plumes. The bodice of cloth of silver beginning beneath her arms descended in a long sharp cone and lost itself in a vast bell two yards across at the hips and descending to a greater circumference where it swept the floor far from her feet.

It was like walking in a big gocart looped with innumerable garlands of little handmade white rosebuds. There was a train to it, of course, and she had to squeeze sidewise through the doors and trundle her draperies as if she walked inside a grand piano.

The delicious beauty of the fabric was lost to her in the welter of it. Her waist and lungs cried out against the suffocating clench of the rigid corset, and she had been so long used to breathing deep and swinging along with lithe loins that the mincing gait required of her hampered her as if she went on crutches.

She had thought herself superior to old pruderies and had not flinched at any of the fashions of her day, but she felt her cheeks crimsoning under their heavy powder because the high corsets thrust her breasts upward till they threatened to break free of the bodice, and their creamy womanhood challenged the eye of the beholder either to stare or to look away, denying their exquisite contours.

To Anthony she was as pure and innocent as a snowstorm of white on white, her flesh a snowdrift tenderly incarnadined with sunrise. The white of her costume compelled a demure coquetry that confused her, for she was not used to feminine wiles, and she was glad when Mrs. Fendley arrived.

Helena came in with a sonority of color, an empress in every splendor. Her dress was Slavic in its fearless conflict of colors. On her head was a diadem of almost blinding radiance. Beneath the slope of her august bosom was a shoal of jewels that seemed to leap and dance with imps of light in frenzy—decorations, brooches, sunbursts, roses, arabesques of diamonds, rubies, emeralds.

Her hands were almost gloved in gems. Yet that was not all, for her maid, Yvonne, staggered through the door under the weight of enough ermine for a tent and laid it on her shoulders.

There was such a tyranny of splendor in her imperial presence that Sibyl and Rachel, Anthony and Weldon and the others in the room dropped to their knees before her under a strange compulsion.

Helena was supernally happy for a moment, topping the peak of loveliness and power. Perhaps only one thing could have thrilled her more and that was granted to her, for Darricott came in at the opposite door and fell back as if stunned by her overpowering radiance.

"Glorious!" he gasped. "You are glorious."

And he would have dropped to his knees before her, if she had not bowed to the floor in a profound curtsy like a wave breaking back in a sunlit swirl. That submissiveness seemed to enchant her. She forgot everything except what she said.

"I owe it to you, Jamie—all of it."

"I'm glad if I have given the world a sight of you like this. Maybe you'll forgive me for whipping you into it."

"Forgive you!" she murmured. "How can I thank you?"

All eyes turned to him and felt that somehow he outshone them all. The light seemed to fondle the fabrics that covered him with a miracle of color.

He had not put on his diamond cape but held it in his hands, where it blazed and shimmered in a cataract of fluent white fire.

He had left his sword and his vast hat with its billowing plumes in his dressing room, but he wore a wig whose long curls trailed about his collar and gave his face a beauty forbidden to men for a century and more.

For a few moments they all stood feeling blissfully foolish under a shower of mutual compliments and making little last adjustments of a fold, a jewel, a necklace.

Then Hamlin pounded on the door and swung it back in burly gorgeousness. "It's long past the hour we announced for the beginning. Will you never come? Lord, but you're all sublime. But don't keep your dear public waiting."

Over his shoulders and under his elbows other people were huddled in a phantasmagory of characters. As he entered to pay more definite compliments, he was followed by people who might have been friends or strangers. Veils and wigs and false beards and a bizarrerie of robes rendered everybody alien.

As Hamlin, with a last plea for haste, left the room, a tiny woman in a shabby little sport suit slipped in and stood gaping. She was a pathetic caricature of the Twentieth Century lost in the gigantic ornateness of the Eighteenth. Her inexperience and her timid ambitions scared her into the audacity of a froward infant.

"Which is Miss Page, please?" she whined in a twangy treble.

"I am Miss Page," said Sibyl.

"And that's Mr. Darricott, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, an editor promised me a job if I could get you to verify the story that you are going to marry Mr. Darricott right after the pageant. Are you?"

Sibyl stared. Everybody stared, with looks that were almost audible. Staggered as by an unexpected blow, Sibyl did not know what to say. To confess to a little tike of a reporterette was something impossible. To deny was to lie instinctively and expertly, and she had no gift for that. The reporter strummed her banjo voice again:

"It would mean a lot in my life if you'd let me have the story. Are you or aren't you engaged to Mr. Darricott?"

Still Sibyl could not say Yes or No. She half expected to hear Jamie's voice saying something like: "She has done me the honor of making me the happiest man on earth."

But he did not break the smothering silence. That was left for Rachel, who had looked on Sibyl with eyes of affectionate pity and then had turned to Jamie with a claiming stare. She saw in his features confusion only. His unwillingness to say a word in her defense seemed to Rachel to absolve her from her pledge.

She could hardly curb her voice to give her words dignity, when she said:

"This has gone far enough. If your editor must print something, let him print the truth. Mr. Darricott and Miss Page are the best of friends, but Mr. Darricott is engaged to marry *me!*"

This thunderbolt stifled all but the reporterette, whose ignorance was so great that she did not even know Rachel Fendley.

"And who are you, please?"

"Miss Rachel Fendley!" said Rachel.

The little woman started to scribble a note on her program, not even suspecting that she had tossed into this gaudy company a bombshell that had shattered every heart there.

Mrs. Fendley swayed under the shock and would have fallen if her butler had not touched her elbow. Her ermine robe went down in a snowy avalanche, but as he went to pick it up, she said:

"Hubbard, put these strangers out and lock the door."

Hubbard, trying not to swoon with his own dismay, stepped to the petty journaliste and propelled her, still writing, into the hall. As he eased her out he noticed a tall man of some Bedouin tribe whose face was veiled to his beard. Beneath his arm squirmed a little bearded man in women's clothes.

They tried to push in, but Hubbard, by throwing his weight against the door, closed it and locked it before it could be forced. He turned and fastened on Darricott one searing glare. That such a man should come into the family and ruin the life of Miss Rachel was unbearable.

Then he tried to be, as always in the home of his employers, only statuary, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing. Fortunately the stiff bosom of his shirt did not betray the plunging of his heart.

His apparently unseeing eyes realized that the others in the room were statuary, too. Nobody knew what to say, what to feel. Everybody waited: Sibyl to hear Jamie deny Rachel's charge of treachery to both of them; Rachel to hear him confirm with joy her proud words; Anthony and Weldon to hear him command them to destroy him; Mrs. Fendley to hear him renew his vows to her.

All of them saw on his outrageously winsome face only anger at the posing of a riddle in such a crisis. He was perfectly the actor, his one religion to get the curtain up and play the play, but he could not find the exact word to quell his mutinous troupe.

Mrs. Fendley was the first to speak, perhaps because she had been used to commanding her household. In a half-strangled voice she demanded:

"Jamie, do you deny what Rachel said?"

"No."

"Do you confirm it?"

"No."

"I have a right to the truth. What is it?"

Darricott stood irresolute only for a moment. Then he heard the impatient trumpets crying far away, and he cried above them: "I'll answer no questions till after the pageant. Our place is in the ballroom. Be ready to march. I'll get my hat and fasten on my cape."

He stepped back through the door and closed it. Sibyl could not move, but Anthony and Weldon plunged after him and met shoulder to shoulder, disputing the passage. Rachel thrust herself in ahead of them and had her hand on the knob when her mother's voice rang

out with the authority of the desperate: "Children! It is my place!"

She pushed them aside with her jeweled hands bleeding with rubies. Opening the door, she crossed an empty room to a farther door, and flung that open. The others, staring, caught a glimpse of Darricott setting on his head a hat of wide sweeping brim with plumes streaming over the edges.

They saw Mrs. Fendley turn and close the door, and heard the key click in the lock.

The darling of women meets Nemesis in the person of—— Rupert Hughes tells you the name of Jamie Darricott's slayer in the Dramatic Conclusion of his novel—Next Month

War Nurse

(Continued from page 25)

was going and what he had to do. And sometimes he was walking with his regiment, and then even more he looked as if he knew.

When we finally reached Le Touquet after a terribly dreary journey we found Edna in hysterics for fear she was going to lose her baby.

Joe and Edna and Mother and I packed and made an early start for Boulogne. Later, we were glad of this, for everybody was sailing on that boat.

We got on board at last and put Edna in a cabin, but I went up on deck to have one last look over people's heads at France. I can't tell you how I hated leaving France. I wanted to be right there in this war.

I don't mean I was morbid; I didn't want the thing to happen. I hated the thought of all the suffering, but I loved the feeling of unleashed force in the air. I wanted to be back there breathing that air, being invigorated by it, being inspired by it, making tremendous sacrifices to help those whom it had called to bloodshed and suffering.

Then and there I made up my mind that I would get back to France and nurse her wounded.

I had had all sorts of dreams of happiness about my life in England. I had imagined myself living there with a husband whom I loved. I saw myself mistress of a dignified London house and a pretty place in the country, while my husband traveled from success to success, and a family of lovely children grew up around me.

But the very night I got to London I began to doubt whether I was going to get what I expected. I didn't call up Oswald, but as soon as I had had dinner I went in a taxi to Mrs. Fanshawe's house.

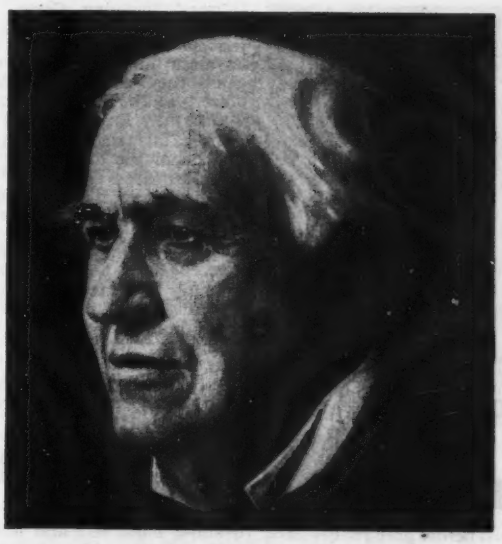
I found them still sitting around the dinner table—Mrs. Fanshawe, Oswald and two young men. Where the men were sitting, there were forks laid at angles to each other, wineglasses pushed out of place, all those manifestations of tablecloth-mapmaking we got to know so well later on.

Oswald was happy to see me; and Oswald's mother kissed me warmly. Then Oswald introduced his friends to me, and the butler got me some coffee.

Oswald said, right away, "Tell us all about the military preparations you saw," and waved his hand laughingly at his friends. "We're all military experts. All full-fledged officers of the Devil's Own!"

I stared at him. "But you're a barrister, not a soldier."

Oswald explained they were in some



When Thomas Edison groped in the dark

IN 1859 Edison was a newsboy on the trains in and out of Detroit. He spent every hour he could spare in the public library "grappling bravely with a certain section, and trying to read it through consecutively, shelf by shelf, regardless of subject."

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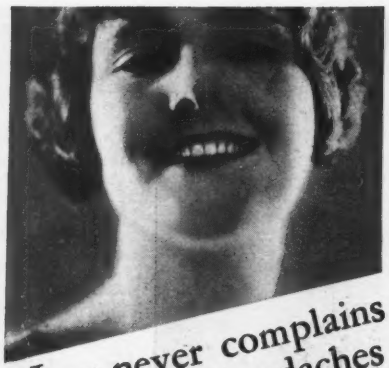

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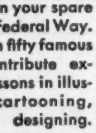

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Officers' Training Corps, a body that took men who were working in the professions and trained them on their holidays and in the evenings, so that if war came they could take their places as officers in the regular army.

"Anyway, England's not in the war!"

They all laughed. "She will be tomorrow or the day after."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" I exclaimed. "But anyway it'll be over long before they need anything but the regular army. If you only saw what France is doing! It can't go on long on that scale. It *must* be over before Christmas!"

Going back to the hotel in the taxi that night, with Oswald's arms around me, I didn't feel so sure about our future. And every day I stayed in London I grew less sure.

I couldn't see Oswald all day, for as soon as England declared war he entered on a period of intensive training at a camp in the suburbs of London. But every evening I went to his house, and Oswald and his mother and I dined together; and after dinner he and I sat by ourselves in the library. And every evening I got less and less sure . . .

Usually Oswald was so tired we never thought of going out, but on the night before I sailed we had dinner at the Berkeley, and went to a revue and ended up at the Savoy. We had a lovely, lively time. He danced beautifully, and he was such a dear.

When the time came for us to go home, I went to the ladies' room to get my cloak, leaving him sitting in an arm chair in the lounge. When I came back he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly my heart dropped dead in me. For something told me definitely and tersely and finally that I was never going to marry him; that there was not going to be that house in London, that place in the country, those lovely children; that I was never going to see him again. Because he was going to be killed in the war.

But when I felt that the only way I could express my love and tenderness was by not expressing it; by waking him up with a laugh, and sending him off to bed, and saying, "Till Christmas . . . yes, till Christmas!"

I tried to get used to the idea during the long days and nights of our voyage back to America. It wasn't a cheerful voyage, for our lights were dimmed for fear of submarines, so that we slipped darkened through dark waters. I always like plenty of light.

I had just one letter from Oswald after I reached America; several cablegrams, but only one letter, which arrived just one week after we did. Then I heard nothing at all for five weeks. Then, when we were at the house Edna had taken for the fall at Mamaroneck, I got a letter from Mrs. Fanshawe telling me that Oswald was posted as missing. His regiment had landed in France in August; they had proceeded to the front; darkness had swallowed him up. From that day to this not one word has been heard of him.

I called up Father at his office. And I didn't tell him that Oswald was missing. I told him that I had made all arrangements to go to France and nurse the wounded as soon as Edna's baby was born; which was partly true, for I'd written to an American woman I knew in Paris and she had said she knew of a hospital that would be glad to have me.

Of course Father went crazy. I knew he would. You see, he regarded Europeans as a lot of dirty, wrong-headed, quarrelsome, unsuccessful boobs; and this war was just the last piece of trouble they'd let themselves in for. So we had a terrible fight, and then I hung up on him.

I did it because I felt sore and mean. I wanted to fight somebody. I resented the way he'd taken my engagement to Oswald, and I knew he'd feel sorry about that and the way he'd spoken to me about the nursing when he heard that the boy was gone. But it was also sound strategy on my part. For he was *terribly* sorry; far sorrier than I had anticipated, and made amends in every way he could.

I got my passport easily enough, but I could not go till the New Year, because Edna's baby was not born until December.

It wasn't easy waiting. All the time I was longing to get back to France; to become a part of the war. It seemed as mysterious as dying, this traveling across the sea in a dark ship to a land where people were doing things as different from normal existence as the life after death. I longed to fill my lungs with that air I had breathed the day we fled from France, that air which seemed full of racing, vital forces.

I felt that going over there was the only way I could deal with my particular situation. For I would get over Oswald's death not just by forgetting it, which would be to lose him, but by entering into an equality and comradeship with him by participating in the war. Also I had a great desire to be useful, to soothe men when they were crying with pain, to sponge the blood away from wounded flesh.

As soon as I reached Paris I called up Mrs. Frazier, the American society woman who was running the hospital out at Neuilly that my friend had thought might take me, and she gave me an appointment for that afternoon.

Neuilly is a suburb of Paris out by the Bois de Boulogne, a pleasant place of wide avenues with comfortab'e old villas standing in beautiful gardens. The hospital was a new school. It was more than new, in fact; it was unfinished. Workmen were still tinkering at one wing.

I was early for my appointment, and I had to wait in the hall. Finally an orderly took me to Mrs. Frazier's office. I liked her straightway. She was rather like Mother. She asked me what I had been doing with myself, and I told her, and then she asked me if I could speak French, and tried me out on it. In the end she said that I was to turn up the next morning before eight o'clock, hang up my clothes in the nurses' cloakroom, and go down to the small operating theater on the ground floor and make myself useful.

I danced out of the place on air and rushed downtown to buy the proper blue uniforms, and then I went back to my hotel and wrote letters to Father and Mother and Edna which must have sounded as if I had won the war single-handed on my arrival.

All the way in the motor bus to the hospital the next morning I was trembling with excitement. When I got to the hospital I found that I was a quarter of an hour too early and I had to wait by myself in the operating theater.

Finally the graduate nurse attached to the theater came in, greeted me with a casual cheerfulness and moved about preparing instruments and swabs and towels. There was another long wait.

Then suddenly the place was full of people—a French doctor, and a soldier (with a bandage over his eye, in a flannel nightshirt and a dressing gown) supported by two nurses in the blue dress of the volunteers. They all made jokes about the man's eye. It seemed he had a piece of shrapnel in it.

They laid the patient on the operating

table. Then they brought a machine, a queer steel contraption, up behind his head and lowered the top part of it over his face. It was an electric magnet. They were hoping that it would draw the steel out of his eye. I held my breath.

Nothing happened.

They told the man to sit up. He sat up, laughing. They made him sit on a chair under a strong light. Then the doctor injected novocaine, digging the syringe into half a dozen places above the eyebrow and below the lower lid. The man whistled through his teeth. Then the doctor pulled back his eyelids and cut out his eye. He bit back a whimper; that was all.

The doctor turned to me. He seemed to want to give me something.

"Find the piece of steel," he said, and put the eye into my hand.

Sickness rushed out of my stomach into my throat.

The eye stared at me from my palm.

Since that was what was necessary, I took the probe which the nurse was offering me and found the piece of steel!

I was in the small operating theater for four months. I was useful there because of my knowledge of French, as the doctor spoke no English.

It was a queer life. Soon I became almost like a disembodied spirit, with only such parts of my mind and body working as the hospital routine required.

Beyond that I didn't seem to be existing. I never felt or thought anything personal in my working hours, and out of working hours I never wanted to do anything but sleep and sleep and sleep. Yet I wasn't living a dead mechanical life by any means. Somehow my days were full of exaltation and happiness.

We did a lot of eye work. Before long I got used to regarding the eye as a detachable article. There was something disconcerting to peace of mind about it, though. All your life you had been thinking that if you had anything the matter with you, you went to a doctor and had it fixed. Sometimes it was too bad, of course, and you died, but that rarely happened except when you were old and it was natural you should die.

But there in the operating theater I saw man after man with nothing the matter with him except a tiny bit of steel stuck in his eye, and first he suffered agony and then he had to have his eye cut out and had to sit in darkness all his life, and maybe live on charity. Life isn't so safe, really.

Of course medical science kept up a pretense of doing its miracle. There was this electrical magnet. Every time they brought in a man with shrapnel in the eye we used first to lay him on the operating table, wheel this machine up behind him and lower the top part of it over his face, so that the magnet would draw the steel out of the eye.

And nothing happened.

The theory was sound enough, I suppose. But the steel was embedded in the tissues of the eye, and the magnet didn't seem to grasp the thing. I got to hate that machine. Still, I liked the way the doctors always tried it, although in the four months I was there it never worked. There was something pathetic about that. They certainly wanted all this talk of miracles to come true. You could see that in the earnestness with which they labored in the other work which we practiced in the operating theater: the plastic surgery.

That aimed at making over the faces of all the men who had suffered disfigurement, and there they *could* work near-miracles. Men whose flesh had been left raw and exposed had skin grafted on them that was taken from some other part of the body that didn't show. Men whose faces had been hastily operated on at the front, because there was no time to lose, had the resultant hideous scars smoothed and patted into seemliness. Men who had their noses destroyed had new ones made.

But don't forget there are cases so bad that nothing can be done for them. I won't forget the time I took a cloth off a man's face and looked into his eyes, as one naturally does, and saw right down into his throat. The whole left-hand side of his face from the eyebrow to the jawbone had been blown away. There wasn't a thing we could do for him except clap a black patch on him.

The stress of work did not get any less as time went on. This was in early 1915 and the hospital system was not yet completed, so that we were likely to have more work thrust on us than we had staff to deal with, whenever there was any special pressure on the front. Such pressure was increasingly frequent all through that black spring.

And whenever there had been an attack, you heard, all the time you were working, the sound of orderlies' feet stumping along, treading heavily under the weight of a stretcher. If you opened the door, there the men lay on the stretchers, some of them tossing and moaning with pain, but most of them weakly, so content to be there at last, so relaxed. They were going into comfortable beds; they were going to be cleansed of their lice; they were going to have fresh dressings on their wounds.

It always seemed to me an attack was like a heartbeat of the war that shook pulses all over the war area, just as a man's heart shakes pulses all over his body. When it was launched at the front, the men in the trenches must have felt a quickening of their fear and their courage. When the news got home, the civilians must have felt a quickening of their concern for their countries and for their husbands and sons at the front. When the wounded got to the hospital, the doctors and nurses felt a quickening of their skill and their devotion.

It even seemed to set a rhythm to the hospital routine, for when there had been an attack our cases changed from the mild type which could be attended to at leisure to the more urgent type which had to be dealt with at once, and then gradually we found ourselves dealing with the mild type again, till there was another attack and it all started over again. You stopped thinking of the war as something that people were doing. You thought of it as a natural force that was swinging Europe as the moon swings the tides.

I applied to be moved from the operating theater to a general ward, because the work was putting me in a wrong state of mind. Also, I remember with amusement, I wanted to make haste and see other aspects of the war—before it was ended.

Well, I had time. I was in the general wards of that hospital for the next two years without a break and with certain interruptions until well on in 1919.

For three months I did general work in the wards. I cleaned the place; I served the weak; I made the beds; I washed the men. I remember one day bursting out laughing, because it had occurred to me that my whole upbringing had been designed to conceal from me what a naked man was like; and here I was washing naked men twenty at a time! That brought home to me the curious irrelevance that everything pre-war has for us post-war people.

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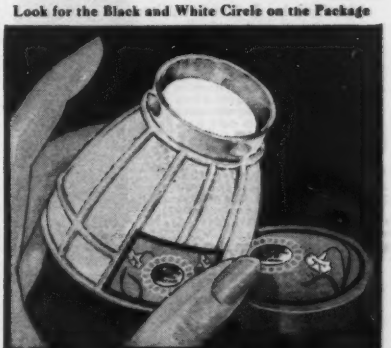

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Hardly anything that seemed true and important then seems so now.

You needn't ever take me to church to show me a stained-glass picture of a martyr. I've washed thousands of them.

Then I was put to work on a dressing cart. That was a labor that was well worth doing. I worked like a dog on it for two years, and all that time I had the most marvelous peace of mind, because what I was doing was so useful.

The dressing cart was used for giving the Carrel treatment for wounds. It was a thing like a delivery wagon that you pushed around the ward, and it was loaded with bandages, probes, powders, antiseptics, an irrigation outfit, and above all great jars of Dakin's solution.

It worked this way. There was a glass container fixed to the head of the bed full of this stuff. From it a long rubber tube ran down to where the man was lying. Then beside his wound the rubber tube ran into a glass tube that was divided into as many as five different nozzles. On each was fitted a little rubber tube; and these were packed into various parts of the wound. They were kept in place with bandages; and then a clamp was fixed on the biggest rubber tube so that the right quantity dripped through the wound.

And it worked. That was what was so glorious. The treatment worked. It wasn't infallible, of course. Nothing is. But it was a wonderful treatment.

The men to whom it was administered kept lives they would have lost; stayed whole men when they would have been crippled; but all the same, the agony they were in every time the wound was dressed must have squeezed the strength out of their nervous systems. I know they used to grumble and moan and scream, brave as they were.

"Oh! docteur! . . . Oh! Oh! docteur!"

I can hear them yet. And there were cases where it was of no avail.

And what about the men who lay quiet and hung onto themselves when these things happened right next to them, at the very time when they themselves were in danger and they knew it?

And the people who looked after them were wonderful too. You see, in many cases it was entirely their own choice that they were there. Take the volunteer nurse who taught me my duties on the dressing cart.

Her name was Mary Hilder, and she was about twenty-four, and it wasn't her business to be there. She and her brother Waldron happened to be traveling in Europe when the war broke out, and they went to Paris and volunteered for service and had stuck at it ever since.

Now, you might fairly say that Waldron Hilder had been getting some fun out of it, dashing about with his ambulance under fire and tasting danger. But you couldn't say Mary Hilder could get a thrill out of running a dressing cart. It was just hard, boring work.

As a matter of fact, they were both sacrificing a good deal to do their war work. You see, they were the grandchildren of an old Irish-Californian, the son of a forty-niner, who had made good in railways, and they were chiefly dependent on him; and he was angry as could be when they got mixed up in this war—because he had the old-fashioned Irish hatred for England—and wouldn't send them another nickel.

But they didn't worry. They got along somehow. There was something large and calm and indifferent about those two. You felt you'd have had to light dynamite under them before you'd have got them to move if they hadn't wanted to do so. The war had—strengthened them. And so it had me.

I wasn't much interested in any of the nurses except Mary Hilder. But in those days nobody and nothing really existed except the men. It's queer how everything else went, even a sense of the war itself. Before I got there I used to think a lot about the war and what it was like at the front, and I was interested in all the details of organization.

But after I had been at Neuilly for a time an attack seemed to be something that sent a stream of stretchers pouring into the wards, and filled the beds with new faces or rather with new torn bodies, and kept us girls there one hour or two hours or maybe three after our usual ten-hour day.

But in the main, working like slaves was just what we wanted to do. You see, we thought that if we all backed up the armies by doing our best it would help to bring the war to an end. We had been brought up to believe that if you worked hard and behaved well, Heaven would reward you by making whatever you wanted happen.

We also had a feeling that Heaven must be on the side of nice, quiet people and undisturbed homes and not killing one another. We had not yet been made over by the war; we had not yet been completely divorced from our childish beliefs and the faith of our fathers.

After I had been nursing about a year, which is to say around New Year 1916, a change seemed to come over the war. So far as we nurses were concerned it was easier on the body and much harder on the mind. There were far more women working in the hospital now. Any number of girls had joined up, including my own cousin, Gracie Andrews.

Theoretically we should have been fine. Our work was easier; we had reached this grand state of being steady in our nerves, and we all had remarkable health. We were well fed. Also, and this is important for Americans living in Europe, we were warm enough. The folks that ran our hospital didn't mind paying money for coal, God bless them.

Yet we were all nearly crazy with depression.

It was chiefly, I think, because the work we were doing hurt us more than it had. It was like having a knife turned 'round and 'round in your heart. You see, in the first year, when cases started coming back for further treatment you just thought, well, the doctors haven't got onto what's wrong yet, but they will next time; and you got all excited by admiration for the men's courage. That would carry them over the ordeal, and then everything would be fine.

And then when the thing failed again and again, so that you couldn't hope or pretend about it, you fell back upon the excuse that these were terrible injuries which no one could reasonably expect to be cured; but that there were lesser injuries that were doing beautifully.

But it wasn't only the cases which came into the hospital that made you feel bad. It was time itself. It was the way the cases kept on coming, and coming, and coming. And as the war was getting older, the men were getting younger. It always seems especially sad when someone younger than yourself dies. And that was happening all the time.

There wasn't any part of you that felt right about the thing. At the beginning I'd taken it as natural that I didn't know what the war was about. I was a woman; I wasn't very bright; I'd never been mad on reading the papers. But I also took it for granted that *somebody* knew what it was all about. That back of us, who were just

helping out as soldiers and nurses and so on, there was someone who understood the situation and had it in hand.

But all of a sudden we found that we had lost that feeling. We didn't believe a soul knew anything about it. We didn't feel that the governments of the different countries knew what was going to happen any more than they could foretell the weather; and they had about as much control over it. The thing was just going on and no one could stop it.

This isn't a feeling I had alone. We all had it. It was crystallized in a saying that was on everybody's lips about this time.

I remember the first time I heard it. A young doctor and I were going down the ward with the dressing cart and we passed one bed where there was lying asleep a sweet boy who had been terribly mauled about. His face as he lay there was blue and hollow, as you wouldn't think a young thing's could be.

I said, "Thank God, that kid will be going home soon."

The doctor said, "But he won't. Doctor Laroche intends to operate again on Thursday."

"But why?" I exclaimed. "Why? I thought he was doing so beautifully. What do they want to operate for?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"C'est comme la guerre. Il ne faut pas chercher à comprendre."

"It's like the war. You needn't try to understand it."

They used to say it about everything; I tell you, they all felt as I did. As if the war was a masterless thing like the tides, and it was coming right for you, and presently the whole world would be drowned.

No, that isn't a right comparison. For water is a lovely thing, and fine and cold and bracing. This was more like being locked in a room, a horrid, squalid room with a faucet going drip, drip, drop. And every drop was somebody's life. And all the plumbers were dead.

I can't tell you how low in our minds we were.

Then suddenly there jolted out of us all a force that saved us.

At least that was the way it seemed to me—though I suppose lots of people, even then, wouldn't have called what it did to Waldron Hilder and me salvation, exactly . . .

It's a difficult thing to analyze.

I remember going down one night with Waldron and Mary Hilder and Gracie to one of those dances the British gave at their Overseas Clubs. We had all dolled up, which in itself marked a change in the atmosphere.

Mary looked her best in evening dress, not nearly so heavy as she did at other times, kind of Spanish and smoldering-eyed and interesting. Gracie was quite sweet, though she looks terribly church-social whatever she does. And I felt pleased with getting back into civilized clothes. We were all thrilled at the prospect of the evening.

When we were going along one of the boulevards Waldron Hilder leaned an elbow on the taxi window and looked out. Presently he said in his deep, lazy voice: "Paris is waking up."

Now, in a way that seemed a silly thing to say. Paris hadn't ever been asleep. In a sense it had been more alive than it ever had before, with the steady, steely activity of a conscript nation that starts on the job it's been preparing for all its life.

But that was a new Paris. The *old* Paris had been asleep. The old Paris that had existed to be gay had been as dead as mutton. The Rue de la Paix had had the look of something that didn't matter. Many of the Paris theaters had been closed. And there had vanished utterly that curious preoccupation, half mocking, half admiring, with singers and actresses and dancers whose great successes are achieved off the stage.

You never heard an anecdote of what Madame This had said to the Argentine Millionaire in her dressing room, and how Mademoiselle That was wearing only four beads in the new revue. All that had gone out of fashion.

And now it had suddenly come back. Silks, satins, scent, skin, were among us again, with their old prestige. The theaters were opening. And the beautiful women who weren't as good as they ought to be were called back and invited to be even less good, so long as Paris could love them and laugh at them.

And what was so upsetting was that this wasn't a breakdown.

Nobody was weakening. People were fighting at the front and doing their jobs as well as ever. That was disconcerting.

Here were men who were standing such a strain as human beings never had withstood before, and they were suddenly turning around and making Charles II seem a Puritan by contrast. For make no mistake: it wasn't the shirkers, the draft-dodgers or the old men who were responsible for this reawakening of voluptuousness. It was the soldiers themselves. I know, for I had seen the thing starting in my wards.

It showed itself, first of all, as a craving for more human relationships. You saw that in all the *marraine* and *filleul* business. If there was a soldier who hadn't folks to take an interest in him, he'd advertise for someone to adopt him as a godson. And if there was a woman who hadn't any of her kin at the front she'd advertise that she was willing to be a godmother to any soldier who needed one. Then they would exchange letters, and she would send him parcels, and maybe they would meet when he was on leave.

For the most part it remained what it seemed on the surface: a nice way for women who wanted to mother someone, and hadn't anyone to mother, to find the men who needed them.

But soon other things crept into the relationship. There were columns of advertisements for *marraines* and *filleuls* in the back pages of certain magazines, and the people who put them in weren't looking for godmothers and godsons in any sense that we would use the word!

One day one of the men had his *marraine* come to see him, and they brought me in to see her, she was so marvelous. She was a well-known cocotte, they said—a big blond woman, all of thirty-eight, I should say, with that old-fashioned busty figure they still like over there, and made up to look tremendously golden and regal.

And she was fine, sitting there jollying them in the loveliest French. There wasn't a man in the ward that wasn't mad about her.

They were all mad about women now. They talked about them all the time. *"La belle poule"* was a common phrase: it's the same as "Some chicken!"

And this talk wasn't as unpleasant as you might think because it had a kind of sanity, a wholesome realism that didn't make the men contemptuous of the pure things of life. I always thought it was remarkable the way that, though they took it for granted all the young bachelors and the older men would love to spend their leaves going off with beautiful girls, they also took it for granted that the young husbands among them would be in love with their wives and wouldn't be joining them.

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Full or Spare Time

IMAGINE a little automatic machine that opens any shape can, round, square or oval, in a couple of seconds at a mere twist of the wrist! Holds the can for you, and cuts out the entire top, slick, smooth and clean, inside the rim—juices can't spill! No jagged edges to snag your fingers. All food pours right out without scraping or spooning! No wonder Speedo representatives often sell to every house in the block and make up to $12 an hour! J. Williamson, Wisc., made $5 his first hour. Mrs. Spain, Kans., made $9 her first afternoon. Duncan, Mont., cleaned up $17 his first day. Ornoff, Va., $522 his first month. You, too, can make big money with Speedo.

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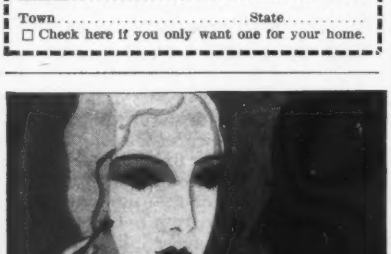

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There is a voice in woman's eyes—a clever little voice—that says the things she wants to say—and can't. Sometimes it sings—sometimes it sighs—always changing with her mood.....

And eyes are doubly eloquent when just a touch of WINX is used to darken brows and lashes—deepen their color—make them seem larger, brighter, lovelier.....

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WINX

Just before I had come out on this party with Gracie and Mary and Waldron Hilder we had had a little festivity in one of the wards because one of the boys had word from home that his wife had had twin sons. He was as pleased as Punch, so we'd put flowers around the ward and had special treats in the way of food, as we did if any of them got a decoration.

And it was noticeable how nice the men were about it. They joked with him, of course, but they were definitely for the wholesome family life. That hadn't been destroyed by their hunger for sex, any more than their courage and endurance had been. It was all very puzzling.

That was what had happened in France. So powerfully that we felt it in the wards in spite of our concentration on our work; so powerfully that it showed in the streets of Paris, in the dallying movement of the crowds on the pavements; so noticeably that Waldron Hilder at the taxi window said, "Paris is waking up!"

You could feel it at the dance we went to, which was at one of those clubs in the center of Paris run for the amusement of British and Colonial troops who were on leave or convalescent. I hadn't been to one for a long time. There had been only a few at first, and everybody had seemed so dispirited they hadn't been much fun, so I'd given up going.

But now it was different. Somehow you felt that everybody was out to have an extravagantly good time. Gracie started giggling right away. But she picked out someone she liked at once.

She said, "Oh, look at that tall fellow over there. Isn't he lovely? Hasn't he a most wonderful body?"

That struck me as a sign of how the war had changed us all. I am sure that Gracie, before she left Buffalo, had thought of people as consisting of heads, necks and clothes.

Fortunately, the young man seemed to be thinking something of the sort about Gracie, for the next thing I knew they were dancing together. Then Waldron arranged things so that Mary danced with a gorgeous-looking Anzac, as they called the Australians and New Zealanders who were fighting for the English. They looked wonderful together.

Then Waldron and I danced, and afterwards we sat and talked. I hadn't seen him for a fortnight or so, and then we'd been with a lot of people. So he had a wonderful chance to use what is always good technique for a man. He conveyed to me that because of what he had observed about me the last time we met, our relationship had altered in some important respect; that he felt differently about me; and he wouldn't tell me how.

I don't mean to give the impression that he was being insincere when he made love to me, because he used technique. He was the most honest person in the world, but he knew that was the way to interest women. And there couldn't be any real dishonesty about it, because I saw through the whole thing, and he knew that perfectly well.

In the middle of our talk Gracie bustled up to us and twittered, "Corinne, do you know that young fellow I've been dancing with is quite a person! He's from California and his people are prominent out there, and just before he came over here he went to the Yosemite Valley and did all the stunts for Douglas Fairbanks in his new film, and they paid him six thousand dollars! Oh, he's marvelous! I've asked him to supper at our hotel tomorrow! He's marvelous!"

We could have killed her.

"Of all the little prunes!" exclaimed Waldron as soon as she had gone.

I said, "Hold on; she's my cousin, and she's not a bad sort, really."

He said, "I'm sorry I spoke. I know she's a good little girl. But I'm all to pieces. This war thing is driving me crazy. This last week driving that ambulance has got on my nerves so that I can't carry on a day longer!"

"So you're going home to rest up?" I asked, feeling terribly lonely.

"Going home to rest up nothing!" he jeered. "I've joined the aviators. I start in learning to fly tomorrow."

It sounds queer and inhuman and morbid, but when he said that I simultaneously saw every prospect of disaster that might befall him. I saw his plane spinning like a toy down a blue sky, and felt pride, exaltation and relief. I felt as a girl in old Mexico might have felt when she heard that her sweetheart had been chosen as one of the human sacrifices to their bloodthirsty god.

I dare say that some backward, savage part of us did think of the war as a kind of god. It was the cause of everything that was happening round us; it was unquestionably more powerful than anything else we had ever known; we almost personified it. And when Waldron became more closely involved in it, it was as if he had moved nearer the source of power, was more important and dignified.

And in a queer way the thought of the danger to him was blotted out by a wave of attraction toward him. I thought of his plane spinning down the sky and a coil of feeling tightened like a spring in my throat, and at the same time a feeling that I would like Waldron to kiss me coiled up like a spring in my throat too, and as I could give that a satisfactory termination by getting him to kiss me, I decided to think of that and not of the spinning plane.

I had to think of it desperately hard, so that I got blind with it, and I found myself putting my hand over his and saying, "Let's dance! I want to dance!"

We did dance. He made love to me in his queer, stolid way.

Well, we had a grand time. We were all sorry when we had to go home. But there was some fine staff-work by the Hilders when we got to the hotel. Waldron started talking to me about raising money for the hospital as if he had something on his mind, and Mary caught his meaning and corralled Gracie into the elevator.

Then he said, "I want to come up to your room."

I had a bed-sitting room, but I thought it was too late. I objected, "You can't do that at this hour."

He said, calmly and persistently and candidly, "Sure I can. I don't mean any harm; I just want to kiss you."

That was true.

However, I said obstinately, "I'm sorry it just can't happen."

"Well, anyway, we've got to get out of here," he said. "I'll come up in the elevator, and we'll talk in the hallway."

So we went up together, and along the passage to my door, and then he put his arms around me and tried to kiss me. And the funny thing was that I didn't want him to do it, in spite of the fact that all evening I had been making plans that depended on his kissing me.

Next Month in Rebecca West's amazingly frank narrative of a war nurse's experiences, Corinne and Waldron Hilder are frustrated in their attempts to marry in France

Gamblers

(Continued from page 56)

that she had opened a difficult subject for him. "How did you guess it?"

"How much is it this time?" she asked coldly.

"Pretty bad," he said, avoiding her eyes. "My margins in that Amalgamated Motors deal are almost wiped out. But"—his tone lightened—"fifteen thousand will see me through until the upturn, and I'll pull out with a profit and go in with old Andy McCourt in his General Lead clean-up."

"I've only a few dollars left in my account, Hal."

"We'll get it on a deed of trust. Easiest thing going, old Janet," he said. "Step in and sign on the dotted line."

"Another loan on the house, you mean?"

"Yes. On the house. But I'll take it off in a week. This will pull me out of the red on that motors stock and McCourt's corner is *big*. I'll be in on the ground floor. Ought to have fifty thousand cool by Saturday."

"No," she said, walking past him; "I'm tired of this, Hal. I'm through."

His voice hurt her. It went dead suddenly, hopeless, bitter. "Very well, hon. That winds me up then, I guess. Bailey and Company goes blooey."

She hesitated. She was not thinking of the brokerage firm or the house but of the pretty costumes she must have for her part in "The Drunkard." She turned on him in anger.

"See here," she said. "I'm expecting a double allowance this month. I've just got to have it, understand?"

He shrugged and a twisted smile came over his mouth. "No can do, hon. I'm sunk without that fifteen thou. Straight. I'm not kidding."

She signed the deed of trust.

"You don't love me, Hal," she said in a choked voice, when it was done. "You don't love either Tommy or me. If you did you'd chuck the life you're making us lead."

Hal grinned. "Wait until I come home with my killing in General Lead. Then you'll be nice to me, old Janet."

She sniffed and flung down the hall to Tommy's room. In the darkness there, while she was arranging the sleeping child's bedclothes, she wondered if Cros Linn was right. Maybe she owed it to Tommy to make the break. This life with Hal had become a nightmare of fabulous riches one day and disgraceful poverty the next.

Janet patted Tommy's head and felt a tear on her nose. Perhaps she ought to leave Hal and——

Janet was in a dangerous mood the night the Thespians rehearsed Act II. The woes of Mary Wilson struck her as particularly revolting throughout the five scenes of the act. By the time Scene 5 was reached Janet was speaking her lines with vicious mockery. The climax came when Little Julia asked her mother about the swiftly degenerating Edward.

JULIA: Poor Father. I cried last night when Father came home and was so sick. Oh, he looked so pale and when I kissed him good night his face was hot as fire. This morning he could not eat his breakfast. What makes him sick so often?

The query of Little Julia, lisped in all seriousness by Mistress Joan Manion, set off a rocketing of laughter and applause.

"What makes him sick so often!" repeated a Junior Leaguer who had had three swigs from Charley Morrison's flask back stage. "That slays me!"

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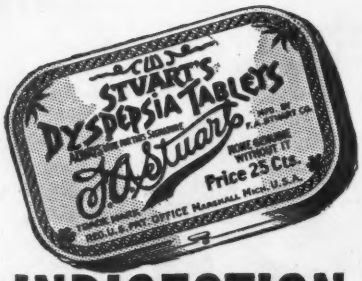

INDIGESTION

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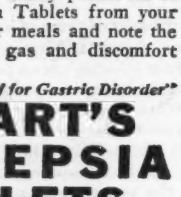

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Joan, not understanding, got angry. "Why are they laughing at me?" she asked Janet. "Didn't I say it right?"

Janet said, "They're laughing because it's such tripe."

Joan burst into tears and ran off the stage. Professor Lawson took her on his lap.

Jack Rolph walked over to Janet while Little Julia was recovering her composure. "Well," he said, "I see Cros Linn awaits without for milady."

"What of it?" snapped Janet.

"He's been here at every rehearsal."

"Yes?"

"Folks are commencing to talk, don't you think?"

"Let them."

"Frankly, Janet, I'm disappointed in you. I had lunch with Hal today. He looks like the devil. I suspect you are the cause of it."

"Rot. The market's bad."

"Well, anyway, you're not going to that gin party at the club with Cros tonight, are you?"

"We may. And see here, Jack, who appointed you the guardian of my morals?"

Jack's face looked more serious and purposeful than it had at any time since members of sundry secondary defenses used to see him coming through the line to do or die for the old Alma Mater.

"Didn't it ever occur to you, Janet, that two can play at this little game of polite cheating? You knew, of course, that Drusilla Sharpe has been after Hal for years?"

Janet drew herself up into a statue, a pale and charming sculpture representing Icy Hauteur o'erwhelming the presumptuous male.

"I know that Drusilla is one of Hal's clients. He helps her get rid of surplus dividends."

"More rot," said Jack. "It may be strictly business with Hal, but it isn't with Drusilla. And you're playing right into the lady's hands, Janet."

"Oh, shut up!" said Janet.

After the rehearsal she went with Linn to the party at the club. She did it to show Jack she resented his moralizing and to prove to herself she didn't care how many Drusilla Sharpes Hal ran around with. Janet was no boozer, but tonight she did not refuse the drinks which Linn offered her.

Linn was excited by the escapade, having waited so long for his chance, and overplayed himself. He took a lot of dubious liquor aboard. Shortly after midnight, he said thickly: "This party's too slow. Let's go out to Joe's."

Janet's befuddled mind did not grasp the probable consequences of such an expedition. She allowed Linn to slip a wrap around her and when he kept his arms overlong about her shoulders she made no protest.

On the driveway they met Jack.

"Going home?" he asked, eying Linn belligerently.

"No. Out to Joe's. Out to Joe's, for another lil party," said Janet.

"You're going home right now," said Jack.

Linn got in front of Janet. He moved cumbersomely and was becoming sick. "Run along, my boy," he said.

Janet thought of something funny. "Why, Jack," she exclaimed, "you're all out of character! You're not honest Will Dowton, who always turns up to save me. You're supposed to be Edward Middleton, my drunkard husband. Really you are, Jack. You're not Will Dowton at all. Morley Evans is Will Dowton, Jack. You ask P'fessor Lawson. Ask him, Jack."

Linn spoke again to Jack. "Get out of the way, you."

He swung a fist at Jack, who sidestepped, and the lurch of his body sent Linn sprawling on his face in the grass beside the drive. Before Janet could make out what had happened, Jack was dragging her toward his roadster.

The long ride through the park sobered her. She and Jack did not speak until they were at her own front door. Then she said, putting her chin up:

"Thanks, Jack. I've been a fool."

"Not at all, Janet," said Jack. "But you might have been, you know. Better trot along to bed. G'night."

The next morning she made it a point to get down to breakfast with Hal. She found him jubilant.

"I'll work myself out of that Amalgamated jam today," he exulted. "Then for a whirl with Andy McCourt. His General Lead block gained nine points yesterday and is still climbing."

She was thoughtful. "Hal," she said, "I wish you'd quit the brokerage business. Or at least the speculation part of it. Couldn't you be content with just commissions?"

His reckless grin put terror in her heart. "Commissions won't lift the mortgage on the family homestead, hon. And they won't buy you pretties for your stage début. How's the play going?"

"Awfully. It's pure bunk. Not a life-like line in it. But I'm not bothered about the play. I'm worried about you."

He tossed his napkin down, fever spots gleaming in his dark eyes. His head was full of the day's adventuring at the Exchange. He was eager to be at it, so eager that Janet was dismayed by her discovery of the hold this business of stocks and bonds had on him. She had seen the same look in his eyes across bridge tables when the stakes were high and at the races when he plunged on a fifty-to-one shot.

"Just hold your breath, old Janet," he said, as he went out the door. "Your husband is going to pull the neatest coup ever seen in this town."

He was gone before she remembered that she had not asked him if he had seen anything of Drusilla Sharpe lately.

The Thespians worked hard on Act III. Janet considered it the worst yet. She begged Professor Lawson to make cuts and tone down the melodrama.

"Can't we make it just a little less idiotic, Doctor Lawson?" she complained. "Even in that day people didn't talk like this. We're so far away from actuality that I'm afraid the play won't even be laughable."

Professor Lawson adjusted his spectacles and cleared his throat.

"We'll let it stand as written, Mrs. Bailey," he said with stubborn mildness. "I think there is some very sound sentiment underlying these passages, though perhaps the language is archaic."

The high note of Act III came when Mary Wilson with Little Julia, reduced to a New York garret and still mourning her wandering Edward, suffers an improper proposal from Lawyer Cribbs.

MARY: (*With proud disdain*) Most contemptible of earthborn creatures, it is false. The only fault of my poor husband has been intemperance; terrible, I acknowledge, but still a weakness that has assailed and prostrated the finest intellects of men who would scorn a mean and unworthy action.

CRIBBS: Tut, tut, you are very proud considering (*looking round*) all the circumstances. But come, I forgive you. You are young and beautiful. Your husband is a vagabond. I am rich, I have a true affection for you and with me——

(*Attempts to take her hand.*)

MARY: Wretch! *(Throws him off.)* Have you not now proved yourself a slanderer to effect your own vile purposes? But know, despicable wretch, that my poor husband, clothed in rags, covered with mire and lying drunk at my feet, is a being whose shoes you are not worthy to unloose.

CRIBBS: Nay, then, proud beauty, you shall know my power—'tis late, you are unfriended, helpless, and thus——

As honest Will Dowton came to the rescue, an impromptu audience which half filled the Little Playhouse set up great cheers for Will and hissed Lawyer Cribbs, thus mocking those naïve audiences of Boston Town who had hissed and cheered this play so long ago.

Crosby Linn met Janet in the lobby after the rehearsal. He wore a sad expression. They had not spoken of the scene at the club.

"Have you heard from Hal this evening?" he inquired, when they were outside.

"No. Not since morning, Cros. Why?"

He shook his head. "Hal has had tough luck, I'm afraid. I heard downtown he was in to his neck on that General Lead crash. The bottom dropped out of it. There was a big local pool and they all took a trimming."

Janet tried to hide from Linn how heavy this blow was. She said with an attempt at carelessness: "Well, I'd better run along home and cheer the poor boy up."

A dozen trite and melodramatic situations flashed through her mind. Hal bent over a smoking pistol—for one picture. Hal being comforted by the other woman—for another. Janet walked across the street to her car. Linn followed, trying to take her arm.

"You know, my girl," he said, "I love you. Always have loved you. (Look out for that car!) I want you to quit Hal. I don't want you to hit the toboggan with him. No use beating around the bush any longer. I want you to marry me."

Janet did not even become emphatic. "Thanks awfully, Cros," she said. "But I'll stick to Hal, I think."

Ten terrible minutes later, she was alone with Hal in the living room.

He had been telephoning. He put the receiver down and stood up, stiffly. He looked like an old man. She could not stand it.

She ran to him and said: "Here, here, straighten yourself, Hal. Good gracious." She patted his shoulder, tugged at his clothes, as if by patting and tugging she could draw defeat from him and make him tall and straight and young again.

He felt the trembling of her hands and put his arms around her and hugged her tight. "Old sweet Janet," he said; "old sweet Janet. I'll always remember that, Janet. I'll always remember that."

She tried to be casual, like an Oscar Wilde heroine. "Well, I suppose we're out in the cold cruel world and all that sort of thing, eh?" she said.

Hal stumbled to the divan and sank down, his face quivering. "Oh, Janet," he said, "I'm a fool. Just a fool. It wasn't only my own money I gambled away this time."

"Hal! How much?"

"Thirty thousand—about."

"Whose?"

"Old Andrew McCourt's. He had a big balance with me. He's out of town. It was there. I must have gone insane today. Just insane, Janet. I couldn't keep my hands off that money. I told myself I'd make a big killing and check

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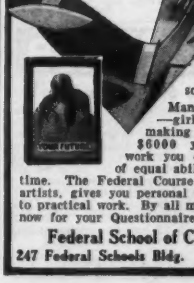

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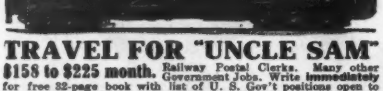

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what I took back into McCourt's account."

"Does he know?"

"No."

"When is he coming back?"

"In three days. He wired from Denver."

She was determined to be cheerful. "That's not so bad, then, Hal. Surely you can raise thirty thousand before Friday."

He lifted his head from between his hands. "No. There's no use kidding ourselves. I can't. Everybody knows I was in the General Lead smash-up and they figure it wouldn't help me any to throw their good money after mine. I've canvassed them rather thoroughly."

"Of course, we can find someone——"

There was no humor in his laugh. "Drusilla was the only one who offered to lend me money."

Janet brightened. "That was darned decent of her, I think. Didn't you——"

"You're a trustful old innocent, Janet. There was a string to that offer."

"You mean she got mushy?"

"Oh, very."

Janet became flinty with an emotion which antedated Oscar Wilde, Sheridan, Verlaine, Rabelais and Suetonius. Then she felt, suddenly, very soft inside and smiled at Hal through blurred eyes. He flung himself down again in a chair.

"If Andy McCourt wasn't such a cold-blooded fish I might get him to grant me a stay of execution. But I know him too well. He'll be squawking at the warrant office within an hour."

"He wouldn't be that awful, Hal. You know he wouldn't."

"Old Andy McCourt is a Scotsman and an investment banker and a crusty old bachelor. If you can get any comfort from that description, all right. I can't. I've made up my mind to take my medicine. If I plead guilty and spare the state any—er—trouble, I ought to get off with two years in the pen, don't you think?"

"Hal! No, no. Don't even say such things. Don't, Hal! Oh, don't!"

As she wept on his shoulder, she made up her mind. She would get the money herself. She wondered what sort of string Crosby Linn would have tied to it.

The night before Andrew McCourt's return to the city Janet rehearsed Act IV of "The Drunkard." She would have given up her part had she been willing to admit the gravity of the crisis which was hanging over her and Hal and Tommy. But, if the worst came to the worst, she knew a note to Cros Linn would bring him and his check book any time. She tried not to think about the terms of this loan.

To Janet Act IV was an ironic agony. In Act IV Arden Rencelaw, the noble banker, came to the rescue of poor fallen Edward Middleton, forgave him for forging a check against his account and lifted him from a New York gutter, literally. Janet sat off stage and watched Jack Rolph and Rannie Lovell, who had the part of Rencelaw, go through the first scene.

RENCELAW: Perhaps I can be of use to you. Are you indeed a fallen man? (EDWARD *looks at him and sighs and hangs his head.*) Then you have the greater claim upon my compassion, my attention, my utmost endeavors to raise you once more to the station in society from which you have fallen, "for he who lifts a fallen fellow creature from the dust is greater than the hero who conquers the world."

EDWARD: (*Starts*) Merciful heaven! My mother's dying words. Who and what are you?

RENCELAW: I am one of those whose life and labors are passed in rescuing their fellow men from the abyss into which you have fallen . . . Come, my brother, enter your name among the free, the disenthralled, and be a man again! (RENCELAW *takes his hand and lifts him from the gutter.*)

A slightly drunken Thespian called out, "Hear! Hear!" Above his cry sounded Janet's hysterical laughter.

No one understood why she thought this particular scene so funny. Lydia Johnson said to Professor Lawson:

"We're going to have trouble with Janet opening night, I'm afraid. She's determined to give this piece the horse-laugh. She had her heart set on doing something profound."

Professor Lawson frowned. He feared the same thing himself. It had been a long struggle to keep the Thespians from doing something profound. But Professor Lawson loved the drama too truly to weaken now.

Jack Rolph walked over to Janet in the wings. "Why," he exclaimed, "you're snuffling! Wasn't that you I heard laughing so loud? What's the matter?"

Janet did not answer. She was trying to imagine how old Andrew McCourt, a real banker, would look and what he would say tomorrow morning.

She and Hal sat together in Hal's office downtown. A stenographer came in and said, "Mr. McCourt to see you, Mr. Bailey."

Hal tossed a paper knife on the desk. He was white, but his eyes were steady. Janet was proud of the way he said, "Tell him to come right in." She would not have trusted her own voice to say anything.

Janet's heart fell like a ball of lead against her stomach when she saw Andrew McCourt. She remembered him vaguely as one of Hal's clients. This morning every detail of his appearance had for her a desperately important significance. She searched him up and down as Hal introduced him, trying to find a trace of kindliness which would give her hope.

But Andrew McCourt looked the sort who gives aid and comfort to grand juries. He had a long bony body stuffed into an old brown suit; it was a difficult tenant and made trouble in dozens of places, threatening to break through the knees of the trousers and the elbows of the coat. He had a long face like a Hambletonian horse, and his lower lip drooped, revealing a section of grayish gum and bad teeth.

Janet could not believe his mouth had ever smiled or that his gray eyes beneath two bushy patches that served him for brows had ever been soft with pity or love or kindliness or any generous emotion. His whitish, sandy hair was stingy.

"My wife, Mr. McCourt," said Hal.

"How do you do?" McCourt's thin voice responded automatically, and Janet had the feeling he didn't care how she did. He took a chair across the desk from Hal and her, wincing sourly at a rheumatic twinge. "Well, what's up?" he asked, not crossly, but not pleasantly, either.

Hal reached over and pressed Janet's hand. She was startled to find his fingers so warm. Hers were icy.

"I've embezzled thirty thousand dollars of your balance, Mr. McCourt," said Hal deliberately.

Janet could not allow the baldness of it to go unrelieved. "But we'll pay you back if you'll give us a little time," she put in quickly.

McCourt did not appear to have heard her. He and Hal looked at each other. She felt herself pushed aside, a helpless spectator.

There was Hal, slouched a little in his chair, hands gripping the arms hard, lean face in profile, grim and haggard—facing it. Across the desk sat old McCourt, seeming suddenly to have become embarrassed.

Hal waited for him to speak and when the pause became intolerable he said: "My wife thinks we can raise the money, but I know better. It would take us probably five years to repay you."

Janet made one more effort, remembering Crosby Linn. "I can get the money for you in a day or two, Mr. McCourt," she said.

"My wife," said Hal, "knows very little about money. We might as well face the facts. They are as I told you."

The banker stared at the carpet a moment. "Perhaps with a small stake you could win enough on the market shortly," he suggested.

Hal shook his head. "No. I'm through with playing the market, Mr. McCourt."

Was that the beginning of a smile on old Andy McCourt's face? Janet could not be sure.

McCourt cleared his throat.

"I wish you young fellows would stay out of General Lead," he said finally, grouchiness deepening his voice. "It's tricky stuff and you had no business butting in, Bailey. You got in before my merger was ready, and when I sent out reports of its failure to force the stock down to a point where a man could buy it reasonably you were caught out on a limb. It's annoying to see such asininity."

"I'm not blaming you, Mr. McCourt," Hal said.

"Well, and then you go and take thirty thousand out of my balance. Think where that might have landed me. I was out of town and couldn't be reached quickly. Supposing you needed margins to hold a likely block against a quick fall? You'd have had to go and sell my stock. Is that any way to treat a client?"

"No, sir."

"You deserve to go to the penitentiary for this."

Janet clutched at her throat. Hal nodded.

"I am expecting to," he said.

"Well, all I say is," growled McCourt, getting to his feet, "you've got to quit messing around in my operations or you can't be my broker any more."

Hal and Janet watched him walk to the door. Then Hal found his voice.

"But you haven't told us what you intend to do about that thirty thousand, Mr. McCourt!"

McCourt looked over his shoulder. "Do? What can I do? You'll not pay it back in the penitentiary. I don't suppose you'll ever pay it back outside, either. But you might."

"Oh, Mr. McCourt," cried Janet, "I can get the money for you today if you'll only——"

"See here, Bailey," said McCourt, "is your wife going to interfere in our business deals after this? If she is I'll have to get another broker. Now—as I was saying—about the thirty thousand. You might send me your I. O. U. when you get around to it. I don't think it will ever be worth anything but—h'mph—a bad debt is deductible from that confounded income tax."

"Right this minute, Mr. McCourt."

Hal grabbed a pen and started to write. But it dropped from his fingers in a splutter of ink. He looked at the paper in a dazed, stupid way.

"Mail it," said old Andy McCourt from the door. "I can't wait all day."

As for Janet—like an overwrought young lady of the Victorian Age—she fainted quietly and decorously in her chair.

The Thespians' première in "The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved" at the Little Playhouse turned out to be too priceless for anything.

"Wasn't Janet Bailey a surprise, though?" Lydia Johnson squealed at Professor Lawson. "All the rest of us giggled at our lines now and then, but Janet never cracked a smile. You would have thought she was taking her part seriously."

Lincoln the Martyr (*Continued from page 35*)

out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it—and it was generally cavalry.

"When Grant took hold I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand men, or thereabouts, up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sent to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of 'em or disband 'em."

Thus at length, toward the end of the war and his life, Lincoln finds a man of his own caliber, a man equal to himself in simplicity, straightforwardness and insight. Since Grant now takes charge of the center (where, by the way, he retains Meade in a post of honor and full responsibility), he appoints to his former department his friend the swiftly moving and clear-sighted Sherman, who continues, even when winning splendid victories in the later months of the year, to look upon Grant as his master. Now Sherman, with a superior force, begins to push back his adversary Johnston upon Atlanta, and finally achieves the conquest of this leading position well within enemy territory.

Grant, the first officer to ask nothing of the President, because he expects nothing, finds that Lincoln, in return, asks nothing from him—because he expects everything.

> Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you . . . If there be anything wanting which it is in my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

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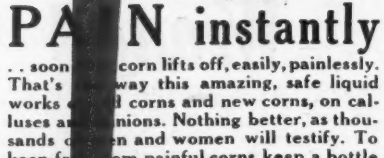

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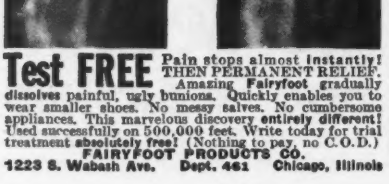

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enemy whenever and wherever he could; for the enemy was no longer in a position to replace his losses. The more territory the Northerners occupied, the wider the area from which they could recruit, whereas the Southerners were losing all the time.

Nevertheless, Lee was able again and again to slip out of the noose. In the end, the duel came to resemble a game of chess in which one player still has nearly all his pieces, while the other, with very few left, can put up a good fight, being the better player.

Thus in the spring there is an indecisive struggle on last year's battlefields; in June, there are northern reverses threatening Grant's position, but not causing Lincoln serious alarm. But finally in July, when Grant with 150,000 men is already close to Petersburg and Richmond, Washington is actually threatened by one of Lee's generals, just as it had been three years earlier.

Lincoln visits the forts of the capital, hears the bullets whistling, remains calm, wires to the General: "Let us keep on the alert, but let us keep cool." Welles describes him sitting in the shade at noon, leaning against the breastwork of a fort, his back toward the enemy. In this attitude, he is much more at home than Grant was at the White House.

The troops sent by the latter to relieve the capital arrive in time to drive away the enemy, who is, however, able to withdraw unmolested across the Potomac.

The fate of the country turns on the next Presidential election. If a Democrat is returned to head the administration, his mere election will suffice to paralyze the northern forces and to invigorate the declining strength of the South, for both sides know that the Democrats aim at peace without victory. On the other hand, the election of a Republican President will mean a fight to a finish.

For Lincoln this alternative is complicated by the fact that his own party is hostile. The radicals detest him because at the outset he had not taken a clear line upon the slavery question, and because, when he subsequently decided for abolition, he had done so only as a war measure. The members of the Greeley clique have personal reasons for wanting someone else as President, and negotiate at first with General Butler and General Rosecrans, but incline at last to unite in support of Frémont.

Of these factions in Missouri, Lincoln says: "Either party would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson Davis. You ought to have your heads knocked together."

A Troublesome Opponent

But Lincoln's most troublesome opponent is not at the front, as are these generals; he is in the Cabinet, and in daily converse with the President. This is Chase, who has done the state invaluable service as a financier, but never has been loyal to his chief and under the promptings of ambition has been putting himself forward inconspicuously as a possible candidate—doing so primarily as a critic of the extant President.

But when the convention meets at Baltimore in June, the generals and Chase are out of the running, and it is resolved: "That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and the unswerving fidelity to the Constitution . . . with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged . . . the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office . . . that we approve, especially, the Proclamation of Emancipation."

The wording of Lincoln's acceptance is remarkably cool:

> I regard this nomination for a second term of office by no means as a personal compliment, but only as an expression of the general view that I am perhaps better fitted to carry a difficult task to a conclusion than might be one who had not been so severely trained for it.

These months during the last summer of his life are probably more exciting than any others; indeed, he receives a number of urgent demands to withdraw before the election. Weed, the greatest of party managers, declares that he has no chance of success and forms a cabal with Greeley; the chairman of the central Republican committee advises him to make overtures for peace, as a means for saving himself at the polls; committees come to him with requests that he make way for another candidate. The name of this candidate is Grant.

The previous year, some of the newspapers had already referred to Grant as the coming man. In June, when a gathering is held to do honor to Grant—with the thinly disguised object of running him for the Presidency—Lincoln, invited to participate, writes:

> It is impossible for me to attend. I approve, nevertheless, of whatever may tend to strengthen and sustain General Grant and the noble armies now under his command. He and his brave soldiers are now in the midst of their great trial, and I trust that at your meeting you will so shape your good words that they may turn to men and guns, moving to his and their support.

For even now Lincoln is not quite certain how deep this longing for fame and love of popular acclamation may have gnawed in Grant; he is afraid lest it may have distracted the General's thoughts from the army, and he therefore sends a confidant to the front to make inquiries. At the first question with regard to designs of running him for the Presidency, Grant says, striking his fists hard on the strap arms of his camp chair: "They can't compel me to do it." So emphatic a gesture is rarely seen from General Grant.

"Have you said this to the President?" asks the visitor.

"No, I have not thought it worth while to assure the President of my opinion. I consider it as important for the cause that he should be elected as that the army should be successful in the field."

Lincoln is greatly relieved at the news. "I told you they could not get him to run till he had closed out the rebellion," he says, but he wanted confirmation of this presentiment.

His old friend Swett writes home from New York:

> Lincoln's malicious enemies want to call a convention at Buffalo to nominate someone else—Seymour, Chase, Frémont. The Democrats are holding a convention to resist the draft. Early this morning we seized three thousand pistols intended for distribution in Indiana. In Chicago, the war Democrats wanted to nominate a loyalist, while the aim of the peace Democrats was to get the better of the government by entering into an alliance with Davis, and thus, having got control of both armies, to organize a general rising. The most terrible things may be foreseen . . . We are in the throes of a conspiracy which recalls the French revolution.

The most terrible things . . . conspiracy

—why not assassination? "If they kill me," says Lincoln calmly, "the next man will be just as bad for them. In a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible and will come if they are determined on it."

At this time of crisis, when bitterness of feeling is at its climax, in the middle of August, the landlord of an inn in a little Pennsylvania town finds one morning an inscription on a windowpane, scratched with a diamond. The words run: "Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison."

The finder pays little attention to the matter, for the date mentioned is already past, and the style of the inscription suggests that it must be the work of a lunatic. Not until eight months afterward, when the whole country is ringing with the name of an assassin, does he recall that at the time in question the room had been tenanted by an actor named Booth.

Lincoln is Reelected

Suddenly the popular mood changes. Soon news comes that Sherman has made his victorious march through Georgia, has conquered Atlanta, and as a rejoinder to the convention of the war-weary Democrats, Lincoln is able to order a day of prayer and thanksgiving in commemoration of the latest victories. Now, when the Army of the West is able to penetrate farther into the enemy land, hope revives in the North, and therewith Lincoln's chances of election improve. Schurz throws up his position as General to speak for Lincoln, as he had done four years earlier; and even Chase decides to campaign for the President's reelection.

As a result of all this Lincoln is reelected by an overwhelming popular majority with 212 votes out of 233 in the electoral college, and the next evening he exclaims to a gathering: "I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph . . . It is no pleasure to me to triumph over anyone."

For Lincoln, private life has ceased to exist. Work, agitations, enemies at home, reverses abroad, danger threatening to undo the work done by the fathers of the country and to frustrate the activities of his own career—such has been his lot for three or four years, almost without cessation. The treefeller's tall body has been attacked from within; he is laid up for a while by a sort of smallpox, caught in a visit to the front; he complains that his legs are always cold, but he will not give way.

Very rarely indeed, after a sleepless night, will he lie down or say that he is too tired to receive visitors. "I hardly know how to rest. It may be good for the body. But what is tired in me lies within, and can't be got at."

Riding is almost his only exercise: and on his rides and drives Lincoln has to put up with the precautions of Stanton, who insists on his being accompanied by a bodyguard. However, sometimes in summer, while he is staying at his country quarters, and when it is impossible for him to sleep, he gets up in the middle of the night and rides off unattended to the War Department.

After riding into Washington in the small hours, he sometimes spends the rest of the night at the White House, writing or reading, and rides back to the Soldiers' Home when morning comes, depressed in mood. Such depression is common enough, for Lincoln is incapable of taking much delight in victory or in hatred for the enemy, and civil war is doubly distressing to him, since the enemies are his brothers. "The war," he says in a speech during the last year of his life, "has carried mourning to almost every home, until it can almost be said that 'the heavens are hung in black'!"

Only at considerable intervals, now, has he time to give himself up lovingly to the careful elaboration of a speech, and this is one of the ways in which he finds relaxation. Here the poet in him is seeking an outlet, in conjunction with the natural desire to express in words the feelings of his big family.

Apart from the inaugural address, and the Proclamation, Lincoln probably never has taken more pains in the preparation of a brief speech than he takes over the wording of the address he makes at the consecration of a cemetery in Gettysburg. In the open air, to an audience of many thousands, there has spoken before him the most famous orator in the country—the handsome Everett, whose method is classical.

Then, amid the general tension, the President mounts the rostrum, takes a document out of his coat pocket, selects one sheet from it, puts on his glasses with an unceremonious gesture, and in his high voice reads aloud a few sentences, making too quick a job of it to give the photographers stationed in front of him time to do their work. He says:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And what Lincoln with honest conviction denies, does after all happen. The name of Gettysburg would have been merely the name of one among numberless battles, except for these words that have made the name immortal, showing once again that Homer can be productive without Achilles, but that Achilles cannot win immortality without Homer.

Mary's disappointment grows. The glamour of the White House, the splendors of which she had fondly dreamed, can rarely shine forth in this time of war, and once when she holds a great gathering, she earns scant approval.

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Yet what is there to satisfy her throughout these years beyond the display of a power which really belongs to her only as a shadow without substance? Had she been a devoted wife with no thought beyond the endeavor to relieve her husband of the cares which weigh upon him, or had she been a shrewd helpmate from whom now and again he could seek counsel, she could have found more satisfaction in such ways than in ostentation.

Furthermore she is a woman from the South, and is therefore open to the suspicion, however foolish, however unwarranted, of treasonable practices, or at least of lending aid to espionage. Thousands upon thousands, not only at Washington but in widening circles, know that the President's lady has brothers and other kinsmen in the rebel army, and if the soldiers string together malicious rhymes about her, if they invent fables about Mary's quite imaginary lovers, if they couple her name with that of Jefferson Davis, these expressions of the popular mood must be regarded as symbolic of her estrangement from the common folk that contrasts so signally with Lincoln's fundamental oneness with the people.

Problems of the President's Wife

When her brother is killed in the war, she cannot wear mourning for him, and she has to rejoice outwardly over the conquest of southern states, although at Vicksburg a second brother has been fatally wounded. A third northern victory costs the life of a third brother.

After her boy's death, she is almost crazy for a time; she never again enters the room where he died; and once she is so extravagant in her expressions of sorrow that Lincoln, pointing to an asylum, says as if prophetically, "Mother, do you see that large white building yonder? Unless you control your grief, I am afraid we shall have to send you there."

She sees visions. Her dead son and her slain brothers (so she tells her sister) appear at the foot of her bed; and she is anxious about Lincoln, partly from superstitious foreboding and partly through a reasonable dread that attempts will be made to assassinate him.

Once when, accompanied by some guests, she is driving to Ford's Theater whither Lincoln occasionally went for relaxation, and the carriage jolts against some obstacle, she fancies that an attack is being made. The lady who is with her asks the President whether the eight cavalrymen of the bodyguard are not a perfect protection.

"Not much," he rejoins. "I believe when my time comes there is nothing that can prevent my going. But the people will have it so." When they reach the theater, a way has to be made for them through the crowd, and it occurs to the lady how easily something might happen here.

Sometimes, too, as in former days, Lincoln is still alarmed by a dream. One morning he sends his wife a telegram containing the sentences: "Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him."

Mary takes away the pistol and leaves it in the hotel when she returns with the boy to Washington. Soon afterward the President wires to the hotel-keeper: "Tad is teasing me to have you forward his pistol to him." We see Lincoln torn between superstition and paternal love, between premonition and tenderness.

The greatest relief of tension that comes to Lincoln during these four years is in one of the most arduous of his duties and is the outcome of his wish to temper justice with mercy, for in him compassion predominates even over his craving for justice.

Desertion in war-time is a capital offense. But there is always Father Abraham who will not hurt even a cat! Appeal to the President, and he will look into the matter.

Every case, in fact, is carefully studied by him, with the result that during the last two years of the conflict there are filed in the War Department hundreds upon hundreds of telegrams containing the phrase, "Suspend execution of" So-and-so.

Disciplinary considerations, which the angry generals are apt to adduce as reasons against all this leniency, leave him cold. Cowardice? "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." Another time: "If God has given a man cowardly legs, how can the fellow help it if they run away with him?"

In a message to Congress: "The severest justice may not always be the best policy." He is especially keen on protecting the younger soldiers: "I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground." Or he probes to discover the indirect causes of desertion: "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? . . . I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy, is not only constitutional but withal a great mercy."

Sometimes the only excuse he can find for extending clemency to a deserter —and he always has to justify himself to the generals—is the offender's youth. "I am opposed to the shooting of a young fellow under eighteen."

This is the father of the nation, one who is always thinking how to help his people, even when they make it difficult for him. He does not deny that his motive is selfish, sublime though it may be, for "it gives me a restful feeling when, at the close of a hard day's work, I can find some excuse or other for saving a man's life." Another time he defends his clemency with the fine saying: "You do not know how hard it is to let a human being die, when you feel that a stroke of your pen will save him."

A woman has lost five sons on the field of battle. Hearing of this, the President writes to her:

> I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.
>
> Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
>
> A. Lincoln

Of course he is often downhearted, for the succession of petitioners is unending; but when the President is advised to receive fewer visitors he rejoins that this cannot be done, because he imagines himself in the situation of those who come to ask help. And once, when there is talk of a poor man who has no friends, Lincoln says: "If he has no friends, I will befriend him."

Thus he wins more abiding satisfaction than comes from the votes of majorities in Congress or even from the

victories won by Grant, when an old man from the highlands of New York state comes to him and says: "Up there we believe in God and Father Abraham."

At Christmas, General Sherman presents Lincoln with the city of Savannah "as a Christmas gift . . . with 150 heavy guns . . . also about 25,000 bales of cotton." His famous march through Georgia has shown the world that an army of 60,000 men can now traverse the whole breadth of the South, and then form a junction with the fleet for the establishment of a new base.

The terror aroused in the South by this forward movement is as great as the renown it acquires in other parts of the world. Grant, meanwhile, has held Lee so firmly in check that the latter, outnumbered, has never ventured to give battle to the northern forces.

In the middle of February, when Charleston falls, he and Sherman have Lee between two fires, and Grant is able to cut the main railway of the South, so that communication with the Southwest is broken off, Richmond becomes untenable, and the only remaining question is whether Lee will surrender or continue the struggle. Not until now does Jefferson Davis, who for four years has insisted on keeping the supreme command, decide to give this responsibility to Lee; he himself, he pathetically declares in a speech, wishes to live and die with the Confederacy.

Then on March the fourth Lincoln delivers his famous Second Inaugural Address.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured . . .

"Both [parties to the dispute] read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes . . . 'It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

"Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow, and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Now, when victory can be a question only of weeks, he gives all the honor to that force of destiny which he terms God and ventures to tell his astonished auditors that God's ways are to be regarded as righteous, even if they involve the long continuance of bloodshed. After he has for four years devoted himself to all the activities forced on him by circumstances, relieved from this burden, he is able to resume the rôle natural to him—that of one who awaits destiny's decree and accepts whatever fate assigns.

And now at the very end of the war Lincoln, in the saloon of a river steamboat, sits face to face with the vice president of the enemy confederation, his sometime friend of Congress days, Stephens. That Lincoln should be here, even though informally, to discuss possibilities of peace, is one of those improprieties through which he forfeits the confidence of politicians of his own day —and assures the common-sense approval of posterity.

Stephens, who had been working for peace in the South since the previous autumn, and had now been commissioned to negotiate, arranges through Grant to get in touch with the political chiefs of the North, though he still desires to maintain the independence of the South. Without informing his Cabinet, still less questioning it, Lincoln follows his natural promptings, goes on board, accompanied by Grant and Seward. When the three receive Stephens and two of the latter's friends, the fact that the negotiators are old acquaintances dispels any embarrassment.

When Stephens asks if there is no possibility of avoiding the continuance of the war, Lincoln answers that it will be enough for them to cease their resistance. When Stephens says that the settlement of the main issue might be postponed and speaks of the likelihood that the severed States will voluntarily and freely enter into a new Union, Lincoln rejects the idea and speaks of the history of his Proclamation, remarking that he would not have interfered with slavery had he not been compelled to maintain the Union. He even admits that he is still prepared to compensate the southern slave owners, since the people of the North are equally responsible for slavery.

Lincoln's Firm Stand

Thus friendly is Lincoln's attitude toward the enemy. But when Stephens tries to touch him to the quick by describing the devastations, he finds the heart he knows so well adamant. Lincoln is not to be diverted from his statesmanlike course. He refuses to treat with armed rebels.

"Charles the First of England," interposes one of Stephens' companions, "was willing to do so."

"I don't profess to be posted on history," replies Lincoln. "On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I recollect about the case of Charles the First is that he lost his head."

"Then," says Stephens, "you look upon us as rebels, who ought really to be hanged for treason?"

"Yes, that's so."

"We had supposed as much. But to tell you the truth, we are not seriously afraid of being hanged so long as you are President."

Has a parley to discuss the possibilities of peace ever before or since been conducted and ended in such a mood? But for Lincoln, it would have been no more

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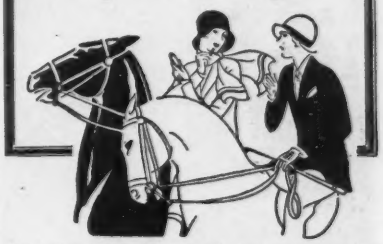

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than a chilly negotiation; he lifts it into the levels of human kindliness and humor. No doubt he keeps close watch on his adversary, for subsequently, describing the appearance of the small and graceful Southerner, he says: "Mr. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm, and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking, as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During the return journey Lincoln is anxiously probing every possibility of inducing the South to surrender more speedily. Might not some concession bring the war to its close sooner? How long is the struggle likely to last? A hundred days, at least. What will this cost the North? More than $300,000,000. What if, instead, they give the money to the enemy, and thus save thousands of human lives?

The very next day, he drafts a message and a resolution to be submitted to Congress. Let $400,000,000 be allotted to the South for distribution among the slave owners in amounts proportional to their losses owing to the liberation of the slaves, one-half to be payable at once on April first, and the balance as soon as the amendment to the Constitution shall have been ratified. All sequestrated property, with the exception of slaves, is to be restored, and all political offenders are to be pardoned.

When, a day later, he lays this proposal before his Cabinet, enthusiastically recommending its adoption, it is unanimously rejected. "You are all opposed to me," he says with a deep sigh. On getting home, he indorses the draft with the following docket: "Today these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them."

Nothing in Lincoln's life shows more plainly how the lover of mankind and the statesman, the heart and the brain of this practical idealist collaborated to do what was reasonable for the moment and of profound significance for the future.

At length the terrible pressure from which the President has suffered throughout four long years begins to loosen and all the witnesses are agreed in declaring that there is a change in him during the last weeks of his life.

Now, for the first time, he takes a kind of holiday, wishing to escape the rout of place-hunters who once again, just as four years earlier, are threatening to invade the White House. It is March; the enemy capital may fall any day; Grant has invited the President to look on at the final decision of the issue, so the latter with his wife and a few intimates is going to take ten days of rest on board a river steamer in the midst of the army.

Mary is the only person who is not happy these days. She is paying her first lengthy visit to the army, has a unique opportunity of showing herself off, and a pleasant excursion in the company of the French ambassador and other distinguished persons is, of course, very much to her taste. They are going to the front of the Army of the Potomac, most of the men on horseback, but the two ladies, Mary and Mrs. Grant, driving in a sort of open carriage. As escort, there is a general on the box seat beside the coachman. In the course of the drive, this gentleman remarks that they will meet another lady, the wife of General Charles Griffin and a personal friend of Mrs. Grant; he adds that, owing to the approach of hostilities, all women have been ordered to the rear, but Mrs. Griffin has received from the President a special permit to visit her husband for a day or two.

Mary is dumfounded. A woman has seen the President, and she has known nothing of it. "What do you mean, sir? Did she see the President alone? Do you know, sir, that I never permit the President to see any woman alone?" The General strives to appease her. "That is a very equivocal smile, sir. Let me out of this carriage at once! I will ask the President if he saw that woman alone!" She wants to be taken to her husband immediately.

An officer grasps the situation, rides off to Lincoln, and returns with the comforting assurance that Stanton, and not the President, has issued the pass.

No one foresees how momentous are to be the consequences of this incident, but the probability is that a fortnight later it saved the life of General Grant.

The President Enters Richmond

A few days later, Petersburg and Richmond fall, Lee and Davis flee with the remnants of the southern army, and everyone throngs to see the fortified city which has at length been taken. The river, though not yet freed of mines, is already lively with shipping, gay with bunting and merry with music; but the ships are stranded on sand banks, and when the President, accompanied by Tad, takes the Admiral's ship to enter Richmond but is stranded like the others, he gets into a barge towed by a steam tug with a file of marines on board.

No salute is fired; no triumphal entry has been prepared. Everything is extemporized, like Lincoln's life. But he laughs, well pleased, and tells an anecdote of a place-hunter who had begun by asking for an appointment as ambassador but in the end had been glad to accept the gift of an old pair of trousers; and when the tug has to be cast off and dispatched to help another stranded steamer, the crew of the barge row on and stick fast on a rock, but manage to back off after a time. On this day of victory the sometime flatboatman is destined to be put in mind of New Salem.

At the first landing place on the steep bank there is a small house, and here they disembark. Bedded in green are the white homes of the southern town, well tended, but sinister and deserted, ominously quiet, the only people in sight being a dozen negroes, digging under the leadership of an old man. This latter now stands upright, drops his spade and exclaims: "Bress de Lord, dere is de great Messiah!"

Like a prairie fire the news of Lincoln's arrival spreads and the streets seem suddenly to be alive with the colored race. They spring from the earth. They come tumbling and shouting from over the hills and from the waterside. The little party of whites is in danger of being crushed, and the Admiral orders twelve of the boat's crew to fix bayonets and form a guard round the President; but the negroes are not alarmed, and the press increases. Since he cannot move, Lincoln must do something. He raises his hand, and instantly there is silence. Then he speaks:

"My poor friends, you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years.

But you must try to deserve this priceless boon.

"Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them; obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things.

"There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

Thus speaks Abraham Lincoln when for the first time in his life he stands in the midst of a black multitude, thronging round him, shouting to him in a moment of fulfillment such as is vouchsafed to few. He speaks as a father, at once far removed and close at hand, perhaps with an instructive mien, perhaps with one of warning, certainly with one of love; for in this hour his figure recalls that of the Teacher in whose name all these things had been done. He stands there, long and lean, wearied by the struggle he has been carrying on for a decade, the struggle which, by devious paths no one has hitherto understood, and despite calumnious tongues, he has at length brought to a successful issue.

After Lincoln and his party visit Jefferson Davis' headquarters and the State House of the Confederate Congress and are driving back to the riverside in an open carriage, the Admiral becomes uneasy, for in the gathering darkness what would be simpler than for these vengeful Southerners to seize the chance of getting even with the arch-enemy?

For what had not happened in Richmond, because in these days of confusion the President's visit thither had not been foreseen, might easily happen in Washington.

It was to happen, and it did.

As far back as two years earlier, a secret society for the assassination of Lincoln had been financed in Richmond by wealthy persons. A year later, there was talk of a conspiracy entered into by one hundred and fifty carefully picked young fellows, who were to kidnap Lincoln and carry him off. An artist who was portraying Lincoln asked him if he had heard of the scheme.

The President smiled and replied: "Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause or make the least difference in the progress of the war. Everything would go right on just the same. Soon after I was nominated at Chicago, I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular installment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail . . . It is no uncommon thing to receive them even now, but they have ceased to give me any apprehension . . . There is nothing like getting used to things."

His general attitude toward the matter is one of incredulity. And now it never seems to occur either to him or to his friends that the dangers of his position in this respect are intensified by the victory. Besides, various sinister incidents of the last twelve months have not at this time become publicly known.

One of these was the discovery of the remarkable inscription on a windowpane in a provincial inn, but this was not announced till long afterwards. Nor did anyone learn at the time of a remarkable incident in the Winter Garden Theater, in New York, one November evening. "Julius Cæsar" was being played, and in the cast were all three of the Booth brothers, two of whom lived by the fame of the third.

This last, the most famous tragedian of his day, that night was playing Cæsar, and one of his brothers was playing Mark Antony—a man of twenty-six, exceptionally handsome, with an olive-tinted skin, classical features, a Roman nose and flashing eyes, but, it would seem, a poor allowance of talent. In the third act comes the scene at the Capitol, where Mark Antony stirs up the citizens to take vengeance on Brutus. Booth delivered the speech with increasing emphasis, as the rôle demands, coming at length to the familiar climax:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
. . . but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

And here the actor strengthened the fortissimo of the conclusion by adding the words *"Sic semper tyrannis!"*—the phrase which, so the tale runs, Brutus had uttered as he thrust his dagger home in Cæsar's breast. But in America, at that date, it was better known as the motto on the Virginia coat of arms.

The slip passed almost unnoticed, but one of the audience, who reported the matter long afterward, turned to his neighbor with the skeptical inquiry: "Is that in Shakespeare?" Another, sitting behind, remarked: "It is the motto of the state of Virginia." But the man of whom the question had been asked replied: "It's all right; he is speaking for Brutus."

At this moment there came a cry of "Fire!" Everyone in the theater jumped up, and in a minute or two the place was emptied. Soon came tidings that simultaneously fires had broken out in sixteen New York theaters and hotels, obviously the concerted work of incendiaries. It seems likely that the words *"Sic semper tyrannis"* were a signal.

However that may be, in the excitement caused by the fires, the mysterious utterance on the stage was forgotten. But there were far more obvious signs that plans for assassination were afoot. At about the same time there appeared in an Alabama newspaper a subscription to a fund for the assassination of Lincoln, Seward and Johnson before they should take office. A similar document remained invisible. Shortly after Lincoln's reelection, a lieutenant wrote to Jefferson Davis offering to make an end of the leader of the North; the missive was passed on to the Secretary of War and other high officials "for attention."

Booth's Conspiracy

When Lincoln, the enemy of his country, was elected President for the second time, Booth went to Canada, the focus of activity for southern conspirators and spies. There, it would seem, he hatched a plan for kidnaping Lincoln. Getting together helpers and sympathizers, and obtaining money from unknown sources—he always insisted that he had made it himself by successful speculations in petroleum—he returned in due course to Washington, with the intention of carrying out his design on the day of the inauguration. He tried to force his way into the eastern entrance of the Capitol, and disordered the line of police guards, but he was rebuffed. He declared later that a valuable opportunity had been missed on this occasion.

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Yes, this also was the Capitol! Would he not doubly play the part of Brutus if he were to strike down this new Cæsar in full sight of the people? The deed was only postponed. As soon as Richmond fell, he hastened to organize in Washington a conspiracy, for which plans had already been made in March.

Among the conspirators were Powell, formerly a soldier in the rebel army, a man named Atzerodt, a woman who had at one time been well-to-do in Maryland, but now kept a small boarding house in Washington, and others—Southerners one and all. Atzerodt lost heart and would have liked to get out; but the ringleader had complete ascendancy over his underlings and knew how to impose his influence on them all.

Each was assigned a specific part. Powell, the stalwart but simple-minded young Floridian, was to kill Seward; another, the comic villain of the drama, was to deal with Johnson, the new Vice President; Booth had reserved the main rôle in the tragedy for himself; a fourth conspirator, Herold by name, very young, was to function as a sort of page and to help the arch-conspirator to escape; the boarding-house lady and her daughter were likewise in the secret. A Shakespearean exposition. The only thing still uncertain was the date; it would have to be soon after Lincoln's return from Richmond.

Chance brought him back sooner than had originally been planned. Seward was seriously injured in a carriage accident, and Lincoln had hurried back to Washington—to triumph and to death.

The capital and the whole country are jubilant. In Washington crowds gather, released from an evil spell, enraptured by the thought that the bad days are over. They throng the approaches to the White House, and twice the President has to address the people.

Not one among the thousands notices the repressed passion with which two young men near the front of the gathering contemplate the speaker and listen to the following words: "If universal amnesty is granted to the insurgents, I cannot see how I can avoid exacting in return universal suffrage, or at least suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service."

"That means negro citizenship," says the elder of the two young men to the other. "Now, by heaven, I'll put him through." They are Booth and Herold.

The Ending of the War

At the stroke of noon on April the fourteenth, the guns thunder at Fort Sumter, as they had thundered there four years earlier, but this time they are northern guns and the charges are blank. The same Major Anderson who had then been in command of the fort, now bearing the rank of General, runs up the very star-spangled banner which had then been shot down, while the band plays and the crowd shouts.

The same morning Lincoln had been sitting in his study, surrounded by the members of the Cabinet. Before the session he had spent an hour listening to his eldest son's report of what he had seen with the army—thus being able to learn many confidential details regarding the surrender, and at the same time to study the capacities of his son, who had been away from home several years.

When Robert showed him a picture of Lee, he scanned it long and thoughtfully, and then said: "It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. I am glad the war is over at last."

The Cabinet meeting, the first for several weeks, and the first since the southern surrender, proceeds in a mood very different from that of previous ones for years past. Seward is absent; but instead, Grant is there (for it was as a member of Grant's staff that Robert had arrived in Washington that morning). All join in congratulating the victor.

"The President," reports Welles, who had worked with him in this room for four years, "was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him before, hoping for peace, full of humanity and gentleness." This is not only because of the victory, for when Grant makes no secret of his uneasiness at the absence of news from Sherman, Lincoln says that Sherman will get the better of Johnston, indeed has already done so. For last night he had a dream which he had dreamed several times:

"It was in your department," he says, smiling at Welles; "it related to the water. I seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, that was moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; before landing, I awoke. I have had this singular dream before great events, before victories preceding Antietam, Stone River, Gettysburg and Vicksburg."

"Stone River was no victory," General Grant remarks, with some acerbity.

Nothing but a profound stirring of the inner self could have made this lonely man thus disclose his secret thoughts; nothing but a sincere faith in the veracity of dreams could have transformed him for the first time in his life into an optimist and have enabled him to throw off his cares.

The Cabinet consider the problem of reconstruction. Stanton has already elaborated his plans and submitted them to his colleagues. The President says his say. He is glad, he declares, that Congress is not sitting. "If we are wise and discreet, we can reanimate the states and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reestablished, before Congress comes together in December."

He goes on to speak of the prevailing desire for revenge, for the punishment of the rebels, and says he will have none of it: "No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," says he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep.

"Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union. There is too much disposition, in certain quarters, to hector and dictate to the people of the South, to refuse to recognize them as fellow citizens. Such persons have too little respect for Southerners' rights. I do not share feelings of that kind."

At the same hour as this last Cabinet meeting Booth has just heard that the President and General Grant are going to the theater in the evening. Since Grant is to be one of the victims, the chance must be seized tonight, for tomorrow he will be off again. He is not enamored of Washington and is uneasy about Sherman, not being a man to put any faith in Lincoln's dream.

The manager of the theater has actually announced that Lincoln and the General are coming tonight; everything is being made ready for a gala performance, and the President's box has been draped with flags.

In all haste, Booth has put the last touches to his scenario. Powell is to make his way into Seward's house late that evening, under pretext that he is a messenger from the doctor and is

bringing medicine. The idea of assassinating the Vice President seems to have been abandoned at the last moment, but all that is certainly known is that Booth left a card on Johnson the day before.

For his own use he has hired a fine horse, has shown it with pride to his acquaintances and has put it in charge of Herold, who is fully informed as to the plans. At noon he goes to the theater, where one of the stage carpenters, a Southerner, places the chairs in the box the way he wants them, and in the inner door leading into the box bores a small peephole.

His fervor is intensified by the chance of making an end of the two supreme criminals at the same time. Stage-struck as he is, he gives one of the actors a document in which he has penned a patriotic justification of the crime he is about to commit, with instructions that it is to be published next day.

At this very time, Lincoln is writing his last letter. It is to one of the generals who has urged him to be on his guard.

> I intend to adopt the advice of my friends, and use due precaution . . . I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself, in the efforts I may make to restore the Union, so as to make it, to use your language, a Union of hearts and hands as well as of States.
>
> Yours truly,
> A. Lincoln

In the afternoon he goes out driving with Mary. The streets are crowded, and everywhere the carriage is hailed with acclamation as it goes by. Mary, it seems, is happy. Peace is coming at last and will bring with it a more cheerful life into the White House, which has been a gloomy place all these years.

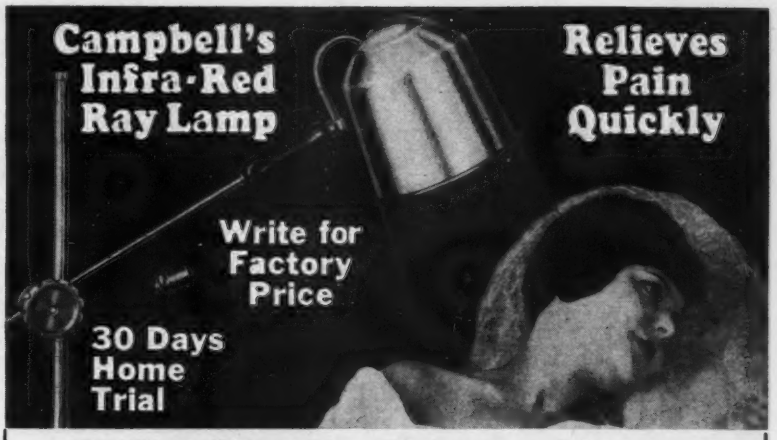
Such being their mood, they take rather a long drive. The conversation goes back to earlier days; they talk of Springfield, and then make plans for the time that will follow the second Presidential term. Mary wants to spend a year in Europe, to which Lincoln good-naturedly agrees, while saying that for his part he prefers a visit to California and other parts of the new West. As they reach home, he sees some people coming away from the door.

"Hello, boys, do come back!" he calls across the square, for he recognizes old acquaintances from Illinois, and who could be more welcome to him during these bright days of relief? He invites them in, asks after common friends, and reads aloud to them passages from one of his favorite humorists. He is back, it seems, in the mood that had so often been his in the old law office at Springfield, and when repeatedly summoned to dinner, he tranquilly goes on with his reading until at last "a sort of order" comes from Mary, to say they are waiting for him.

Reluctantly he stands up and bids his visitors farewell. Why should he go to the theater and show himself off to a lot of people? Well, it is for Grant.

But meanwhile Grant has excused himself. He and his wife must start on their journey at once.

What can have induced them to inflict such an affront on the President and the public? Mrs. Grant explains later that after the scene Mary made in the carriage a fortnight earlier, she is afraid of a repetition of it and wishes to avoid it at all hazards. Were she to show herself in the theater beside her husband the famous General, and were the pair of them to be greeted with



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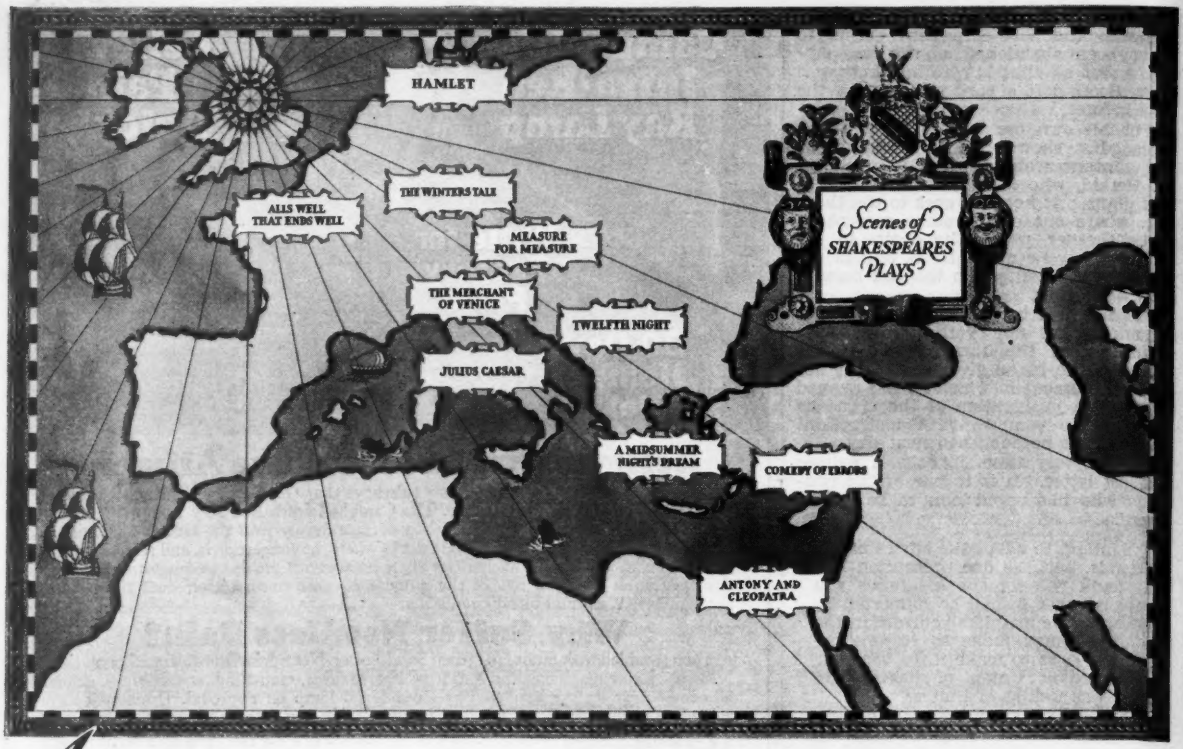

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salvos of applause, who could tell but that Mrs. Lincoln might take it amiss, and do something unseemly?

Just before setting out for the theater, the President, being handed a petition from a southern prisoner who is prepared to take the oath of allegiance, and begs for his discharge, writes on the application, "Let it be done." Thus his last official act is one of clemency for the South.

The play, "Our American Cousin," has already begun when the Presidential party reaches the theater. At the entry of Lincoln and his wife, there is an outburst of cheering, the acting is interrupted, everyone stands, the band strikes up "Hail to the Chief," the President bows his acknowledgments, then the play goes on. Since the Grants have gone, a young major and his affianced, family friends, have joined the Lincolns in their box. Nearly two hours pass.

Perhaps Lincoln may have listened, to hear what this "American cousin" had to say, but it is more likely that his thoughts wandered. A soaring mood has made the whole of this day a festal one: a dream has heralded good tidings; friends from home have told him how all is going on in that familiar little circle to which he is so much attached; Grant's trusty hand has shaken his in parting; he has told his Cabinet how he is planning to heal all wounds and has banned all thoughts of vengeance; a son of his, it seems, has ripened to manhood, and through the pictures of the day has moved, as always, the figure of the younger lad—a dream filled with tranquillity. The General has advised precaution; well, why not?

Lincoln's Last Hours

But fate, or the rule of the unknown, which has impelled him on his amazing career toward brilliant and unanticipated goals—is it not stronger than any precaution? Had it not sent him from the wild forest to the river, with its flatboats; from the river to the little country stores; thence to the law office, and once more through the countryside, serving justice?

There is Herndon, his true comrade, and Speed, who had been to see him recently and, as usual, had asked for nothing. The narrow hall at Vandalia arises, where they first tried their mettle in politics; now it is the Capitol in Springfield, all fresh and fine.

Softly the assassin nears the door of the box. It is nearly ten o'clock. Having nerved himself with a drink of whisky at a neighboring saloon, he presents himself at the theater, like any spectator, and no one there knows him.

The play is still going on when he accosts the man who is stationed at the outer door of the box, to guard against unwarranted intrusion. He presents a card, declares that he brings news to the President, who is expecting him, and, strange to tell, is admitted.

Now he is in the passageway between the two doors, and he sets to work with feverish haste, locks the inner side of the outer door with a wooden bolt he has improvised in the morning. Having fastened this, he goes to the inner door, and through the hole he has made measures the distance with his eye. There, close to the door, sits the President; beside him his wife; then the younger lady; farther to the right, the major, whom he does not know.

Since the box actually gives upon the stage, a bold jump is all he needs to reach the boards and make his way thence to the well-known exit, where the page is waiting for him with the horse, and be gone! Courage! He will be Brutus!

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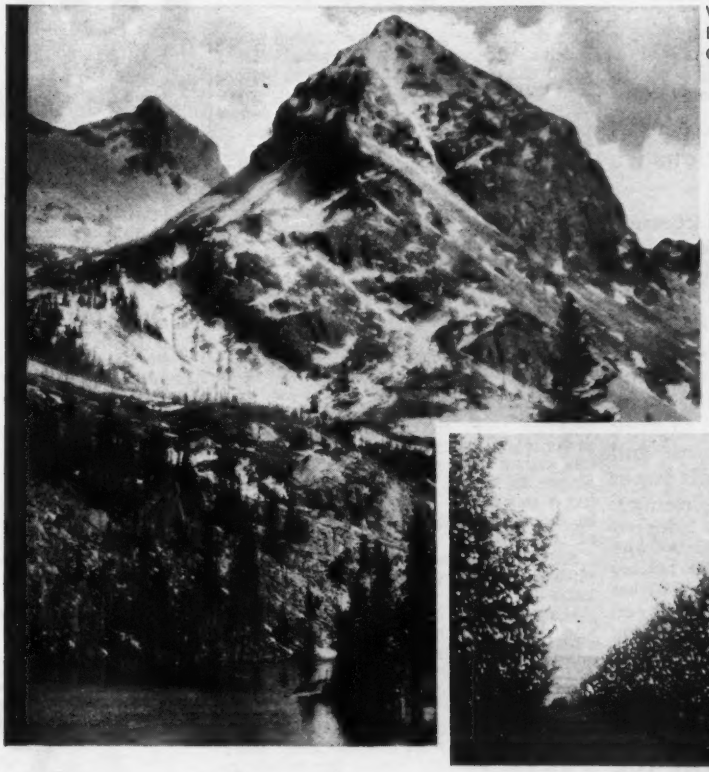


Warrior Peak in San Isabel Nat'l Forest. Below: Rodeos are a summer attraction. Colorado's orchards yield abundantly.

What is Colorado . . . . to you? Just an oblong place on the map?

If you're one of the few people who haven't been to Colorado, you've missed some real enjoyment. And if you've only been to Denver on business, or to Pikes Peak for a brief stopover, you have little knowledge of why Colorful Colorado "offers more in terms of real living."

If you knew Colorado, you would like to live here —and you would live in happiness, with more friends, more recreation, more good health and most delightful conditions for your work.

But don't take our word for this. Come up to Colorado on a vacation or business trip; investigate conditions in your occupation and see for yourself. Measure the low living costs. Note the great variety of outdoor joys that cost little or nothing. Look at the bright offices; the convenient, lovely, uncrowded residence districts; the comfortable farms with their abundant production of delicious eatables; the spaciousness that prevents undue traffic congestion; the ideal conditions for wage earners.

Come at any time of year—and compare the weather with what you'd be having back home.

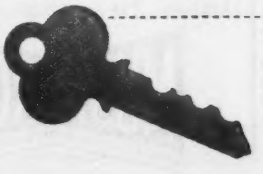
Colorful Colorado's scenery is famous everywhere. But incomparable though it is, Colorado's scenery is the background—not the main attraction. Colorado's scenic splendor merely means that whether you are at work or play, you only have to look up to fill your eyes with a flood of soul-satisfying beauty.

Come up the next chance you get. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is near enough for the shortest vacation. And bring the family—let them have a wonderfully good time, too! The coupon below will bring you accurate information.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

Colorado fruits and vegetables . . . both fresh and canned . . . have a delicacy of flavor possible only from Colorado climate and Colorado soil. Ask for them and note the difference!

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST



THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 703 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Send me the booklet, "Up in Colorful Colorado."
Include specific information about_____

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and ITCHY SCALP
with
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... a medicine that does what ordinary lotions won't do!

GLOVER'S is a perfect scientific treatment endorsed by foremost hair and scalp specialists. Its penetrating oils cleanse the scalp and start hair cells to action. Scalp circulation is improved, dandruff is cleared away...Then always shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It is specially compounded to work with the Mange Medicine and increase its benefits — and leaves your hair soft, sweet and gleaming.

This new Glover's System is being acclaimed everywhere. Men and women who had given up hope of a head of thick, healthy hair now write in highest praise. Barber shops and beauty parlors also say it surpasses everything known before. At all drug stores — Glover's Mange Medicine 75 cents, Glover's Medicated Soap 30 cents.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE
and
MEDICATED SOAP

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Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.
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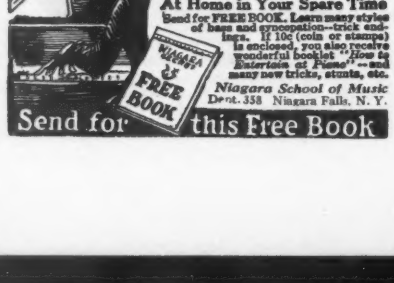

Send for this Free Book

Opening the inner door, before anyone has time to turn round he has his pistol at his victim's head and fires. He sees the major springing at him, thrusts at him with his dagger and reels back, vaults over the breastwork; but one of his spurs catches in the detested Union flag, and he falls, injuring one of his legs.

Still, he gets to his feet, brandishes his dagger as he has done so often before on this very stage and shouts aloud his byword: *"Sic semper tyrannis!"* Then he breaks through the terrified actors and disappears.

"He has shot the President!" comes the cry. No one knows who utters it, nor, at first, are the words understood. Many are awakened out of their terror by Mary's screams; the actors do not even remember what words they had been uttering when the shot rang out; the attendants forget to lower the curtain; the major, whose arm has been badly slashed by the knife thrust, rushes to the door, finds it bolted, but manages to open it; doctors, officers, fainting women, all is confusion till soldiers appear threatening the public with fixed bayonets and increasing the disorder.

The President, collapsed in his chair, bleeding from the wound in the head, unconscious, is lifted up, carried out, no one knows where. A man from a house across the street asks if they are bringing a sick man. They explain; he opens his door, and they carry him to the bed of this citizen.

At the selfsame hour Booth's accomplice goes to Seward's, forces an entry, knife in hand, wounds four persons, stabs the sick secretary in the cheek and neck, and then gets away.

The bed in which Lincoln is to die is too short for him; he is so long that he has to be placed askew. For nine hours his vigorous constitution struggles against the mortal injury; he lies there breathing heavily till the morning. Mary is lying in the next room; the ministers have assembled. Without recovering consciousness, he dies at seven o'clock; in a strange bed, like a pilgrim; slain on Good Friday, like a prophet.

America buries this son of the people as in old times great kings were brought to the grave. In a long journey, the dead man is taken back to his home by way of all the places he passed through four years earlier on his way to the Capitol. Countless numbers file by his coffin before it is lowered into the ground in the little cemetery of Springfield beside the grave of his little boy—quietly, as becomes the man.

Over the coffin, as it moves through the country, glide the shades of friends and foes. The assassin is hunted hither and thither; finds a hiding place for a time and is able to have his leg set by a surgeon; at length is run to earth in a barn. He refuses to surrender; the barn is fired, and while it is burning, he is shot. Three of his accomplices are hanged; one escapes to Europe. The South realizes what it has lost, and the crime is called a parricide.

Those who mourn most deeply for their savior are the blacks; they are the ones who have blessed him most heartily in life. They sing songs in his honor, and say that their Messiah is now in heaven.

Tad, who lived only a few years more, believed the same thing.

Never again since Abraham Lincoln's time has an innocent man worn a chain to his foot. Since he lived, worked and fell, all men to whom God has given the gift of life are born free.

THE END

Colds

The embarrassing sniffles and sneezes are soon gone and relief and comfort quickly return when you take Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Used by millions for two generations. A true test.

Grove's *At All Druggists 30c*
Laxative
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Tablets
Successful Since 1889

Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours* . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Lincoln's Last Day

(Continued from page 33)

the guard and he then mustered all the gardeners and servants, gave them guns, drilled them and put them on duty in their place. I found it out an hour ago and thinking it a great shame as the men had been hard at work all day, I went to Father with it. But instead of punishing Tad as I think he ought, he evidently looks upon it as a tremendous joke and won't do anything about it!"

Rob read this aloud to his mother and Tad and at the little boy's indignant protest, he said, "Then perhaps you prefer this, Tad! Carpenter says that you asked a man who had called on Mother: 'Do you think my father has gone to heaven?' 'I have not a doubt of it,' he replied. 'Then,' you exclaimed, 'I'm glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here! This was not a good place for him.'"

"Oh, Tad," cried Mary as Bob finished, "that's not fair! Your darling father had many many happy hours with us."

"I never said it!" shouted Tad.

"That settles it," said Mary. "I'll not help Frank Carpenter by lifting a finger!"

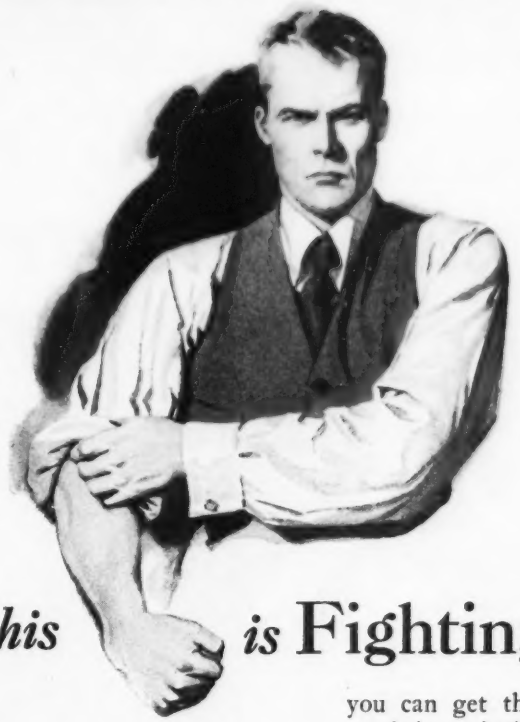
But she did! When she received a letter full of sympathy asking for more information relative to the photographs, Mary felt her indignation evaporate and wrote him again from a full heart.

Chicago Dec 8th 1865

Mr Carpenter

My dear Sir:

The saddest of *all, my very sad* days, has passed. *Thanksgiving* day, and by way, of diverting my mind & memory, from the recollection of *yesterday,* I have concluded, to reply, to your very kind note, so recently received. Only those, who have suffered & lost, what made life, so well worth, living for, can fully understand, the return of Anniversaries, that recall the past, so vividly to the mind & make the day of general praise & rejoicing, so painful, to the sufferer. But I will not complain, or return to my sorrows. I must endeavour to make the best, of the life, that is left me, for the sake, of my sons, who have had, so much, to try them: I thought, you would be satisfied, with the likenesses, of my darling little boys, "Willie & Taddie, taken in 1861 —they will answer very well, for the picture, you propose painting. Even, in *that* likeness, of Willie, justice, is not done him, he was a very beautiful boy, with a most *spiritual* expression of face. He was a most peculiarly religious child, with great amiability & cheerfulness of character— It is impossible, for *time,* to alleviate, the anguish, of *such irreparable losses*—only the grace of God, can calm our grief & still the tempest. I wish you could have known, that dear boy, for *child,* he scarcely seemed to me. So unlike little Taddie, yet so devoted to him—Their love for each other, was charming to behold. Taddie, was quite worried, about the expression, he was said, to have made use of, on *that* Sabbath Morning, he says "His Father was always—so happy, when he was alone, with his Mother & himself, that he scarcely, believes, he said it." In his great grief, it is impossible for him to remember, all his utterances—I have been reading Dr Holland's Memoirs, of my husband—and was quite surprised, at the mention of a circumstance, in the "long ago," the publication of which, would have annoyed, the President, very much. You may have heard, of the little



This is Fighting Talk

IF YOU'RE a quitter you won't read far in this advertisement. If you're not—if you have the courage to face facts — you want to know who is responsible for your not getting ahead faster. We'll tell you. It's YOU. The man who won't be licked *can't* be licked.

If you're a drifter you'll always wish for success but never do anything about it. The earth is cluttered with that kind.

If you're a fighter you *will* do something about it. You'll get the special training that fits you for a bigger job, better pay.

In spare time, right at home, you can get the training you need through the International Correspondence Schools. Thousands of other men have lifted themselves out of the rut and into well-paid, responsible positions by I. C. S. study. Are they better men than you?

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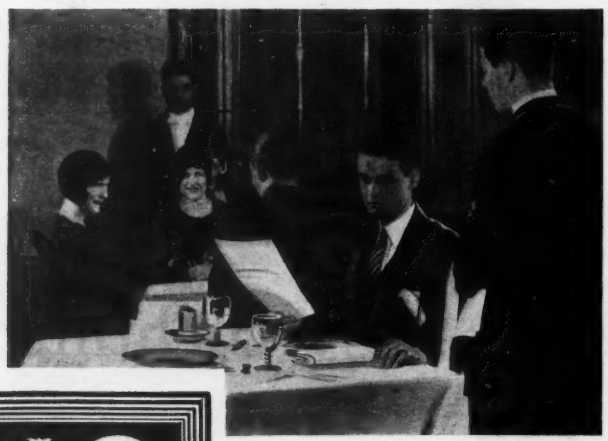
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal

When you scan the menu with disappointment . . . a tired digestion is warning you of

INTESTINAL TOXICITY



ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALT

So MANY of us greet the approach of meal times with displeasure. A feeling of discomfort informs us that we may be hungry. But we don't look forward to eating with healthy appetites. And one glance at the menu satisfied us that the world is a dreary place at best!

Take care! A tired digestion probably is warning us against intestinal toxicity. Accumulated poisons in the digestive system are doing their treacherous work, causing headaches, bad breath, constipation—stealing appetite.

Don't risk the priceless gift of health through faulty intestinal hygiene. Such a condition is rarely a case for drastic cathartics. For these, while they may bring temporary relief, also frequently shock the system, and too often tend to cause undesirable habits. A balanced diet (with green vegetables and roughage)—exercise in fresh air—plenty of water—work wonders in keeping you fit and eager. As an added precaution, ENO taken regularly, often gives just the extra assistance needed to maintain a healthy eliminative system.

And ENO is so unlike the ordinary "bitter" salts, so pleasing in taste, so gentle, yet thorough in action, that it never leaves you "all dragged out"!

Try ENO for a week—regularly morning or evening. You'll give it a regular place on your bathroom shelf once you have experienced the keen, clear-eyed health that is possible to those who have repulsed the attacks of intestinal toxins.

This famous effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared by J. C. Eno, Ltd., in London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada; Paris, Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself"

ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO *in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of* ENO. *At soda fountains everywhere.*

Cotérie, we had in Springfield, years since, who have, all since, in a greater or less degree, distinguished themselves, in the political world. Genl Hardin, Baker, Douglas, Trumbull—Shields and my great & glorious husband, always a "World, above them all," these men constituted our society. Shields, was always, a subject of mirth, his impulsiveness & drolleries were irresistible. On one occasion, he made himself, so conspicuous, that I committed his follies, to rhyme & some person, looking over the silly verses —carried them off & had them published in the daily paper of the place. The sarcastic allusions irritated Shields & he demanded the Author, of the Editor, the latter, requesting, a few days, for reflection, repaired to Mr Lincoln, who having heard of it, through me, immediately told the Editor, that "he would be responsible." A few days after this, Mr L— almost forgetting the circumstance, went off, some two hundred miles to court, and to make a foolish story, very short, was followed by Shields, demanding satisfaction. Mr L— accepted, scarcely knowing what he was doing, they repaired to St Louis, to "Bloody Island," with their "long swords," the choice of weapons, being left to Mr L— the challenged party—Genl Hardin, my cousin, stepped in their midst & effected a reconciliation. No doubt, much to *their* satisfaction. This affair, always annoyed, my husband's, peaceful nerves—and as it occurred six months, before we were married, he said, he felt, he could do no less, than be my champion. However, if the same cause, had transpired a year & half before, it would doubtless have been the same result, as our mutual relations, were *then*, the same. Last February, an officer of our army, presented himself, in the drawing room, of the W. H. on one, of those fortunate & especial occasions, when the President, was able to respond to my urgent invitation, to accompany me, to the drawing room, if "only for an hour,"—This Genl in the course of conversation, said, playfully, to my husband, "Mr President, is it true, as I have, heard that you, once went out, to fight a duel & all for the sake, of the lady, by your side. Mr Lincoln, with a flushed face, replied. I do not deny it, but if you desire my friendship, you will never mention it, again"—Immediately, after the occurrence, months, before we were married, *we*, mutually agreed, on no occasion to allude to it & gradually it ceased to be mentioned—In the long lapse of years—I marvel that Dr H. should have heard, of this very unnecessary episode, in my lamented husband's life. All this is between ourselves—I must say, I was greatly surprised, to see a simple letter of mine, written, when my heart, was bursting, with its great sorrow, in print. I will forgive you—in the hope, it may never occur again—If we are ever sufficiently well situated, to invite our friends to see us, I hope you will visit us, accompanied by Mrs C. and I can tell you, many things, of my dearly beloved husband, that I have not sufficient time or calmness, to commit to paper. Taddie is greatly mortified, that you have exposed his little waywardness—but he is a dear amiable loving boy, after all and I presume, will forgive you.

Your friend Mary Lincoln.

The Carpenters so far as we know never visited Mary in Chicago and so we lost for all time those "many things," those precious things, she would have committed to their keeping.

What a glimpse into one of the world's supreme tragedies! Surely among all the letters of the world, these are unique!